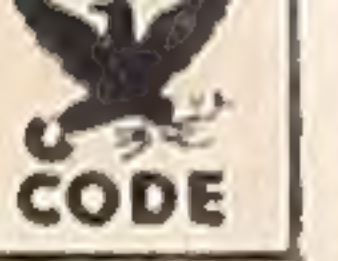


The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND

June

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Marion Davies

Charles Sheldon

PAGING MISS GLORY!
ENTER CONTEST TO FIND
HOLLYWOOD'S COMPOSITE GIRL!

Beginning A New Hollywood Serial by Vicki Baum

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenger member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia... noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenger pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenger in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

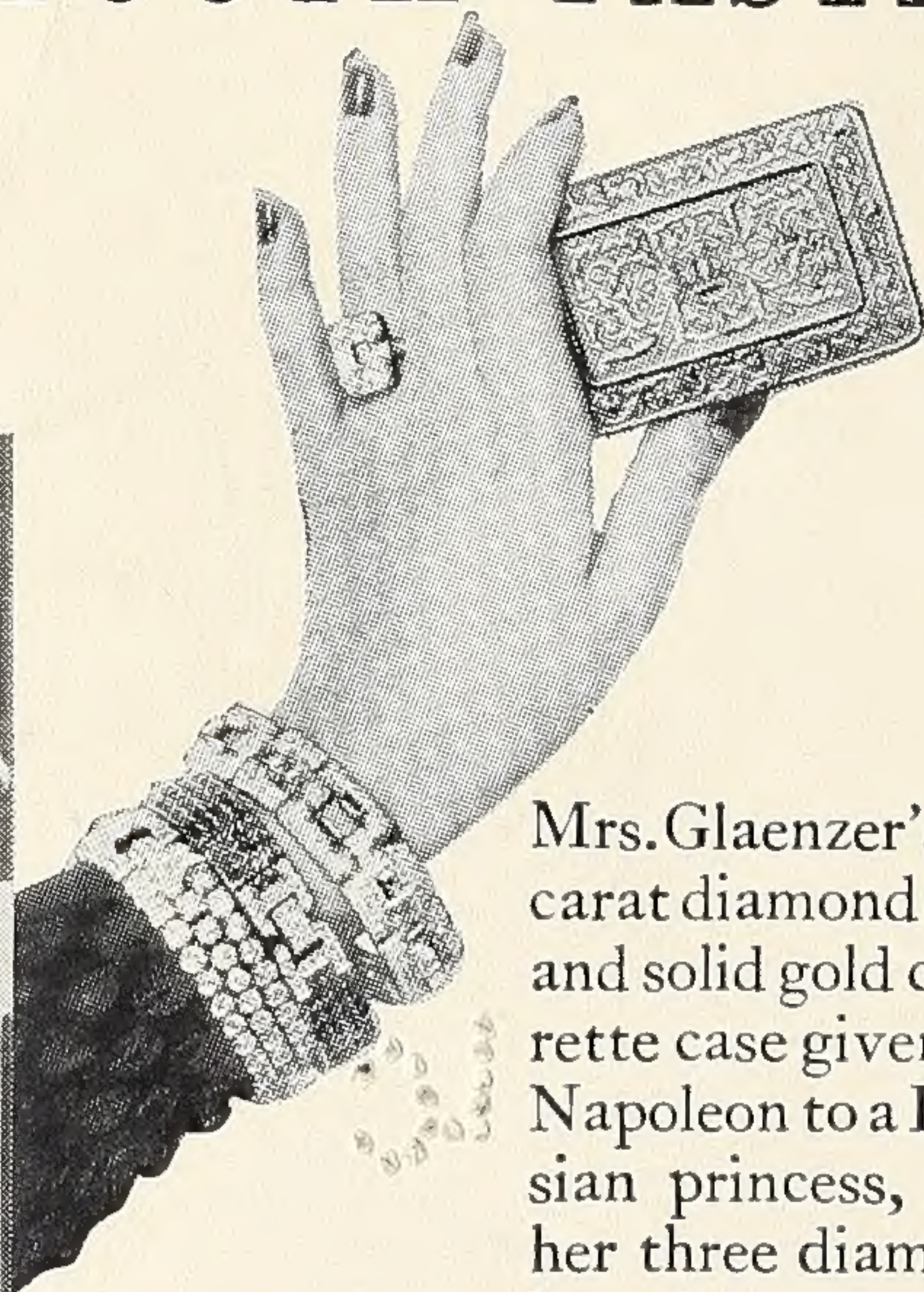
Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

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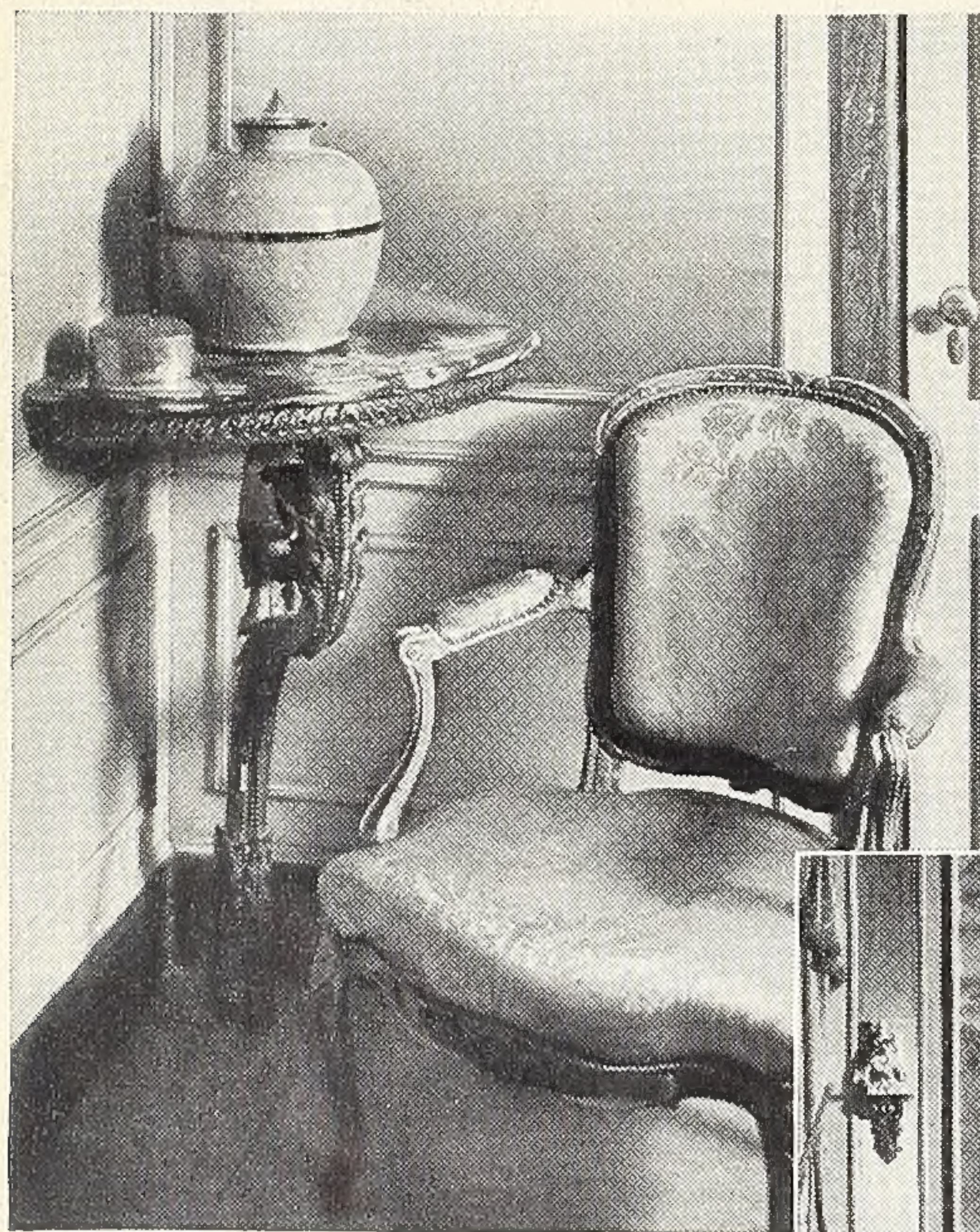
now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

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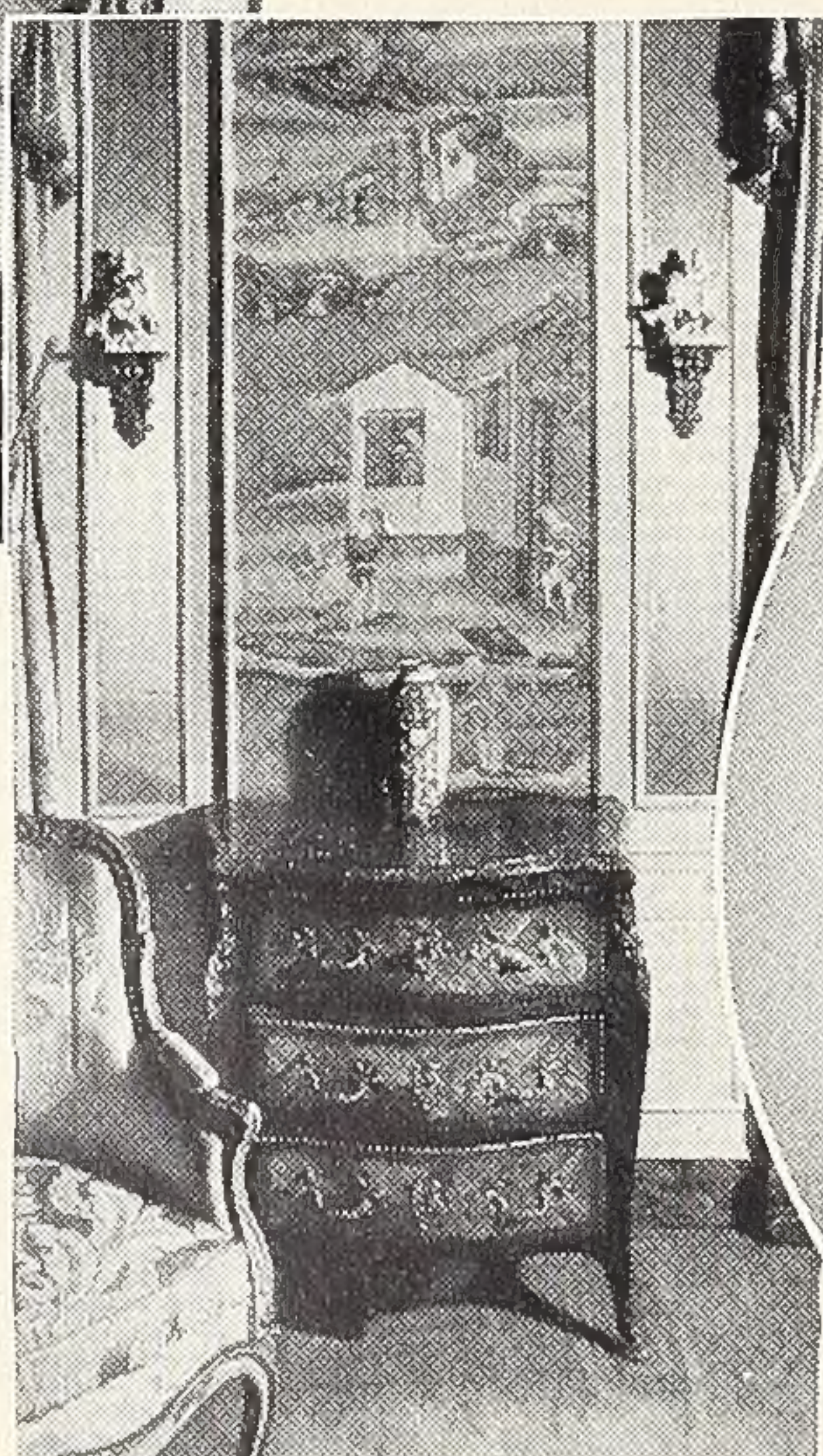
Listerine TOOTH PASTE



Mrs. Glaenger's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



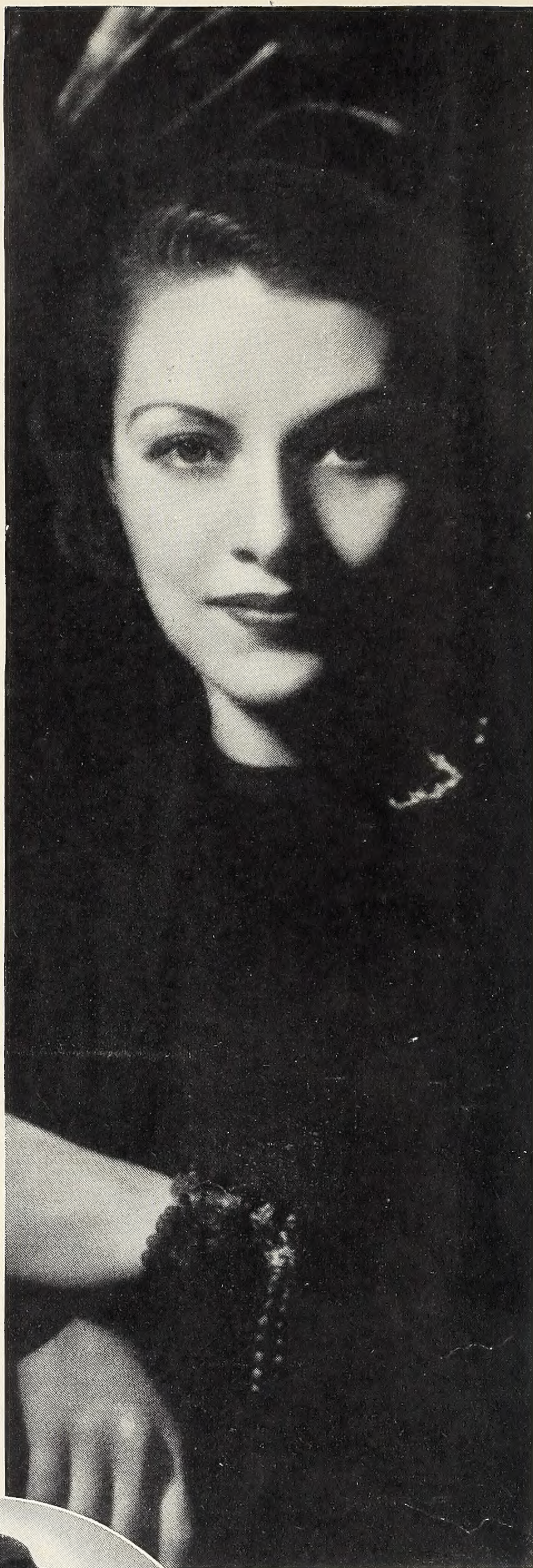
Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenger's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.



Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.



Rivaling Mrs. Glaenger's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.



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and lips!



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SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

JAMES M. FIDLER, Western Representative

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!

Prizes very well worth winning, in our new contest to find Hollywood's Composite Girl. We're "Paging Miss Glory"! Turn to Pages 18-19 for complete details. You will enjoy this contest for the entertainment it will give you, your family and friends; but the real thrill will be competing for the prizes!

First Prize, beautiful new Auburn 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan.

Second Prize, Atwater Kent 8-Tube A.C. World-Wave Console Radio.

Other Prizes include: small R.C.A. Victor Radios, Rubenstein Compacts, hostess sets, electric toasters, and last but not least, subscriptions to SCREENLAND.

JUNE, 1935

Vol. XXXI. No. 2

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LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero"
See her sell kisses for \$500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honey-
moon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party".
Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with
William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show
of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



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in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties
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Directed by
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A METRO-GOLDWYN-
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GRAY
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Here is a safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you tint those streaks or patches of gray, or faded or bleached hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.

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Irene Dunne, whose personal charm and screen versatility win her the Salutes of movie-goers.

Salutes and Snubs

"Talkies" that come straight from the Public's heart

The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

THE DICKENS TO PAY!

I've heard a great deal about what people will do to see a good movie. Well, we have rules here, among them: "No movies on Sunday." I broke it to see "David Copperfield," got caught at it and now I'm campused for two weeks. The funny part of it is that it was worth it!

Ruth Jones,
DeLand Hall,
Stetson University,
DeLand, Fla.

KEEPING UP WITH THE MOVIES!

I run a lending library and all I have to say about a book is: "It's going to be made into a movie," and people are anxious to read it. They feel that it must be good if the films want it. And they're usually right.

Mary W. Chase,
1 Summer St.,
Plymouth, Mass.

THOSE SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Why can't Hollywood produce movies that "make you think?" Such films as "M" are needed to arouse interest in important social problems. Anyone seeing "M" must realize the difficulty of differentiating the sane and the insane criminal. Is Hollywood too superficial to deal with basic problems?

Harriet Smith,
Smith College,
Northampton, Mass.

(Continued on page 84)

Salute a new trend! A movement, manifesting itself simultaneously most everywhere, and the harbinger of cheer and encouragement to the younger players as well as those seasoned troupers who have won prominence in many pictures without benefit of ballyhoo in any, comes to light this month.

However, don't rush to the conclusion that the leading favorites are being neglected—read and you'll see that there's glory enough for all when the devotees of the cinema start dishing out the tributes.

And now, how about YOUR letter? Let us hear from you as to your own notions about the stars and the pictures. You may win a prize if you send a letter. Please restrict it to fifty words, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man

Joins the "G-MEN"

and Halts the March of Crime!



Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

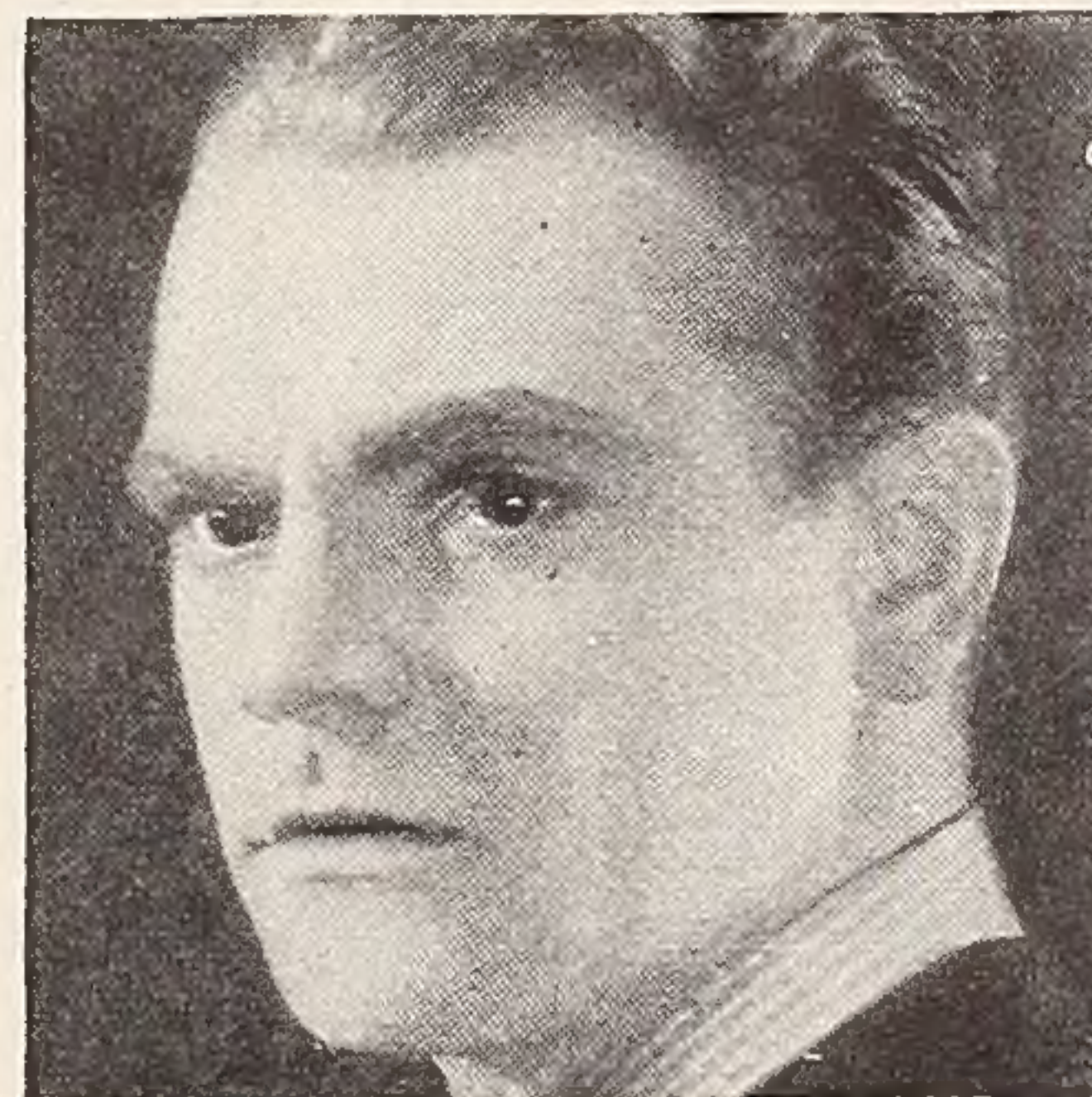
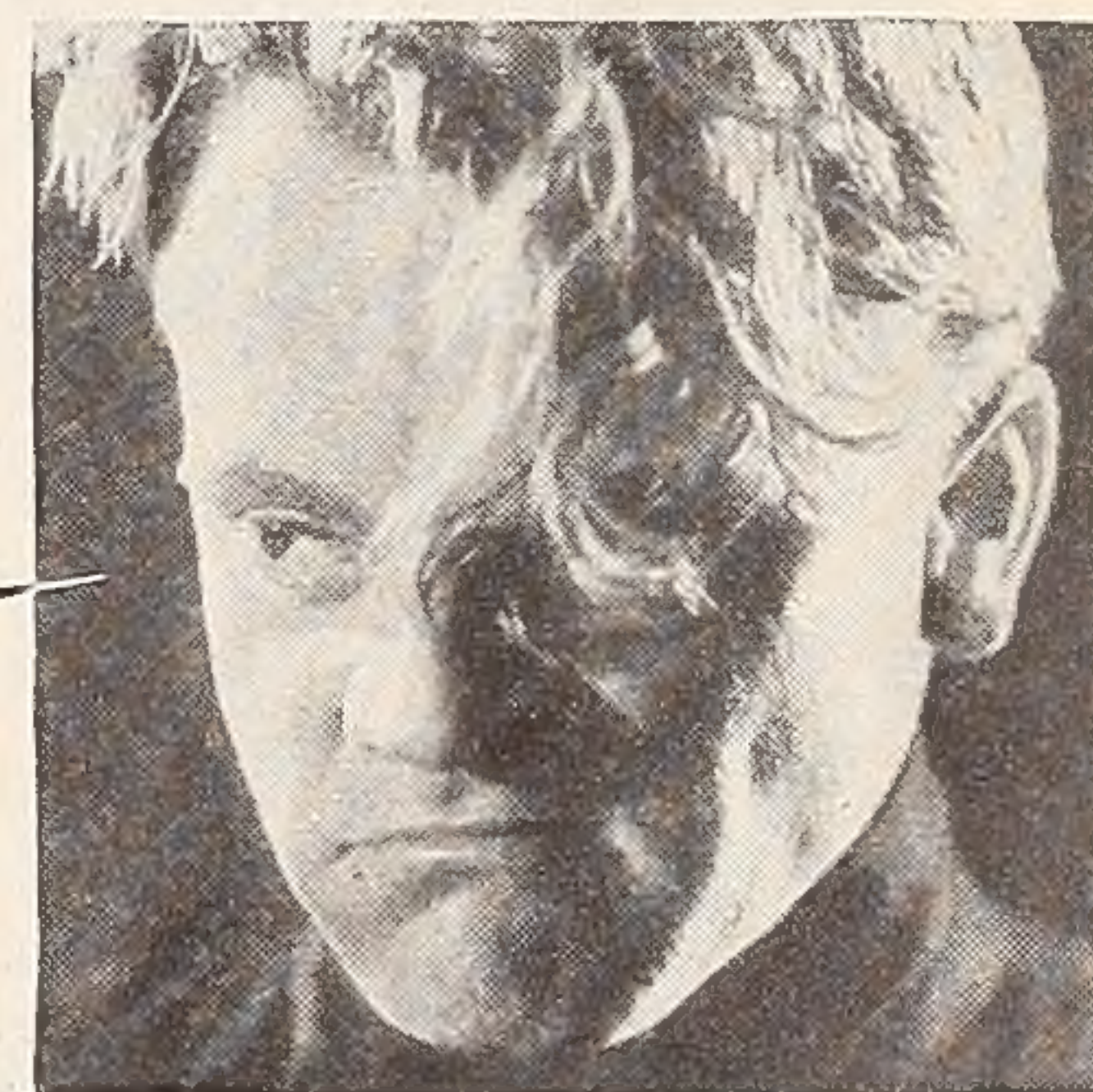
Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld! It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set—and sprung—on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!



Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never-to-be-forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Sally Eilers is our hostess
for Sunday night supper

By Betty Boone



Exclusive photographs by Irving L. Rose and Charles Rhodes posed especially for SCREENLAND Service Section.

Sweet Sally, left, makes her own special salad; and then, above, prepares graciously to greet her guests in the dining-room, where the buffet supper is ready to be served.

SALLY EILERS was giving a Sunday night supper. She was wearing a cocktail gown—long black skirt and pale pink top—and the place was a-blossom with white flowers.

Sally's Hollywood home is a *deluxe* apartment in the Colonial House, which has the spacious rooms and great sun-filled windows that belong to such a name. The walls and Venetian blinds are white and the carpets are that favored soft, dull blue. The living-room is like a flower garden with its furniture in green, yellow, rose, burgundy and patterned chintz. The grandfather's clock and open fire-place add to the Colonial atmosphere.

"I love planning parties almost as much as I love to cook!" confided Sally, as we inspected the glassed-in sun-room, set with four white tables ready for the coming guests.

"I always do the marketing for my parties and I try to cook at least one of the dishes I offer. I know it sounds

like a gag when a girl in the movies says she likes to cook! But it happens to be true in my case. I've cooked since I was seven, when my father gave me a tiny electric range to use myself because I was always in the way in the kitchen. I believe I began with fudge, from some easy recipe, but now I invent my own.

"Some of us have organized a cooking club—Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Mrs. Pandro Berman and myself—and we meet each Thursday night at one or other of our homes, and we girls get the dinner. It's maids' night out on Thursday. It was my idea and we all love it. Do you know, my husband (Harry Joe Brown) had been married to me for two weeks before he knew his wife could cook? And was he thrilled?"

She laughed and looked as pleased and proud as any successful cook.

"Tonight I'm serving cold turkey and a mixed grill consisting of bacon, little pig (*Continued on page 93*)

THE BLUE OF HER EYES — THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of history's most glamorous adventuress...told against a background of raging conflict...tender romance!...A picture as deep as the human heart...as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen...its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

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HOPKINS

in

**BECKY
SHARP**

with

**FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY**

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMUND JONES

The first...full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of **NEW TECHNICOLOR!**...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of **NEW TECHNICOLOR!**

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed*, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes — enlarged pores — blackheads, perhaps — warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap — the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO — WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Ginger Rogers



Ginger, don't do that!

DEAR GINGER:
Say it isn't so!

I refuse to believe it until you tell me yourself. That you aim to go dramatic and tense in a big way. That you're fed up with being a "mere" song and dance girl and want to join the ranks of the suffering sisters. Why don't you look Hepburn over—she works on the same RKO lot with you—look her over carefully; then run right in to your mirror and look at yourself. See what I mean? Why, emoting seriously might make you go all angular. You, with the most remarkable curves since Sister Crawford went artistic.

Wake up! Don't you know that every other girl in pictures except possibly Shirley Temple is watching and envying you this minute? Envying you because you're the screen's premier

song and dance star? Ever since Fred Astaire stepped you to glory in "The Gay Divorcée" you have been the pet and pride of our younger sets from Tuskaloosa to Timbuctoo. You've set the style for smartness and spirit. And with "Roberta" you have really hit your graceful stride as the Gay Gal of the movies. And now, I hear rumblings that you're out for bigger and better things. ARE there better things than those divine dances you've been sharing with Mr. Astaire? I don't think so. Here you want to go on to the higher drama, leaving all the Ginger 'way behind you. You want to grow up, you say? Gosh, girl, don't you know that all the Hayeses and the Chattertons who sobbed their way to acting heights would probably give their last whimper to be in your pretty shoes today?

Yet you want to grow up! That's why, I suppose, you posed for this picture—as you'd like to be if they let you. Wait a while. Wait until you can't keep up with Astaire's more intricate steps; until you can't quite muster the moral courage to wear Mr. Newman's crazy creations. Then's the time for you to "graduate" from Ginger to Madame Rogers. And *then's* the time you'll yearn for the good old days when you were the dancing doll of the screen, the beautiful but dizzy darling of frivolous film-plays that made all kinds and conditions of people ridiculously happy. So be yourself. Better to be light on the feet than in the head.

Delight Evans

W. C. FIELDS'

Real Life Story

By Ida Zeitlin



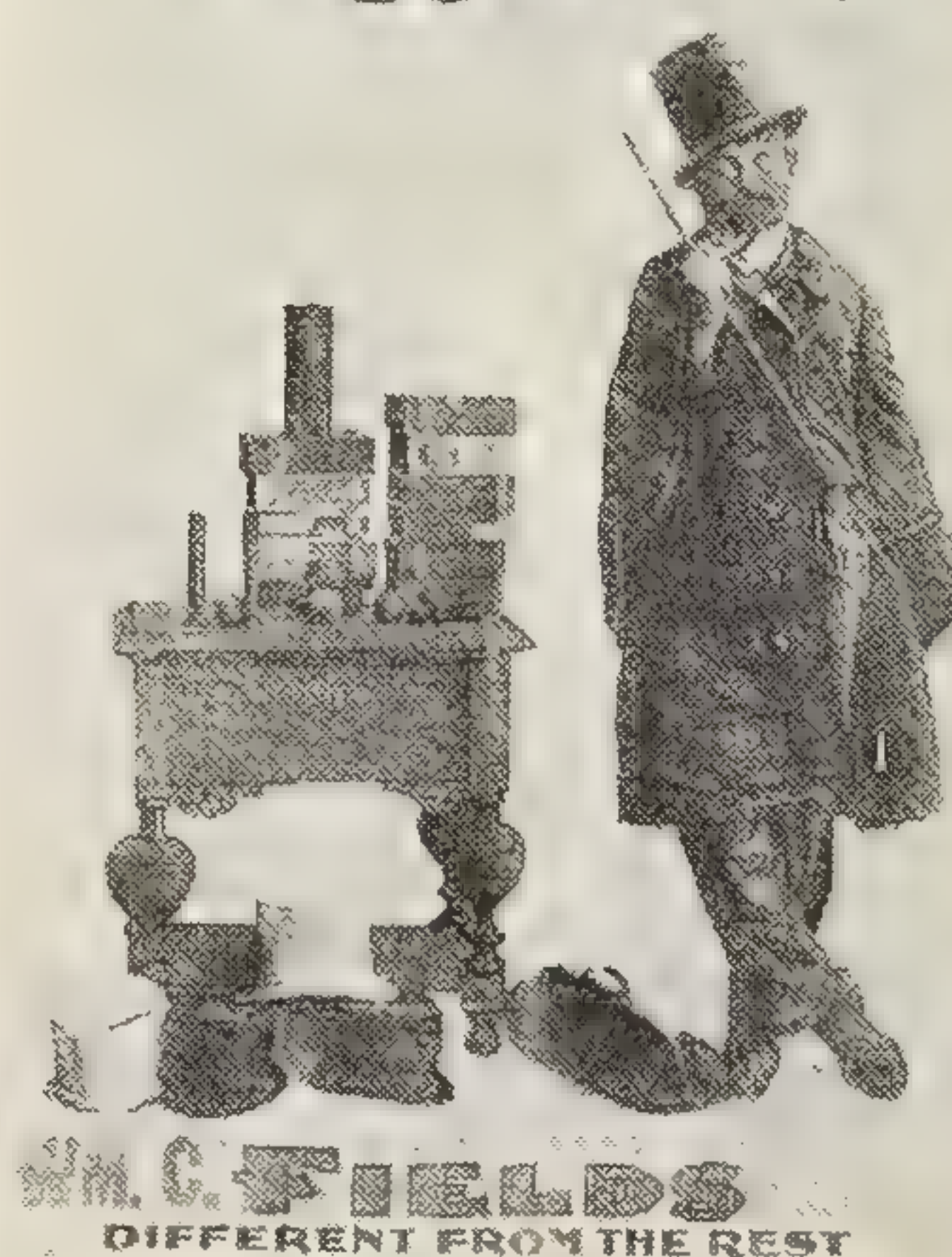
"Bill" Fields today—left. Hollywood has made him rich and world-famous, but at heart he remains the same: gallant trouper and a big-hearted human being!



"I'M GOOD and sick of tellin' the story of my life," grumbled Bill Fields. He paused for a moment in his moody pacing of the room. "How about tellin' it backward this time?" he suggested. "How about givin' me a new life altogether?—I was born rich, handsome, and at the age of 21—there's a sensation for you if you want it. How about you tellin' me the story of your life, for a change?" He flopped into a chair and eyed me blandly.

But he wasn't fooling me this time. I was through with being intimidated by Mr. Claude William Dukenfield of the Philadelphia Dukenfields. Once and for all I'd gone through my trial by fire. I'd chased him in vain over half of Hollywood. I'd pleaded to no avail with the keeper of his telephone. I'd camped at his dressing-room door till the shades of night fell spectrally over the Paramount lot. I'd engaged in a brief encounter with Rod—erstwhile Lincoln salesman, now a wall of rock between Fields and sundry outside nuisances—and retired in defeat. In a word, I'd found the screen's most

IRWIN'S
BUNNYSQUERS
DIRECTED BY
FRED IRWIN



W. C. Fields at various stages in his amazing career. Directly above, an old poster. Right, in his juggling act. Top, as he appeared in vaudeville 31 years ago.



genial comedian slippery, elusive, and hard to get. I'd also found him, once he'd been got, a darling—for which sickening tribute he's far less likely to forgive me than if I'd called him a thief, a liar, and a rogue.

For if there's one thing he hates above all others—with a fierce and genuine hatred—it's to hear himself sentimentalized, gushed over or otherwise presented as anything but the plain-thinking, plain- (if picturesque) speaking citizen he is. The fact that his great-grandfather was the third son of an English nobleman you'd never learn through him. He doesn't brag about it. He doesn't brag about his ancestry at all, remote or immediate. On the contrary. He's proud—and justly proud—of the fact that without background, without training or education save what he gave himself, he raised himself to the peak of his profession. Grandfathers? Great-grandfathers? Nuts to them, says Fields.

Not long ago he received a letter from a man who had learned somewhere that his attitude toward his forebears lacked something of the reverence expected of posterity. "You're all wrong about it," the letter ran. "Your grandfather and mine were raised together in the old country. They came to America together, and when your grandfather left town to go west, my grandfather pined away and died. Which revelation did move Fields to a certain show of emotion. Lifting his spectacled gaze from the letter, he stared into space. "Just a couple of sissies," he murmured piously.

Certainly, judged by ordinary standards, the Dukenfields did less than their duty by young Claude—a tag, by the way, whose shame he concealed as early as possible under a middle initial. Literally, he was a white-headed boy, but in no other sense. Money was scarce, and poverty is no promoter of happy family life. His mother was easy-going, his father hot-tempered. She did what she could to preserve the peace, but most of her energy went into trying to feed and clothe her brood of five on a little over nothing a week. Thrashings and casual blows were accepted as part of the normal routine by the younger Dukenfields.

Until one day it transpired that the father's temper had been passed intact to his son. If justice were done, the world that has gone Fields-mad would wear in its buttonhole a coal-shovel rampant. For Dukenfield *Père*, coming home one evening, tripped and sprawled over such an object left lying on his doorstep. A domestic accident like hundreds of others that befall hundreds of households in the course of a year. But it spelled immediate catastrophe and ultimate triumph for little Claude William.

"Who left this shovel out here?"

For the first time the famous comedian tells you his authentic personal history. The most dramatic, and at the same time touchingly human life story that we have ever given you!

Roaring with pain and wrath, the father made straight for his eldest hopeful, whose terror proclaimed his guilt; next moment the shovel was doing cudgel duty about the boy's thin shoulders.

Why this particular beating should have moved him to rebellion Fields can't explain. It was no more severe nor unjust than many of its predecessors. Perhaps the ground had been laid by those that had gone before. Perhaps he'd reached an age where the indignity of corporal punishment was more than he could bear. Perhaps it was the flowering of that fighting instinct which later events proved him to possess in full measure. Whatever it was, he saw red. Through a mist of fury and unshed tears, his eyes lighted on a box in a corner of the room. Whether he'd ever heard of honoring "thy father and thy mother" is beside the point. Honor, like love, can't be commanded into (*Continued on page 78*)



Fields in the sun! Finished with his rôle in Paramount's "Mississippi," "Bill" relaxes on his ranch at Encino, California. Success and contentment at last for Claude William Dukenfield!

Constant Kay!

What, the elegant Miss Francis debunked?
But in a very nice way!

By S. R. Mook



Remember Kay of the sleek boyish bob, when she first came to Hollywood, left? She has changed her coiffure; but she still lives in the same unpretentious home, and she still likes to laugh, says Dick Mook.



ONE evening six years ago the candles flickered on the dinner table at the Fredric Marches' home. About the table were seated Fred and Florence, Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawkes, scenarists Harlan Thompson and Marion Spitzer, Kay Francis and myself.

Everything was very enjoyable and very, very proper and refined until we repaired to the living room to play intelligence games. Kay's answers to the questions, while not exactly the sort that Emily Post would describe as suitable for parlor conversation, threw us all into gales of laughter and from that point on the party was a riot. Nor did Kay content herself with merely having raised (or lowered) the party from a plane of rarified culture where I, at least, was floundering hopelessly beyond my depth. Her anecdotes of her days in various stock companies kept us convulsed.

Previous to that evening I had only seen Kay on the

screen in the siren rôles with which she was identified in those days. "Sophisticate" and "Best-Dressed Woman on the Screen" were a couple of the appellations hung on her at that time. When Freddie March had told me Kay was to be my dinner partner I had been thrilled to the marrow—naturally—and scared into a cocked hat. I would, I knew, be the perfect dolt in the presence of the glamorous Kay.

Nothing like that happened. Kay has a happy faculty for making a person feel that her appearance is simply an accident and that she's really one of the gang. Her charm is as patent as something tangible and yet it never obtrudes itself on your consciousness. It is not until you've left her that you realize just how charming she is.

I remember as I left her that night—or rather, as she left me, for I'd only just arrived in town and hadn't a car so Kay had driven me home!—I thought, "Oh, gee, what a girl!"

She lived in a rather large house at the time, with a fish pond, a cat, a parrot, a dog or two, a turtle, I think, and some frogs. She drove her own automobile. In her manner she was as plain and unassuming as an old shoe.

I saw Kay a few times after that and every meeting only served to heighten and color my first impressions of her. Then I didn't see her any more for a couple of years. It was just about the time she had been signed by Warner Brothers. She had (Continued on page 64)



Joan Blondell was once known as "Rosebud," when she traveled the world with her vaudeville family. Wasn't she cute?—right. And she still is—above.



"Rosebud"!

Otherwise Joan Blondell, next to Garbo Hollywood's most contradictory celebrity, here "exposed" by her best friend

By Elizabeth Wilson

South Seas with the dusky maidens to Joan Blondell and a fan writer in Hollywood getting terribly chummy, but I always say truth is stranger than fiction and great oaks from little acorns grow. Up to the time Joe went to the South Seas I had only met Joan once, quite, quite casually—and she and I would probably still be

IF JOSEF VON STERNBERG had never gone to the South Seas, Joan Blondell and I probably never would have become the best of friends. It was Joe, the little man with the big ego, who gave me Joan, and I have never thanked him but every time I pass him I plant an imaginary kiss right above those drooping mustachios.

Three years ago, come Santa Claus, Joe von Sternberg sailed for the South Seas in a huff, Marlene Dietrich went into a tantrum, Claudette Colbert ran out on me—and Joan Blondell and I started liking each other tremendously. Now it may seem a far cry to you from Joe down in the



bow-
ing very
formally to
each other
with a careless
"How do you do?"

if Joe, bless his soul, hadn't worked himself into an awful pet and gone to the South Seas. But he did. And suddenly I found myself up to my eyebrows in Blondells and involved in a cataclysm of exciting events that led right to the altar in Phoenix, Arizona. Imagine my surprise when I became a maid-of-honor. There was a lot of talk. Well, anyway, this is how it all happened, and you'll find it slightly more confusing than a family tree in a Hugh Walpole novel; but pay strict attention because some day you, too, may want to become Joan Blondell's best friend.

There was a picture called "Song of Songs" which Paramount said was colossal (and time and box-office proved that Paramount was right; it was a colossal flop); but Joe von Sternberg didn't want to direct it so he sailed to the South Seas, and (Continued on page 76)

Paging Miss Glory!

**WHO
IS
SHE?**

**FIND
HER!**

**IS
SHE
HERE?**

**LOOK
FOR
HER!**

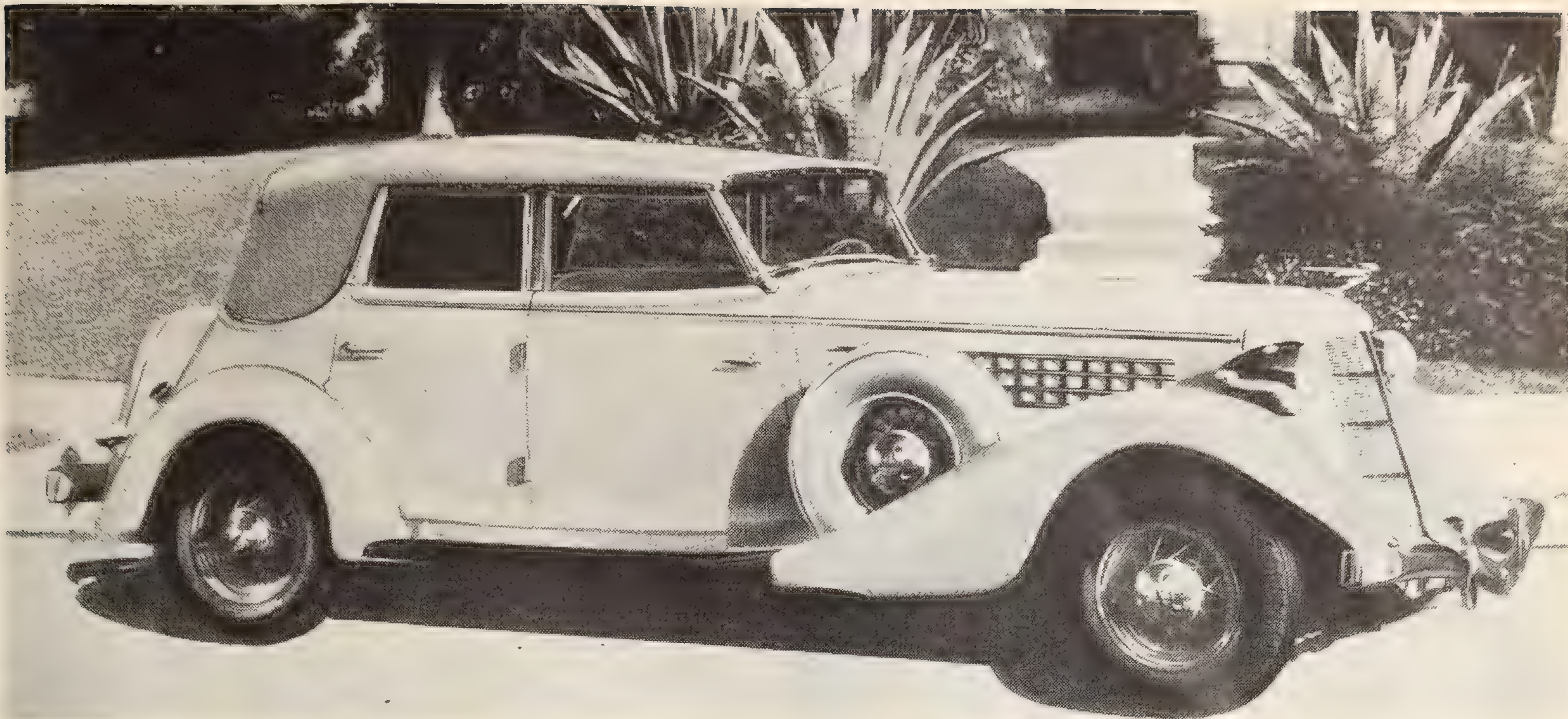
**WE
WANT
HER!**

**PAGING
MISS
GLORY!**



If you could create Hollywood's most perfect screen star, what would she look like? If you could choose the most perfect hair, eyes, mouth, nose, arms, hands, hips, legs, and feet—which nine Hollywood beauties would you select to supply each of these features? SCREENLAND wants to know your idea of "Miss Glory," Hollywood's Most Perfect

Girl. The picture above shows you an outline of "Miss Glory" surrounded by nine famous women stars. You need not limit your selection to these stars; if you have other ideas, say so. Ask yourself: would Hollywood's Comedienne have Mae West's hips, or Harlow's? Would the Queen of the Screen have Garbo's eyes, or Crawford's? And so on. Read rules



FIRST PRIZE: Auburn New 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan. Pictured above. Approximate Retail Value \$1800.00. Includes Extra Wheels and DeLuxe Equipment.

SECOND PRIZE: Atwater-Kent 8-Tube A.C. World-Wave Console Radio.

3 THIRD PRIZES: (small) Atwater-Kent Radios.

15 FOURTH PRIZES: Electric Toasters.

50 FIFTH PRIZES: Helena Rubenstein Compacts.

100 SIXTH PRIZES: Hostess Sets.

100 SEVENTH PRIZES: Subscriptions to SCREENLAND Magazine.

SEE PAGE 83 for Complete Rules of Contest



Marion Davies starts work on her new picture, "Page Miss Glory," at the Warner Bros. Studios, and is greeted by Jack Warner, right, and Mervyn LeRoy, her producer.

SCREENLAND seeks Hollywood's Composite Girl! Marion Davies, starring in "Page Miss Glory," her first motion picture for Warner Brothers, co-operates with us in offering wonderful prizes and a brain-teasing competition idea—see opposite page. Marion, in selecting "Page Miss Glory" for her new picture, was amused and entertained by the clever idea of fashioning Hollywood's Most Perfect Girl, selecting the best features of famous feminine film stars to make "The Perfect Star." Hence our contest. You will want to read the fictionized version of Marion's film, "Page Miss Glory," beginning in this issue on the following page, to absorb the atmosphere of the story. Then you will wish to study the large picture on the page opposite. There are no restrictions to your imagination; you may name the hair, eyes, mouth, nose, arms, hands, hips, legs, and feet of *any* star that you believe best qualifies for distinctive features. Your family and friends may have totally different selections, which makes it all the more fun! First step of contest is given here in this issue. Be sure to read the full rules on the opposite page. Return coupon in the July issue of SCREENLAND.

PAGE

The human and amusing story of an average girl who became a celebrity—through no fault of her own!

Fictionized by

Elizabeth Benneche Petersen



MARION DAVIES

as "Dawn Glory," the chambermaid who became a celebrity.

THEY pour into New York by the thousands, girls like Loretta. Girls as young, as eager, and as lovely. And they bring their dreams with them, dreams that look softly from their eyes and ache in their throats and throb in their voices when they speak. Dreams that are sometimes so fragile they shatter into tiny pieces and hearts break with them. Dreams that once in a thousand times are strong enough to endure and soar to reality.



BRIEN
Click
the
oter.

New York people had all seemed like that once, but now she saw the residents of the big hotel were like the transient guests who had come and gone at the Commercial House. Some of them were surly and unresponsive and some of them were warm and friendly like Betty, the other chambermaid on the floor who had become her confidant—and some were always ready with a wise-crack like the two men in Room 1762.

LORETTA was always hovering around 1762 because she had discovered that Click Wiley and Ed Olsen, who shared the suite, were desperately hard up; and ever since the afternoon she had



ASTOR
"lady,"
girl.

Miss Glory!

Adapted from the Warner Brothers picture. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. From the stage play by Philip Dunning and Joseph Schrank. Screen play by Robert Lord and Delmar Daves.

stolen the dinner of the spoiled Pekinese down the hall and given it to them she had more or less taken them under her wing.

"Why don't you take them over and support them?" Betty had asked once in exasperation.

There was no doubt that Loretta's maternal instinct had already toyed with the idea and discarded it. For her blue eyes widened; and pity, the kind of pity known only to the great mother-heart, played about her lips.

"I couldn't—unless I got my pay raised," and her voice ended in a groan as she saw Mr. Yates, the manager, making his ominous way towards the room. She had been a chambermaid long enough to know what *that* meant.

CLICK was struggling with his tie when the door-buzzer sounded and he bounded towards it. Maybe it was luck beckoning to him again. The wanton jade had summoned him so often just as unexpectedly and left him again with as little ceremony. His eyes lit up expectantly as he opened the door with a flourish, and only the trained eyes of a hotel manager would have seen the flickering panic that wavered in them for that split second before he got himself in hand again.

"I'm glad you stopped in, Mr.



DICK POWELL

as "Bingo Nelson," stunt aviator, "Dawn's" dream man.



PATSY KELLY
as "Betty," the heroine's pal.



FRANK McHUGH
as "Ed Olsen," "Click's" partner.

Yates." Click had discovered early in his checkered years the value of the offensive in a tight spot. "I have a little complaint to make. The service hasn't been quite what it should be lately. A hotel like this depends on service for its reputation. Without that what have you?"

The manager stared at him coldly, and Ed who had been counting on Click's seeing them through again, groaned inwardly.

"I have your bill, Mr. Wiley." Yates flipped the paper impatiently against his hand. "It is now four weeks in arrears. May I count on this suite being vacated?"

No one could faze Click once he had started anything.

"Mr. Olsen," he turned impatiently to Ed. "Please make the necessary arrangements to move to the Ritz—on Tuesday. The bill will be taken care of before we leave. That will be all?"

THERE was a polite note of dismissal in his voice but the old light of battle was in his eyes as the door closed behind the nemesis of all adventurers.

"Nobody knows how depressed I feel," Ed muttered.

"That's silly," Click grinned. "Anything can happen by Tuesday. Why, many a guy has become a millionaire in three days in this town." He wheeled around as the buzzer sounded again. "That may be the buzz of opportunity now. Keep coming, Destiny!"

But it was only Loretta with a pile of fresh towels over her arm.

"If there's anything we need (*Continued on page 74*)

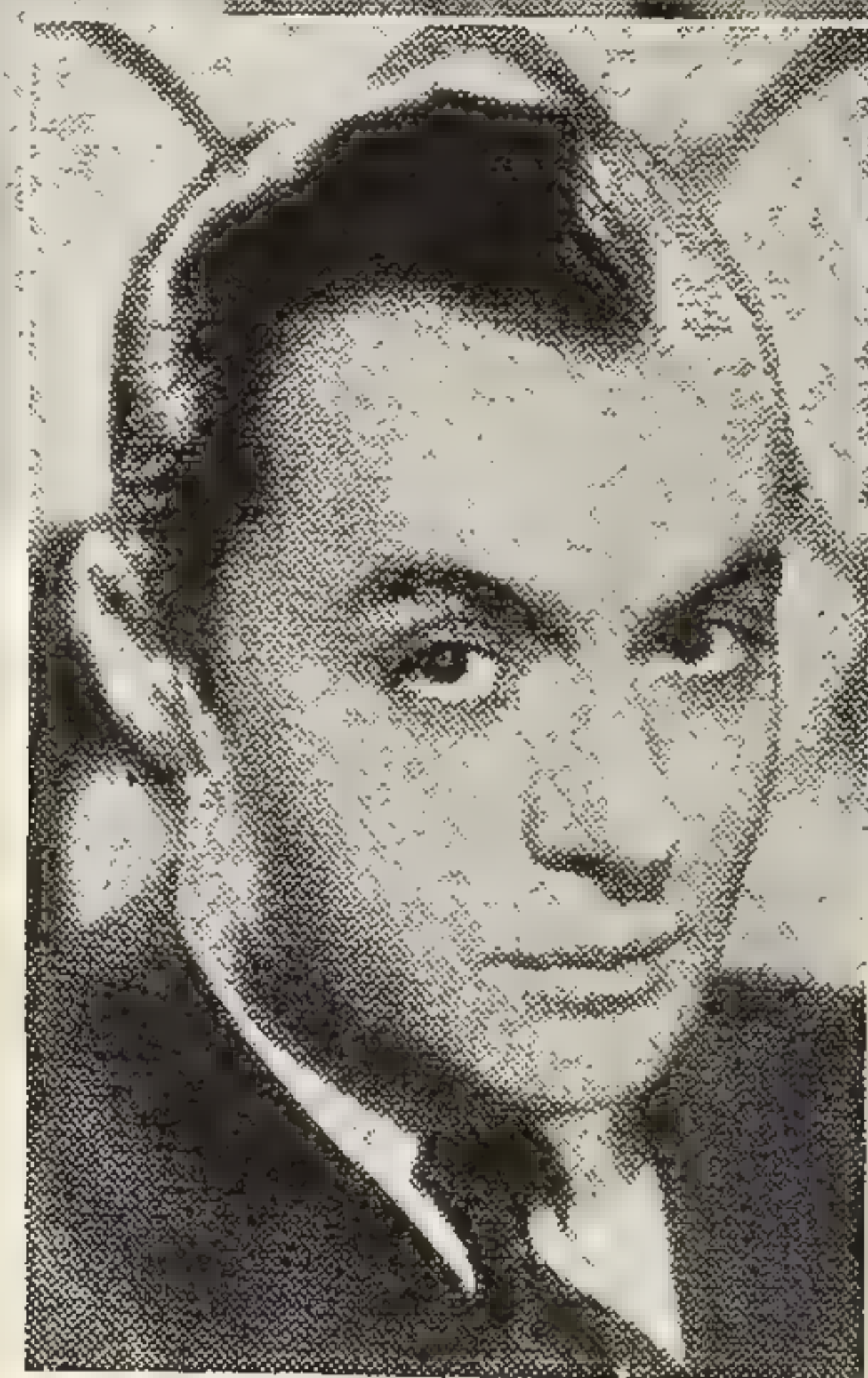
WINNER takes



Hollywood had Boyer but let him go, then called him back for the rôle you see him in above with Colbert, and next to play opposite Hepburn.

Nothing succeeds like success—thus
"Academy Award" Colbert presents
two prize leading men in Charles
Boyer and Joel McCrea

By Dell Hogarth



MORE than any other actor in Hollywood today Charles Boyer is the talk of the town.

His magnificent work in "Thunder in the East," (European film formerly titled "The Battle"), had the village gasping. Here, the critics cried, is a flawless artist who has mastered screen technic. Then it was discovered, while the producers were still burning up the cables to Europe, that this young Frenchman already had been signed for the stellar rôle in Walter Wanger's production of "Private Worlds." Charles Boyer, everyone asked, who was he?

Then Hollywood remembered. He had made a picture here once before: "Caravan," a rather mediocre film in which he portrayed a moon-struck gypsy. Hostesses recalled their personal disappointment. This Barrymore of the Parisian stage had steadfastly remained a recluse from the colony's social whirl. Various young ladies recalled their disillusionment. Instead of dashing forward at every flutter of a handkerchief to bend tender lips over an outstretched hand this dark-eyed Frenchman, who enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest lover on the Parisian stage, showed no interest at all in casual flirtations. Young men-about-town recalled their happy surprise. Instead of keeping all feminine hearts in a state of suspense this Gallic menace met, wooed and married the English actress Pat Patterson all within the space of

three days. Producers recalled their mild alarm. It was whispered that Boyer was temperamental. Beyond that, laborious months worth from Hollywood's short memory, there was nothing known. The man, himself, was still a mystery.

It was a privilege to meet Charles Boyer when he arrived in Hollywood for the first time, talk with him and his wife just before he sailed back for France, and visit with him again upon his return to make "Private Worlds." Perhaps I can clear up some of the fog.

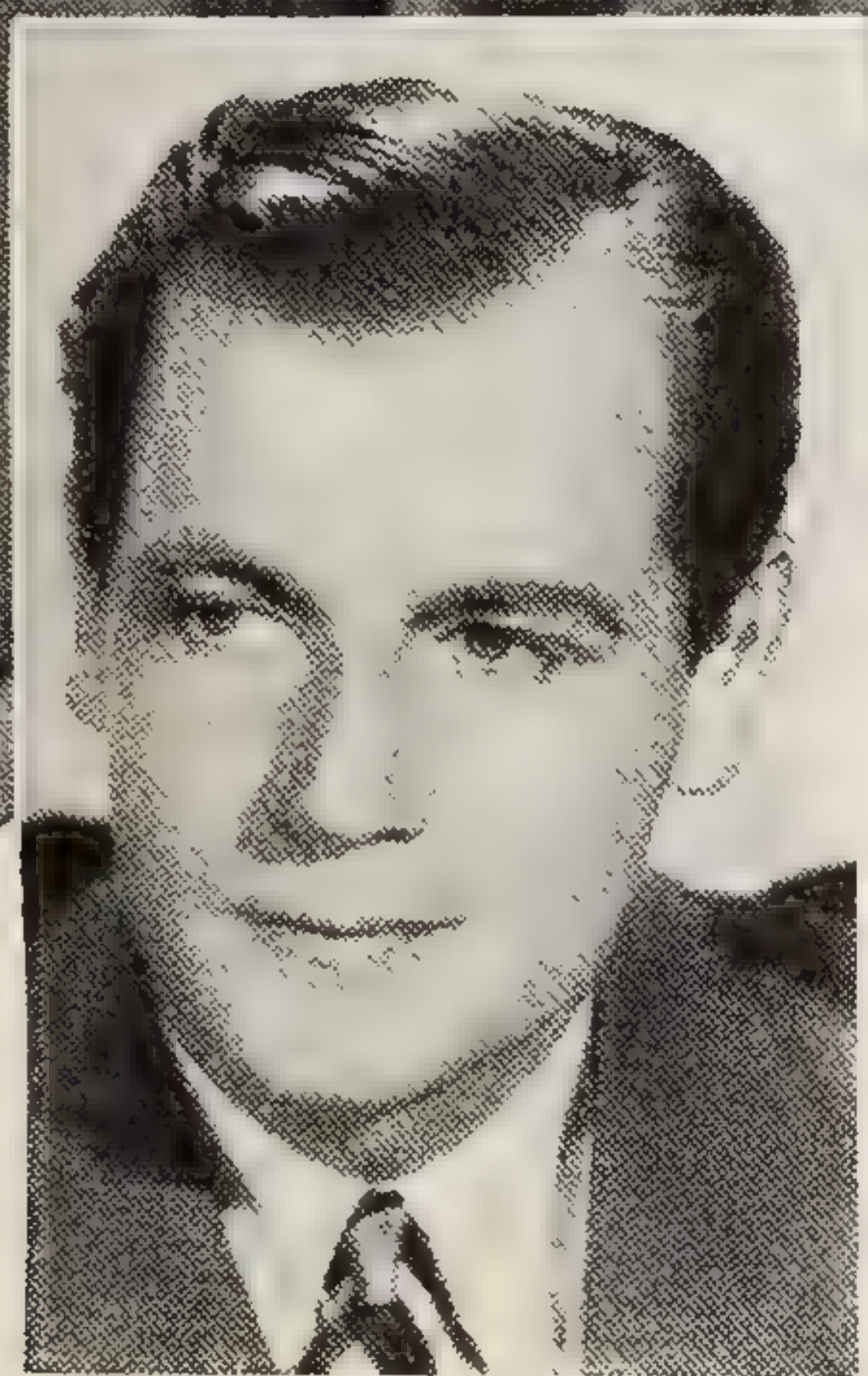
When Boyer was making "Caravan" at Fox the news leaked out that he was temperamental. The news was soon verified. Before the camera he gave of his best, but when the crank stopped turning, the arguments started. He argued with the director, protested to the producers and gave everyone to understand that he was highly dissatisfied. He begged to be let out of his long-term contract. When the picture was over he bought himself out. That first venture in American films cost him a great deal of money.

If you understand this thoroughly we will know a great deal about this soft-spoken Latin who stands trimly erect to his full height, and looks at the world out of serious brown eyes. He has the easy carriage of an athlete, the face of an artist. But there is nothing "arty" about him. He looks at you directly, (Continued on page 71)

ALL!



Joel McCrea is just as determined to "hit the top" of his profession as he acts in this dramatic scene with Colbert in "Private Worlds."



Our own McCrea is now headed for new acting heights, while Boyer's Gallic charm and skill make him the talk of Hollywood

By Ben Maddox

BEING a social riot with Beverly's best is a grand idea—for a time! So is being super-agreeable. But a Greek physique and a flock of winning ways can take an ambitious fellow only so far, even in S. A.-conscious Hollywood. Page Joel McCrea. This is just one of several important facts he can pass on relative to the fine arts of cinema climbing.

You aren't up on your McCrea if you still think of him as a *de luxe* beach boy. In the past year he has done far more than settle down as a husband and papa, too. He has declared his independence. *Blah heroes are out. So is the society stuff. And to heck with hiding honest opinions!*

He has been appearing less often because he has been turning down rôles with a vengeance. At twenty-nine, thanks to years under long-term contract during which he saved more than half of his earnings, he doesn't have to be booted into any old story. He can afford to wait for the right ones.

"I believe the amateurishness has worn off me and I'm ready to show what I can do with a genuine characterization," McCrea asserts. "Not that I yearn to go arty. I know my limitations better than anyone else!"

"I'm not capable of tackling any kind of part. Metro offered me a lead with Joan Crawford, which Franchot Tone later played. I rejected it; I can't do the suave,

sophisticated sort of acting. I hope I'll develop more along Gary Cooper's line."

The Hollywood Athletic Club is Joel's favorite hang-out, and it was there I ran into him. Very tall, handsome, and strikingly bronzed, he threw one leg over the arm of his chair as he talked.

"For more than a year now I've been free-lancing, and on purpose. I realize I haven't the makings of a Barrymore. John could be convincing as a decrepit old man or as an innocent young girl! Still, I don't want to jog along and always be just 'competent.' I'm ambitious to hit the very top.

"When you're under contract you have absolutely no say as to your parts. Generally you get into a rut and there's no progress. A number of my epics were so bad few people saw 'em, so I don't think folks are tired of me yet. I figure that to date I've been acquiring the experience that's necessary. I've a 'name' of sorts, but I'm nowhere near the nuisance stage!"

Such keen self-analysis isn't surprising from Joel McCrea, for he is a thoroughly bright young man. Son of a well-to-do Los Angeles family, he attended Pomona College. His chums were children of the film great. Joel saw to that. But it was as the escort of various beautiful feminine stars that he actually attracted the earnest attention of the movie (Continued on page 73)



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Katharine Hepburn

News! The screen's
most distinctively
glamorous star for-
sakes costume rôles
for smart modernity in
"Break of Hearts"

Knock-about knitted
dress which Hepburn
makes even more
interesting by rolling up
the sleeves!





Close-up of the "new" Katharine Hepburn! You'll note that the cuffs and revers of her smart lounging suit are of velvet, diagonally quilted.



Dull gold metallic woolen, a dramatic fabric, was chosen by Bernard Newman when he designed Katharine Hepburn's lounging ensemble, above, which Hepburn wears with all her celebrated nonchalance. Cowl scarf; girdle carelessly knotted—looks as though we're encountering "Hepburn Touches" in the new clothes!



Bernard Newman surpassed his "Roberta" models in his new designs for Katharine's "Break of Hearts" clothes. Just look at the luscious evening coat, above—soft French blue satin simply dripping with silver fox! The coat is cut in the new "negligee" style, casually clasped with arrow-point clips.

Photographs of Hepburn posed exclusively for SCREENLAND Glamor School by Bachrach

News, introduced by Hepburn, designed by Newman: the tailored Grecian silhouette! Left, the new gown in action; in the oval on the page opposite, a close-up. The fabric is the softest of silver lamés, finely pleated in accordion style. Over a sleeveless tunic goes the knee-length coat. See the scarf, cut in jabot style.

Glamor Girl

Beginning the New Novel of Hollywood Life

By Vicki Baum

Author of "Grand Hotel"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADDISON BURBANK



Morrison, the casting director, felt himself engulfed in a sudden wave of warmth, of happiness, of affection for this sixteen-year-old colt who—when she was a star in the not too distant future—would have him to thank for her career.

"FIRST, she's got to be young," said Stewart, ace director with the Monarch Film Studios, and blew a wisp of cigarette smoke through his nostrils.

"Good and young," interpolated Driscoll. Driscoll was merely the man who had written the script, and was therefore interfering in matters that were none of his business.

"Second," added Stewart, pursuing his monologue thoughtfully, "she's got to cost us exactly nothing."

"Or at any rate, not much—" Driscoll put in hastily. "After all, you'll have to spend *something* on the part."

"Third," concluded Stewart, rising slowly to his feet, "she's got to be able to do a little acting."

The men had been sitting on the staircase outside the studio stage, whither they had repaired for a whiff of fresh air and five minutes' relief from the glaring lights of the set.

"Acting!" echoed Driscoll. "I'll say she's got to do a little acting. Or she'll wreck the whole final sequence for us." Having delivered which opinion, he stuck the remnant of his cigarette into his mouth, and smoked it furiously down to the edge of its gilded tip.

Morrison, the casting director—an apple in one hand and the forefinger of the other thrust between the tattered pages of his script—stared into space. "When they don't cost anything," he observed at length, "they can't act. And when they *can* act, they cost plenty—not to mention the fact that by that time they're worn-out hacks." A final mouthful of apple took its visible course down his gullet, permanently enflamed by the heat and dust and clamor in which he lived and breathed and had his being.

Stewart flung him a sardonic glance. "O.K.," he growled, adjusting his belt. "Let's go—It'll have to be Delara again, that's all. They've sunk half a million

into the production already. They'll just have to kiss another hundred grand goodbye."

"Delara!" shouted Driscoll. It was a healthy shout, yet no one was startled, since shouting here was the rule and not the exception. "Say—" he went on, "—that isn't even funny." Despite his attempt at derision, a note of apprehension had crept into his voice. "Delara as a fifteen-year-old innocent—! You're not serious, Bill! Listen—" he began pleading desperately. "D'you know what the story's all about? Have you got the faintest conception of the meaning of that scene? You've got to be able to *see* that girl's innocence—taste it, smell it. That scene under the apple-tree's got to be steeped in an aroma of youth, of virginity—"

"Yeah!" replied Stewart, cocking his right eyebrow. For a moment he pursed his lips as though he were about to spit, but thought better of it and, turning, mounted the steps that led to the stage.

"Delara's thirty," Morrison called after him.

"Forty!" yelled Driscoll.

Stewart halted in his tracks. "Seventy-five," he rejoined imperturbably. "And when she's a hundred, she'll still be an actress. There's no one like Delara for scenes under apple-trees," he giped. "No one so blonde, so—" Abruptly his voice turned savage. "Say listen—know what I'd like to do with your scene and your apple-tree and the whole blasted business—? I'll give you three guesses.—Come on! Let's go!"

Having wiped his hands on his handkerchief, Morrison started lumbering up the steps but paused midway. For Stewart still stood on the landing above him, his face worn and haggard-looking.

"I'm fed up," he was saying softly. "I'd like to throw the whole damn mess into the ash-can. I—Listen! Don't you suppose I'd like to see something new and fresh and natural—something human, for a change? You're supposed to be a scout of sorts, aren't you, Morrison? Well,



Vicki Baum really knows Hollywood as no other world-famous author knows it! She lives there, works there. And she has woven the heart and soul of Hollywood into this great new serial, written exclusively for SCREENLAND.

why don't you scout around and find something?—something with the aroma of youth and virginity, for instance. Go ahead—find something, why don't you?—find something—find something—” And turning on his heel, he kicked the iron door open and vanished.

Morrison, watching the heavy door swing slowly back into position, felt the other's words sink like barbed darts into his consciousness.

MORRISON sat in the half-gloom behind the set, where a café scene was being shot. The battered script in its blue-paper binder lay open on his knees, and he was concentrating with an intensity so fakir-like on his own thoughts that he looked all but idiotic. He was an old man and a wise one, this Morrison with his gray comedian's head and his false teeth. He knew the movie game as few others knew it—he'd been part of it from the days of its infancy. He'd acted in pictures—with moderate success; and directed them—with no success whatever. He'd made money and lost money. He'd discovered stars—that they couldn't deny, at any rate—he had a nose for talent that was famous in the business—he'd discovered stars and watched them glimmer and die.

And now he was sitting here in the semi-darkness, ransacking his memory for a face he had seen somewhere, sometime in the past—

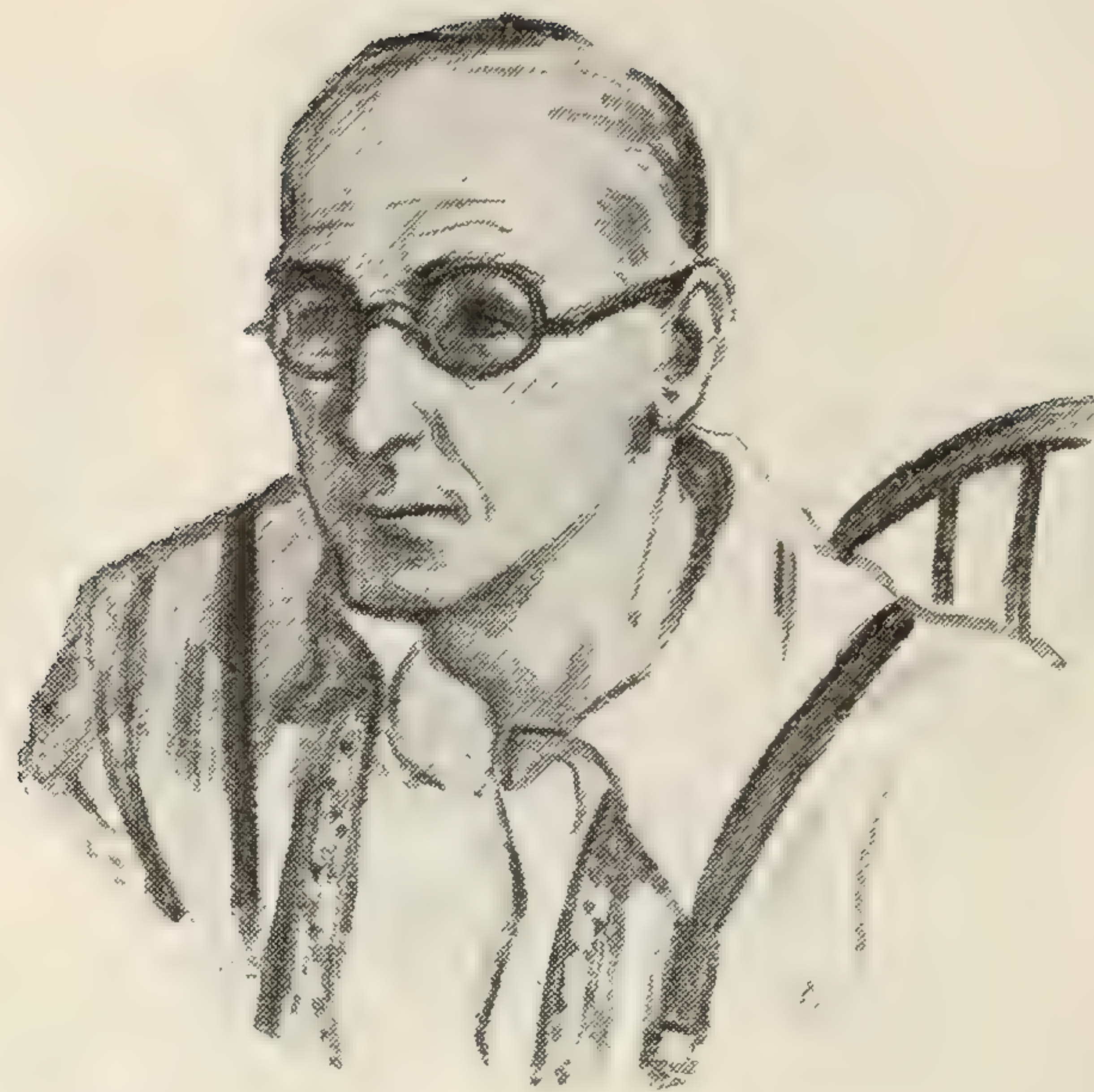
A jazz band was blaring on the café set behind him, and above its din rose Stewart's voice, amplified and carried to the farthest reaches of the stage by the microphone. Morrison sat there as though he were blind and deaf, but his mind was painfully alive—occupied partly with distress over Stewart's plight, but mostly consumed by a burning eagerness to “find something.”

“I spotted Maya Gay in that Tia Juana joint,” he was thinking. “I plugged Leslie Stephens when no one else'd give her a tumble, and look at her now. I gave Delara her first job twenty years ago—” The shadow of a reminiscent smile crossed his face. “Standing there like a wobbly little calf with her spindleshanks.” He sighed. “Find something—. Sure—just like that—find something—find something—”

He raised the script to his spectacled eyes, and for the fortieth time reread the scene under the apple-tree—the scene in which the hero of the story, who had killed a man, was purged and redeemed through the sight of a girl—half child, half angel—with a watering-pot in her



The Girl. Selected by the casting director for a chance at Hollywood fame.



The Casting Director. Commanded to find a new girl for a big picture.

hand. He lifted his eyes—then turned suddenly rigid, as the memory he'd been pursuing began to take form. He sat there five minutes longer, his lips set hard over his dental frontage—and at last he had it.

TEN minutes later he was in the wardrobe department.

"Listen, Muhlmann," he said to the forewoman, who was hanging Salvation Army bonnets on hooks, "—is that Harrison kid here?"

"Harrison? Harrison?" She frowned. "What Harrison kid?"

"The little one—you know—the skinny kid who worked in 'Streets of Life.' Sort of reddish hair—"

"Lord, what a memory!" sighed Muhlmann. "That's Betty Harrison. Yes, she's probably in the commissary right now."

"O.K. Thanks, Muhlmann," and he strode out, down the stairs, across to the commissary and over to the table where a dozen Salvation Army lasses, in the golden-brown make-up peculiar to the studios, were seated at lunch.

"Hello, Betty," he said. "Listen—you've got a kid sister. Right? I saw her here with you once at the cashier's window. Sure I remember. That's what I get paid for—remembering. Is she doing anything?"

"Not right now," answered Betty, rising politely. "She had five days' work in January with Superfilms—"

"Never mind—get her here—but make it snappy. I want her here in half an hour. Ring her up—"

"Oh, I—I can't—" stammered Betty, all but paralyzed with shock and excitement. "We have no—there isn't any—"

"Sure you can," he interrupted, impatient now of all denial or delay. "Go ahead and phone. Beat it—"

"What do you want her for, Mr. Morrison?" she found strength to babble.

"That'll come later. Want to have a look at her first. Half an hour then—in my office. So long, kids." He flapped a hand at the tableful of round-eyed extras, and was gone.

Drowning in a sea of wonder and fear, hope and conjecture, Betty made her way to the phone booth. But before she'd reached it, she had managed to fight her way to the surface and was swimming clear.

NOT that this business of phoning was a simple matter. First of all, the Harrisons had no phone. The butcher across the street had one, but a five-minute call to Alhambra would cost ten cents; and even if the butcher could be persuaded to send for Stella, the whole process would certainly take longer than five minutes. Betty sacrificed the dessert she'd already been smacking her lips over on the altar of her sister's chance. Her ice-gray eyes raced up and down the columns of the phone book till they found the butcher's name. The butcher's wife, after no more than the normal amount of grumbling, departed on her errand, while Betty stood waiting in the phone booth which vibrated to the tread of feet across the commissary floor. Her own feet were tapping wildly with impatience before she heard Stella's breathless "hello" in the mouthpiece of the butcher's phone.

"Stella—listen!" Her voice was strangled with excitement. "You're to come right out to the studio. Now. this minute—"

"What's the matter?" inquired Stella tranquilly, remote as she was out there in Alhambra from the feverish tempo of the Monarch Film Studios. "Where's the fire?"

"Morrison wants to see you. Something doing—"

"Who's Morrison?" asked Stella.

Betty's nerves snapped. "Get going, will you? If you take the car at the corner, you can—no—listen—take a taxi and hurry—"

"What do you mean, taxi?" cried Stella indignantly. "Who's going to pay for it?"

"Tell mother to lay it out. Good Lord, don't *be* like that! If they want you here at the studio, *they'll* pay for the taxi. They want to *see* you here—don't you get the point?—they want to *see* you. Hurry—hurry—you should be on your way right now—"

"All right," said Stella, (Continued on page 91)

How Does Hollywood Find and Develop Its Glamor Girls? Read Vicki Baum's Novel for the Amazing Answer!

Marlene Looks Ahead!

Will the Delicious Dietrich reach new dramatic fame or merely mourn von Sternberg's loss?

By Leonard Hall

MARLENE DIETRICH stands at the fateful crossroads of her film career today and raises those glorious eyes aloft to two sign-boards. One says, "To new heights in better pictures." The other reads, simply, "This way out!"

The issue is now squarely up to *Unser* Marlene. Will she be a good sport and a hard worker? Or will she be a moping cry-baby? For the long-famous team of von Sternberg and Dietrich has been rudely torn apart. Hollywood's most famous artist-director firm has gone out of business. From now on, Von goes his way, and Marlene goes Paramount's.

Her producers have tossed a fresh deck on the green table, and called for a new deal all round. No longer will the hypnotic maestro with the handle-bar moustachios wave his magic wand over the symphonic Marlene. She has signed a new contract and will make her next film with another stick-waver. Von packs up his genius and seeks new fields to conquer.

Thus ends one of the most remarkable associations Hollywood has ever seen—and the artistic life of one of the most fascinating and baffling figures of the day reaches another thumping climax! What will this gorgeous critter do now? Will she start afresh, willingly and hopefully, with another boss? Or will she sit about mourning the loss of her discoverer, teacher and guide—thus going, very quietly but quickly, to heck in a barouche? Don't we wish we knew? And doesn't Mr. Paramount?

The old team had to go. Its (*Continued on page 80*)



Marlene ponders the future, and glances back to the past when she appeared with Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," a scene from which is shown above.



Fred MacMurray

BEST

Right, Fred MacMurray in his first stage play. Recumbent, center, is Fred!



Left, in "Three's a Crowd." Fred is the object of Libby Holman's attention.



When Fred was eleven, at military school—the close-up at the right.



On to fame! Meet Hollywood's most promising young newcomers



HE IS tall and rugged and dependable looking. He might easily pass for one of those bashful young giants who carry ice in the summer, and an inflated pigskin in the fall. He looks like a pleasant sort of guy; and on closer acquaintance you will find he is all of that.

He is Fred MacMurray—the young actor who made love to Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," his first big picture. He liked that job so well, he decided to stay in pictures. Pictures liked *him* so well, they decided to keep him. No room for argument on either side.

Now that he is here, and here to stay, let me tell you something about him. Born in Kankakee, Illinois, not so very many years ago, he attended school in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Yep, we both grinned at that bit of personal history. Fred is such a good-natured chap you laugh with him, not at him.

He played full-back on the high-school football team although it seems to me he might have made a better end with his six feet three inches of length, and 200 odd pounds of bone and muscle. Later he made the freshman football team at Carroll College, also in Wisconsin.

During his school days he fought shy of theatricals because he was so self-conscious he blushed and stammered every time he had to face an audience. He learned to play the saxophone and earned his tuition by working with small orchestras about the town.

After his freshman year in college, he said goodbye to the halls of learning and set out for Chicago to work in

an orchestra. A year or so later he made his first trip to the West Coast and, in his own words, "jobbed around with a lot of bands," finally winding up in the orchestra pit at Warner Brothers' Hollywood theatre.

Probably all the Warner executives saw him at one time or another tooting away on his saxophone, but none of them picked him as likely star material. Which was Warners' loss, and Paramount's gain.

During this period in Fred's career he made good use of an exceptionally fine baritone voice, singing for phonograph recordings with nationally famous orchestras. He also became interested in motion pictures and remembers when he stood outside the gate at Paramount while the new sound stages were being erected, wondering if he couldn't slip in with the workmen and sort of "look around the lot."

Finally he sought extra work, and with the aid of a rented dress suit he found quite a few jobs at \$12 per day. "Had a lot of fun," MacMurray laughs, "and the money came in handy too. Playing in an orchestra is no way to get rich quick."

Fred made the jump from the orchestra pit to the stage when he took a job with (Continued on page 88)

BETS!

Anne Shirley



Try to find Anne Shirley in this group of kids at the left! See her?

Right, a scene from "Sylvestre Bonnard," Anne's new film with O. P. Heggie.



Anne herself, in person and without make-up. A veteran at seventeen!

By
James
Marion

FOURTEEN years in motion pictures—and now STARDOM at seventeen! That's the super-condensed screen-life story of Anne Shirley, the little girl once known as Dawn O'Day, now famous for tangling her slim fingers in the heart-strings of a nation with her performance in "Anne of Green Gables."

Anne Shirley is not merely *cute*; she's pretty, and nice, and sweet, and the kind of a girl you would like for a sister; but she's just a youngster of seventeen and doesn't pretend to be anything else.

"I don't see any difference," Anne admitted when asked if her new status as a star had made any change in her life. "I'm the same girl. I have the same friends, do about the same things, go to the same places."

"You know," and she smiled—she did *not* giggle, "I haven't even a car. But maybe I'll get a small one in about four weeks. I kinda wanted a coupe—but I guess I'll get a sedan."

Anne, or Dawn O'Day as she was known before "Anne of Green Gables," entered the film world at the ripe old age of three, playing with William Farnum in a picture directed by Herbert Brenon in New York.

She's been in pictures ever since, without the usual time out for the all-legs all-arms stage through which most children pass.

Hollywood's newest young star has never had to worry about looking older or younger than her age. As a child she played child parts; and as she grew up, so did her rôles. Anne maintains, despite many published stories to the contrary, that she has never had a hard time in Hollywood, where she and her mother came to live more than twelve years ago.

"It was mother who had the hard time," she declares. "When things were bad and parts were few and far between, mother must have kept the facts to herself, for I can't remember anything about them. I know now," Anne continued, "that mother often deprived herself of something she wanted in order to make life happier for me—but, honestly, we got along pretty well."

Although little Miss Shirley can rattle off the names of pictures in which she appeared during her childhood days, she confessed that she couldn't actually *remember* working in all of them. She does recall, however, when she played Janet Gaynor as a little girl in the film "Four Devils." She also played "little girl rôles" for Frances Dee, Fay Wray, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Dvorak, Jean Arthur and Madge Bellamy. That is, in screen-plays, she portrayed childhood sequences of these stars.

"I told Joel McCrea that I had played his wife, Frances Dee, as a little girl," laughed (*Continued on page 89*)



Naughty Marietta—M-G-M



YOU'LL thrill to this! The most distinguished singing picture of the new season, "Naughty Marietta" has a vigor and vitality too often missing in our musical movies. Reason: first, W. S. Van Dyke's forthright direction; second, Nelson Eddy's arresting voice and presence; third, the color of the locale, picturesque Louisiana in the 18th century. Of course, to me, it's Nelson Eddy's picture. Jeanette MacDonald is charming, both vocally and optically; she endows her rôle of the runaway French princess with gaiety and sparkle; but she is, after all, "Merry Widow" MacDonald—again; while Mr. Eddy is very new, very handsome—and different. You've never seen a movie hero like him before! He has a really splendid voice, but he appeals first of all as a manly figure, romantic but believable. As a dashing soldier of the Southland he rescues the fair princess-in-disguise from pirates—it's that sort of a swashbuckling story—falls in love with her without learning her identity, pursues her, protects her, and finally—"Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" Victor Herbert's music lives again, beautifully sung. Don't miss this!



Farewell To Love—Gaumont-British



TITLED "The Dictator" in its native England, this handsomely mounted and beautifully acted picture will please the more conservative screen audiences who may be fed up with musicals, murders, and air epics. Written and directed in the leisurely manner, it is nevertheless a satisfying screen play if you like your history in romantic guise. I do! Particularly when the very lovely Madeleine Carroll—how nice to see her again—and the courtly Clive Brook play the principal rôles of the unhappy Queen Charlotte Mathilda of Denmark and Dr. Struensee, the peasant's son who becomes a power at court. Their romance, doomed to flower in shadowy court corridors, amid an atmosphere of brazen intrigue, is destined for disaster; but it is none the less appealing; and the charm and character of Miss Carroll and Mr. Brook lend a warm human interest to the historical personages they play. The care and good taste almost invariably distinguishing British pictures are in evidence here. The acting is superlative, with excellent performances by Helen Hays, Emlyn Williams, Nicholas Hannen, and all the others.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



Go Into Your Dance—Warners



YOU'LL want to see Ruby and Al acting together for the first time, and here is your great chance! The Jolsons have a field day in this big new, fast-moving, and munificently staged musical comedy-drama; and if you like one or both of them, you'll have the time of your life. There is a disarming quality to "Go Into Your Dance" which will probably win you, because both stars are so happy to be in the same picture at last; and their scenes together, particularly, betray their wholehearted enthusiasm for each other, for their co-starring film, and for the world at large! It's rather sweet, at that! Al sings, and how he sings. Ruby dances—*really* dances; tap, rumba; whatever you want. Miss Keeler, indeed, comes into her own; she has never been so utterly charming, nor exhibited her terpsichorean talents so definitely. Al does an excellent job of acting as a Broadway star who "comes back" with li'l Ruby's aid. Yes—there's a "Mammy" song! Good numbers, not too long. Glenda Farrell, Patsy Kelly, Helen Morgan score. But it's the jovial Jolson and his lovely wife who put over this picture.

Finest Picture of the Month:
"Private Worlds."

Best Cast of the Month: Claudette Colbert, superb; Charles Boyer, fascinating; Joel McCrea, surprising; Helen Vinson and Joan Bennett, excellent—in "Private Worlds."

Personal Triumph: Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta."

Best Musicals: "Go Into Your Dance" and "Gold-diggers of 1935," with the Al Jolson's scoring in the first; and Hugh Herbert, Adolphe Menjou, and Alice Brady in the second.



Private Worlds—Paramount



NOW, *here's* a picture! Not only the finest of this month, but one of the most intelligent films ever made. Hats off to Walter Wanger for his daring in producing Phyllis Bottome's novel of real people in a world of shadows. Light shines in dark places in this courageous presentation of a delicate subject: life in a mental hospital, told from the point of view not only of the patient but of the doctors. Chiefly, "Private Worlds" presents the personal problem of a fine young woman doctor, exquisitely portrayed by Claudette Colbert, in her fight to find herself and fulfill her destiny as a woman without sacrificing her career. Every woman will be touched by her struggle; by her sympathy for her patients; by her understanding of the domestic problem of her colleague, so splendidly played by Joel McCrea, and his wife, Joan Bennett; and by her final capitulation to the new, and foreign, superintendent, the darkly fascinating, deeply intelligent Charles Boyer. Director Gregory LaCava has handled every scene and situation with rare sensitiveness and restraint. Claudette really wins her Award in "Private Worlds."



West Point of the Air—M-G-M



THE billing may read: "Starring Wallace Beery"; but in spite of Wally's usual robust performance, the real star of this air picture is—the cameraman. This unsung hero deserves most of the credit for those scenes which make "West Point of the Air" a worthy evening's entertainment. The aviation stunts are distinctly thrilling, bringing up all over again that old remark, "How can they ever do it? And *what* will they find to do next?" I don't know, to both questions. Surely, though, this is the air epic to end air epics, with its stunning shots of planes in action, although the "rescue" in which Robert Young, as Wally's son, saves his father from a burning plane, is reminiscent of the old serial days, and not half as exciting. The trouble is with the story: good old Wally, as a veteran flying instructor, is ambitious to make his weakling son an air ace; sweet Maureen O'Sullivan helps; family, friends, and the audience are engaged in the struggle to "save" the son who, frankly, isn't worth it. Not Robert Young's fault; it's the rôle. But small boys will love the stunt stuff—and their pal Wally. He's grand.



Gold-Diggers of 1935—Warners



THE maddest and the merriest of all the wild musical melanges that Warner Brothers have been turning out since, it seems, Shirley Temple was a mere babe in arms. This new "Gold-Diggers" is grand fun. Faithful to the formula of preceding films in the series—but don't rush to conclusions. Perhaps you *do* think you know all there is, and there just isn't any more to these elaborate numbers which crowd the screen with girls and glitter. But that's *not* all you get in this show-piece—not by several performances from such terrific troupers as Hugh Herbert, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell, and others. The comedy ripples along, with not too many interruptions, to its hilarious conclusion before the "big" scenic numbers take the screen. The plot—oh, yes, there's a plot, all right—shows a group of males as the gold-diggers this time, with Hugh Herbert leading the revels, Dick Powell as an impecunious hotel clerk, and Menjou as a fiery stage director desirous of annexing Miss Brady's millions. Hit numbers: "Broadway Lullaby" and the piano spectacle.

Preview flashes from **SHIRLEY'S** greatest picture.. **"OUR LITTLE GIRL"**

by Jerry Halliday

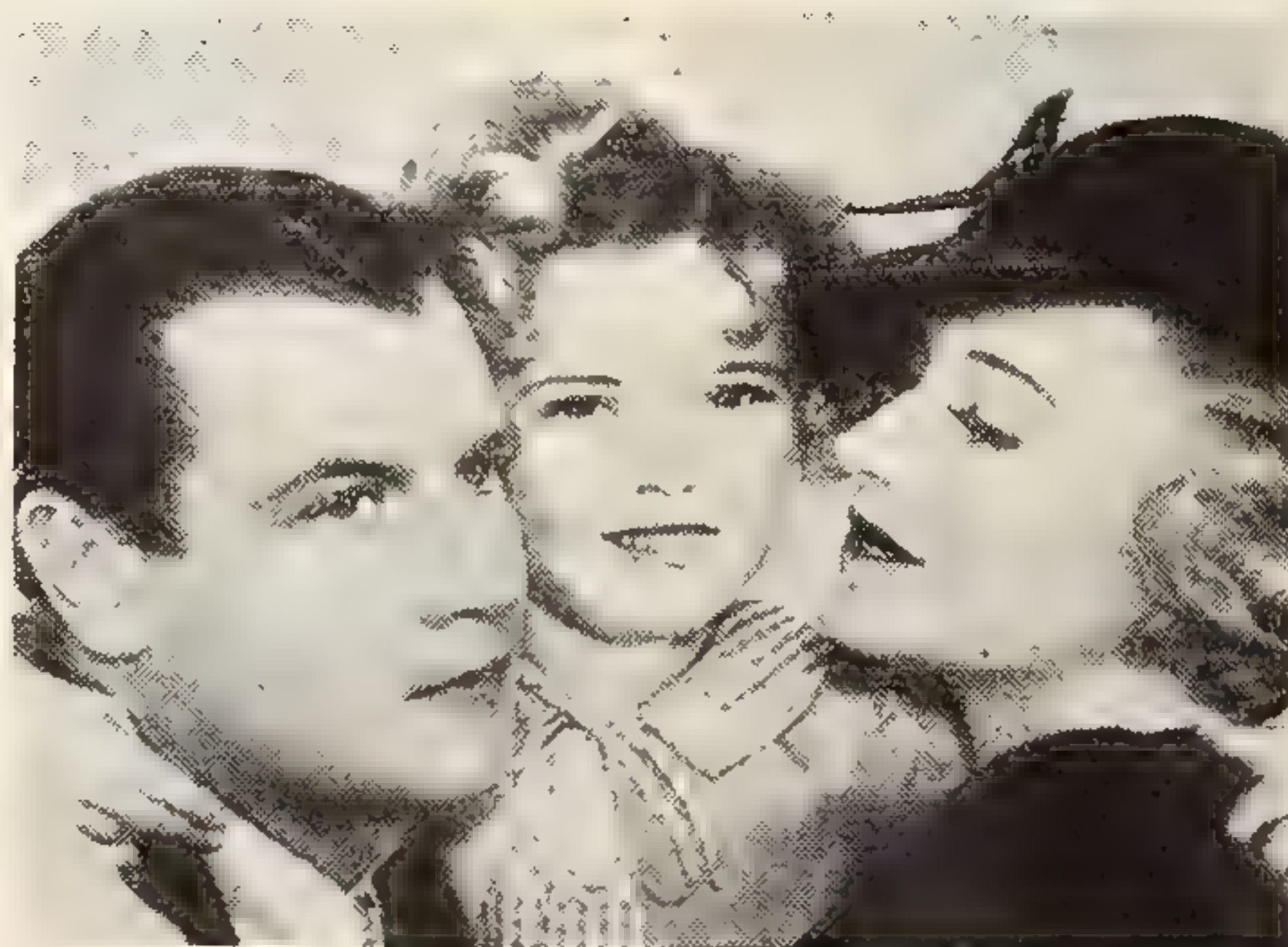


**She plays at being happy to
rebuild a shattered dream!**

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

**SHIRLEY DANCES AND
SHE SINGS . . . TOO!**



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



**"COME ON OVER AND
SEE MY STATUE!"**

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley
TEMPLE

in
**'OUR
LITTLE GIRL'**

**ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL MCCREA**

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf



The LIVING Hollywood!

SCREENLAND
Reveals
The Romance,
The Beauty
of the
World's Great
Capital of Charm!

As a special favor Janet graciously consented to show us her favorite clothes from her personal wardrobe, designed for her by Rene Hubert. On this page you see her garden-party dress, of candy-striped flesh-pink silk voile, topped by a blue taffeta jacket. Janet's hat, of natural-color leghorn, boasts a straw-lace-edged brim and a garland of bright flowers.

NOW turn the page!

*Living Fashions exclusively posed for
SCREENLAND by Janet Gaynor and
photographed by Otto Dyar, Fox Films*



First, SCREENLAND presents
LIVING FASHIONS
Posed by JANET GAYNOR

SCREENLAND'S LIVING FASHIONS

Through the Fashion Day

with Janet—MORNING!

Come out into the sunshine with the Gaynor girl! As she looks over her potential peach crop on her miniature estate Janet is wearing a "cover-all" frock for her tennis shorts and blouse. Made of white waffle piqué, the tennis ensemble was designed and created for Janet's personal wear by Rene Hubert. The neck scarf is of red and white wash silk.



Janet on her way to her tennis court is still wearing her "cover-all." Below, in action! Now you can see the "waistcoat" effect.



NOON and AFTERNOON!

9



Janet Gaynor's "Living Fashions" day progresses! Top, she stands a moment at her own rustic gate before leaving for a lunch date, so that you can make notes on her very simple but very charming suit. The skirt is light-weight navy blue wool, perfectly plain. The blouse is white waffle piqué with peasant sleeves and a clever closing design: little suede straps and buckles in red, green, and yellow. Now wait a minute, Janet! Go back and put on your matching cape. Thanks! Just one minute more while we note your hat, of navy blue wool, your shoes, also navy, and your handbag and gloves of white doeskin.

The leisure hour! Janet is ready to greet a friend or two for afternoon tea. She hates to feel "dressed up," so she asked Rene Hubert to design a wearable afternoon frock with this result: red and white striped wash silk enlivened by a red suede belt. See the interesting use of the striped fabric?



SCREENLAND LIVING FASHIONS

posed by JANET GAYNOR

EVENING!



The end of a perfect evening—Janet in her boudoir wearing her pet white satin pajamas featuring a whimsical touch by M. Hubert: words and music across the front of the blouse, music embroidered in black silk, words in red, and the tune is: "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" Who's the phone call from, Janet?

Janet Gaynor is one screen star who refuses to "work at it" and scorns the spectacular after studio hours, so when she goes dinner-dancing she wears this simple ensemble, suitable for Every-Girl. The dress, in plaid effects in russet, brown and beige, is fashioned high in front with crossed-suspender straps in the back. The skirt is very full, the extra fullness supplied by the godets. See the saucy Eton jacket!

Something new in a negligée: the "Pre-historic," designed on straight lines with bright red sash, to be worn over Janet's white satin pajamas. The trick fabric, ivory white, is fashioned of a long silky nap on a silk crepe background.



Real Living in Hollywood!



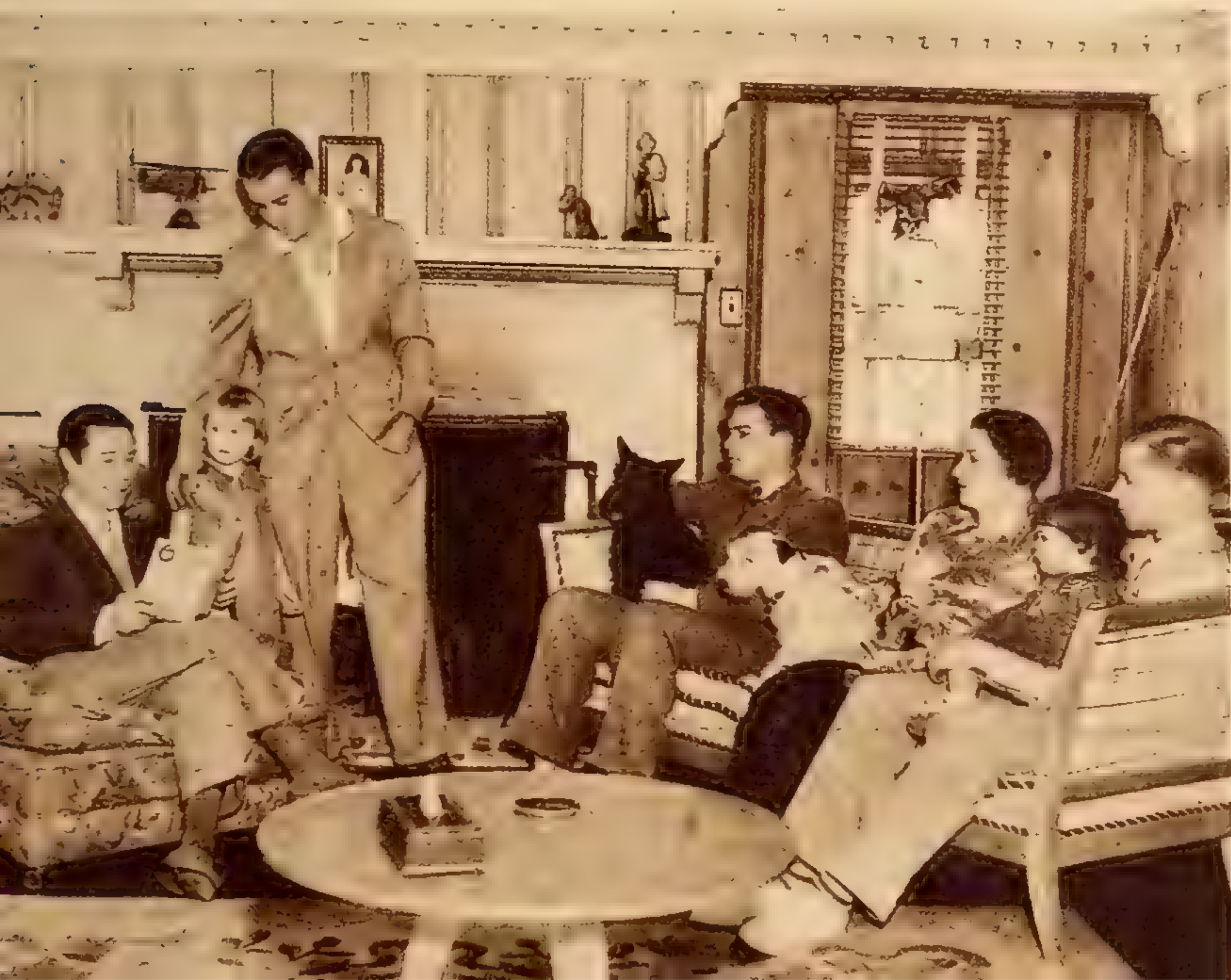
The smiling comic is one of Hollywood's real home men. Above, a view of Joe E. Brown and two of his sons showing you over his Beverly Hills home. Below, the family: Joe E., Mary Elizabeth, Mike, Joe E., Jr., Mrs. Brown, Kathryn Frances, and Don.



Joe's Trophy Room is his pride and joy. Above, he shows you the kilo bat, used in Hawaii's popular game. Left, discovered: a grin wider than Joe E. Brown's! The Chinese mask is a trophy of the Browns' world tour.

Joe E. Brown and his Family at Home

A spot to delight the hearts of small boys of all ages: Joe in a corner of his Trophy Room, with glass cases for his valuable autographed sports trophies collected during a lifetime.



THE real Gary, as he looks on vacation, not location! Soon to start work on a new picture, when his expression will probably change from carefree to conscientious, even though his leading lady will be none other than Claudette Colbert!

Eugene Robert Richee

LIVING Personality Portrait of Gary Cooper



and of Carole Lombard!

AND right here is the real Carole, not the languorous lady you've been seeing on the screen. Some day some smart producer is going to wake up and cast Carole in a rousing good picture in which she can be her own gay self; and then—!

Eugene Robert Richee





Action!

ATHLETICALLY engaged above are: Alice Faye, rope-skipping; Will Rogers, polo; Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles, dancing; Betty Furness and Elizabeth Allan, sunning; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler love the action of stage dancing.



IN FULL stride: Betty Furness; Tennis: Wendy Barrie plays, Frankie Thomas learns from Bill Tilden; George Brent swims; Elizabeth Allan jogs along; Rita Cansino and Gary Leon swing into a waltz; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler dance on.

Spirit!

Off Duty!



Living his own life, Dick Powell, good-humored, but a chap who seems inclined to look well before he does any leaping.

**Not acting
here! Your
favorites greet
you as they
really are**

Off-duty, Warner Baxter is as debonair as his screen self, but he likes the out-door life and lives it.



Recognize the lady at the right as Mary Boland? Yes—but you seldom see Mary as serious as that on the picture screens.



Dick Barthelmess, whose calm and poise in real-life is a characteristic missing from his recent screen rôles.



Fred Astaire believes that dancing makes you happy, and this off-duty shot seems eloquent evidence that he's quite right.

On Duty!



In character! Note how slight changes affect personality



Baxter as the dashing Latin he creates for "Under the Pampas Moon," is quite different from the real Baxter in the other pose.



Dick Powell as a romantic figure in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," above, with Olivia de Havilland.

Left, Mary Boland becomes fluttery and excitable—doing her duty in portraying a character for a screen play.

Fred Astaire at the left is playing his part as a band leader, so you note the change from his off-duty self.

Richard Barthelmess the actor, at right, as the hunted character of "Four Hours to Kill,"—life, but not Dick's life.



Living Rhythm!

Jean Harlow

Dances!





Jean steps out in "Reckless," her co-starring film with William Powell. Center, shooting a scene of Harlow and her partner, Carl Randall, doing "La Tromboso," new dance creation we show you here



Action photographs of Jean Harlow dancing made exclusively for SCREENLAND by Grimes, M-G-M.



Hollywood beauties at their
breeziest, basking in their
new swim suits



Irene Ware does a Diana, both in "Night Life of the Gods" and arrayed for the beach. This is one of the suits with a trick—the cord permitting Irene to drop her shoulder straps for sun-bathing with perfect poise.

Sally Eilers, center, selects her favorite halter-neck swim suit to pose in for you. Sally likes the sun, and sun-tan is highly becoming to Sally; and this is how she gets it.

'Ware Irene in this suit—excuse it, please! What we mean to say is, here's Irene again, and welcome, wearing her pet swimming suit—and probably ours, and yours, too.

Irene Ware is shown, first, in the "Bra-tuck." Sally Eilers is wearing the "Halter-neck" model. Irene Ware is shown also in the "Neck-lace" suit. All models are from Jantzen Knitting Mills.



LIVING SUN FASHIONS!

Just Kids!



Virginia Weidler, right, steals scenes from John Beal in "Laddie," but John gave her this doll just to show there were no hard feelings.

We all know how Freddie Bartholomew stole "David Copperfield." Now the great little British actor is trying to steal cowboy Buck Jones' stuff!



Cora Sue Collins rivalled Garbo for honors in "Queen Christina." See her pet love birds?

A new scene-stealer, William Benedict, with Edward Everett Horton in "\$10 Raise."



That's all—but they steal every picture they play in, just the same!



Nova Pillbeam, grand little English actress, scores in "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Frankie Thomas, Jr., left, will steal "A Dog of Flanders" right away from the pup!





Fox
Films



SCREENLAND presents
Shirley Temple in
The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month

THE sweetest star of them all captures our page this month in a scene from "Our Little Girl," her latest film. Left, with Joel McCrea, Shirley's new "leading man." Right, little Miss Temple



By
Sydney
Valentine

Vidor in close-up, and, right, in action. The great director of "The Big Parade," "The Champ," "Our Daily Bread" and other fine films gives you an actual idea of how Hollywood's megaphone men really work.

Miriam Hopkins. Is she the famous star Vidor talks about here?

Is Anna Sten truly temperamental? Read this story and you'll know the answer!

Gary Cooper, whom Vidor admires and enjoyed directing in "The Wedding Night."



Stars' Temperament? Smoke Screen! Says Vidor

TEMPERAMENT is just a smoke-screen or device designed by an individual to disguise inability, or to cover up an inferiority complex. It is readily removed and the temperamental person is easily handled if the handler recognizes just what temperament really is."

That was the concise reply made by King Vidor when this writer asked him to define "temperament," and to tell how he has been so successful in directing players noted for their temperamental outbursts, except when working for him. Vidor smiled when he noticed a somewhat doubtful look in my eye.

"Have you ever seen an actor display temperament when everything was going smoothly and his work was receiving the praises of director, producer, and all those connected with the picture?" asked Vidor when I suggested that he explain. "I don't believe you have," he continued. "Neither have I." And try as I would, no

case of temperament under smooth-sailing conditions would come to my mind.

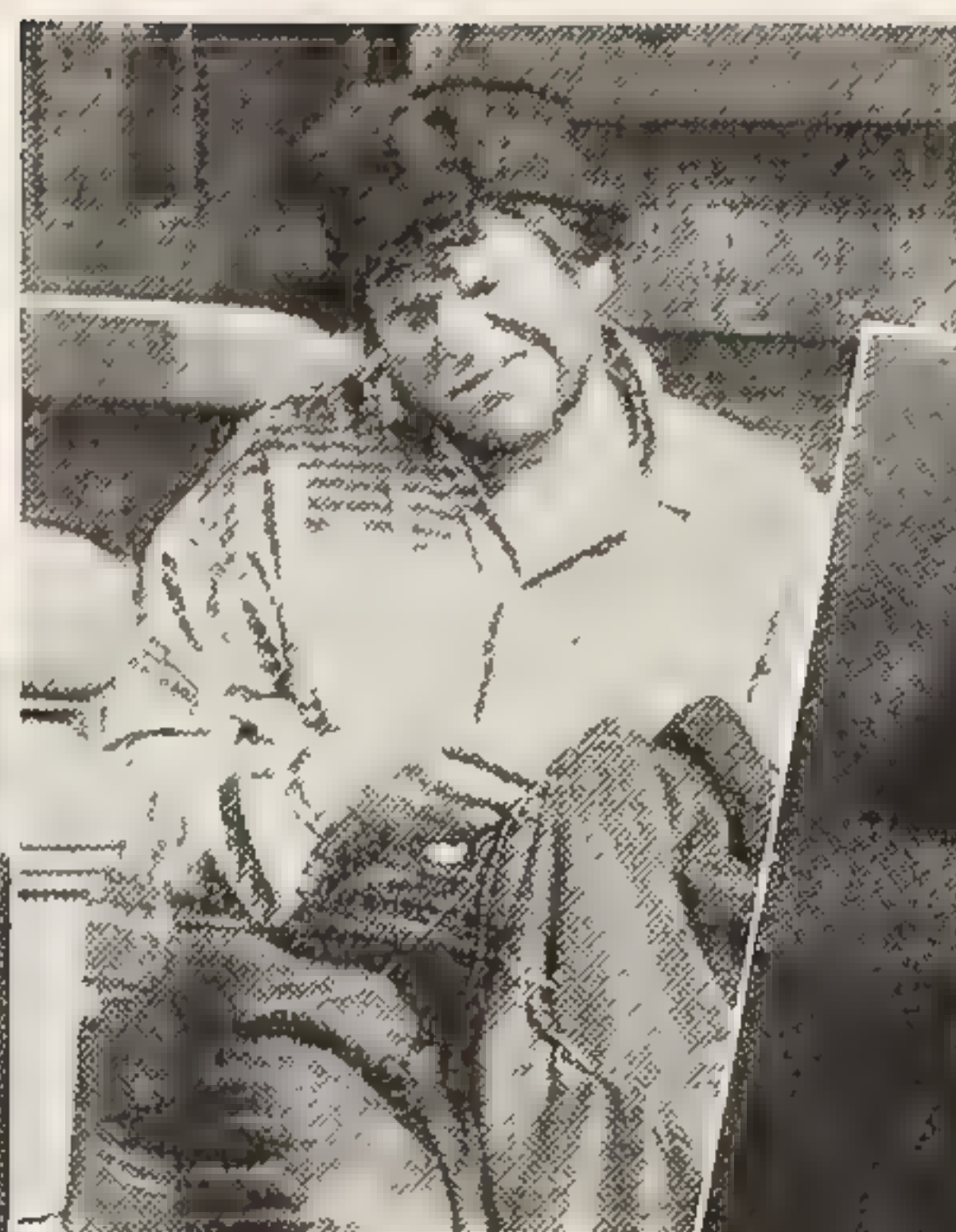
"I have given this matter of temperament a lot of thought," continued Vidor. "When I first came into the film business I was a bit awed by some of the outbursts. Then I began to analyze those players. It suddenly dawned on me that they were trying to hide something; trying to evade something. Actually, they were, in practically all cases, trying to create a furore to make other people overlook the fact that they were unable to say certain lines or do certain things which the director was asking them to do. It was just an attempt to make the director forget they were incapable of carrying out those things which they as players should be able to do. In other words, they couldn't do what they were supposed to do, but as they suffered an inferiority complex, they did not want anyone else to know their failing.

"I am not attempting to (Continued on page 94)



Above, as Wallace Beery looked when he arrived in Hollywood.

Wally, right, in the silent classic, "Old Ironsides."



Below, Beery in a scene from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s "Robin Hood."



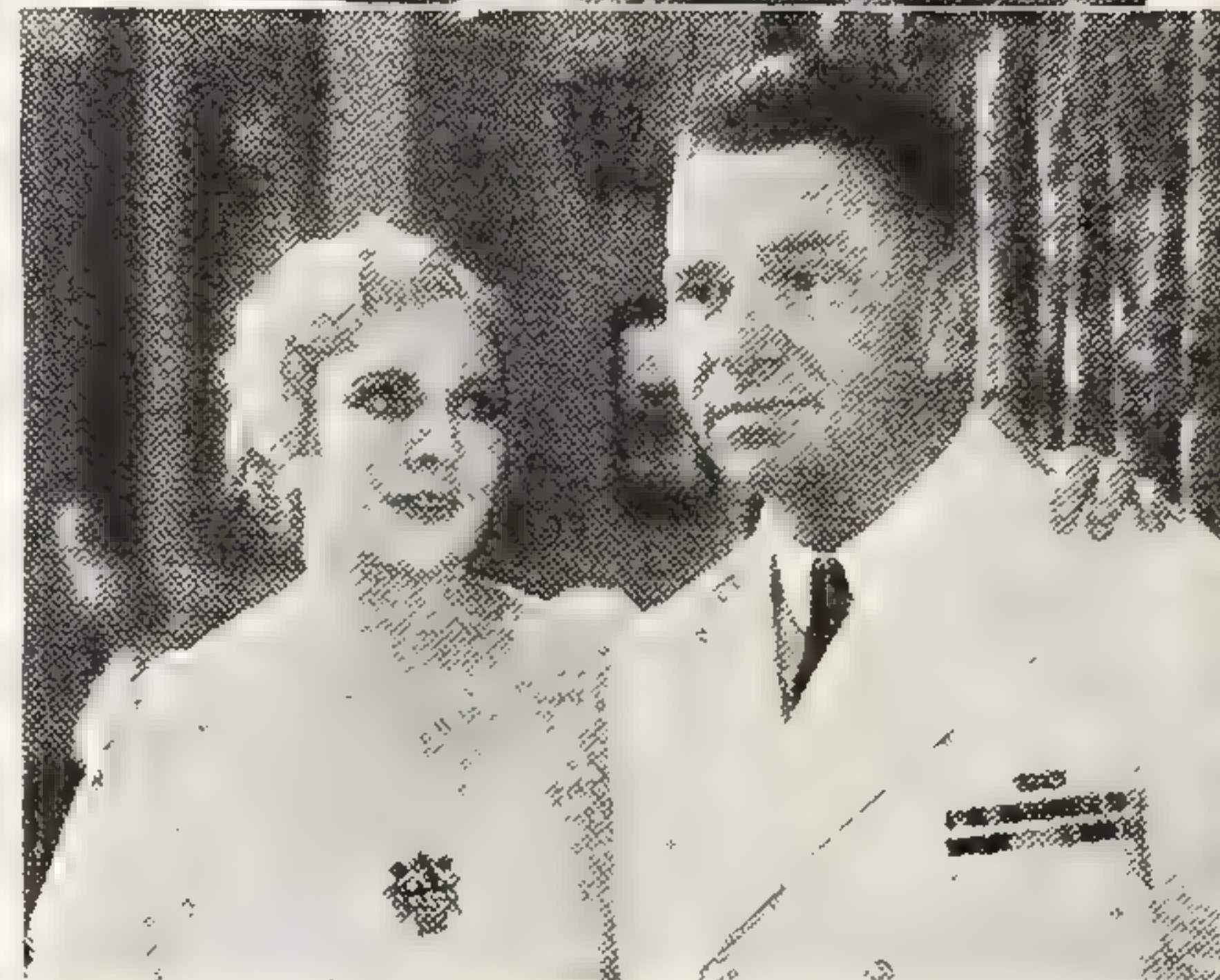
Below, as OKLAHOMA RED in "Beggars of Life."



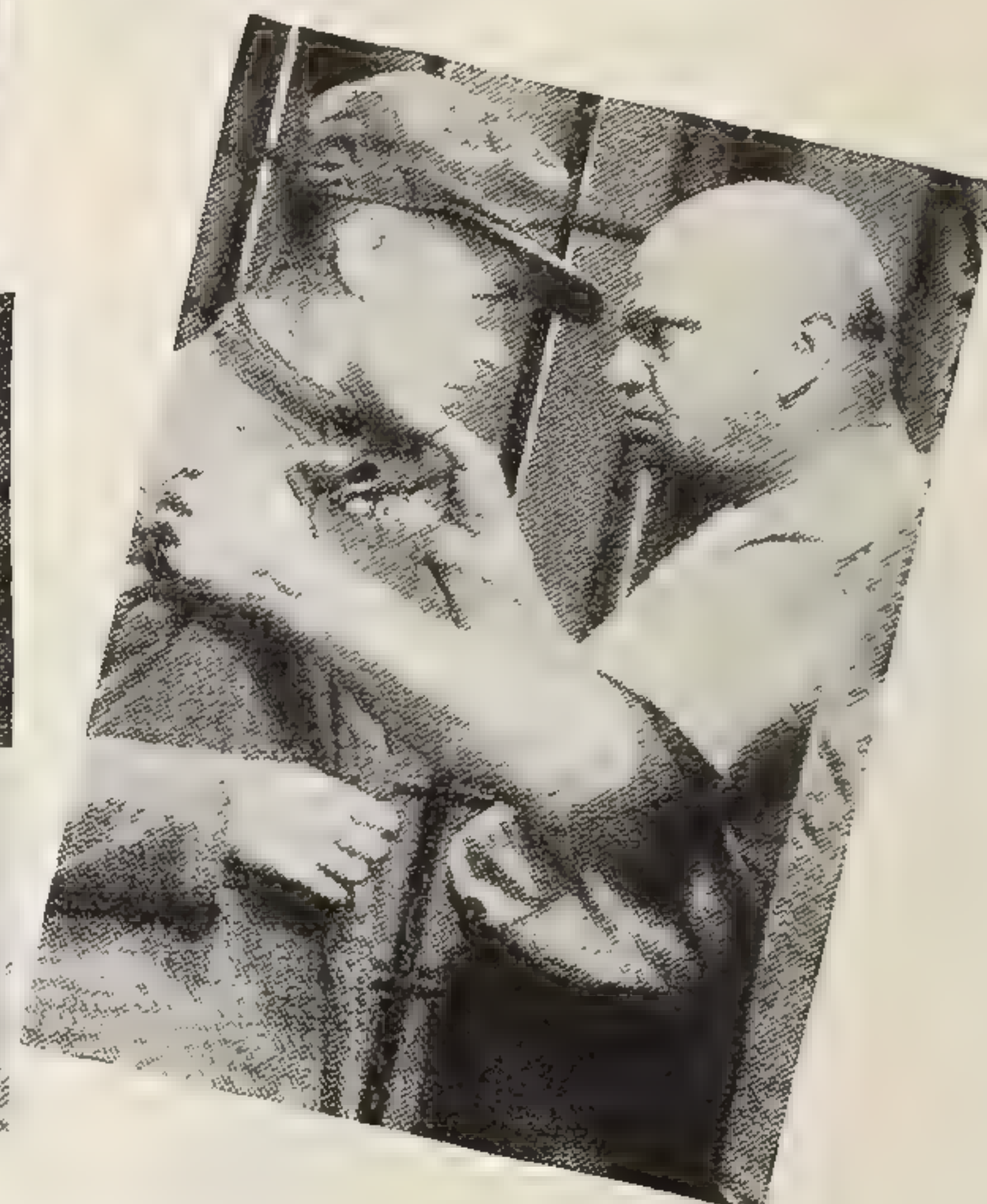
A once-famous team: Raymond Hatton and Beery in "We're in the Navy Now."



Wally and his beloved adopted daughter, Carol Ann. The famous star's devotion to this tiny girl is one of Hollywood's most inspiring legends and finest sights.



Wally with Marjorie Rambeau, above, in "Hell Divers."



From "The Big House," above; Bob Montgomery and Beery.

Wallace Beery's Cinematic History

THE screen career of Wallace Beery was born so long ago that many of you who will read this story were not then living. Beery's screen biography began in 1913, to be exact, which makes that career just twenty-three years old today.

And what a career it has been! It is "Mister" today, but it started out "Missus;" Beery's first screen work was in the guise of a Swedish maid, in comedies made by the old Essanay Company of Chicago—if you can remember that far back. Incidentally, let it here be told that some of those very old comedies were recently shown at a State Fair in the mid-West, and Beery received several fan letters addressed to "that funny Swedish maid." Such is fame!

For almost two years, Wally daily donned bundles of petticoats and skirts, padded himself to husky feminine proportions, and performed feats in front of those old-time cameras that caused the work-crew to howl with laughter. You see, it was Beery's job to be as bungle-some as possible, and he hardly needed rehearsals.

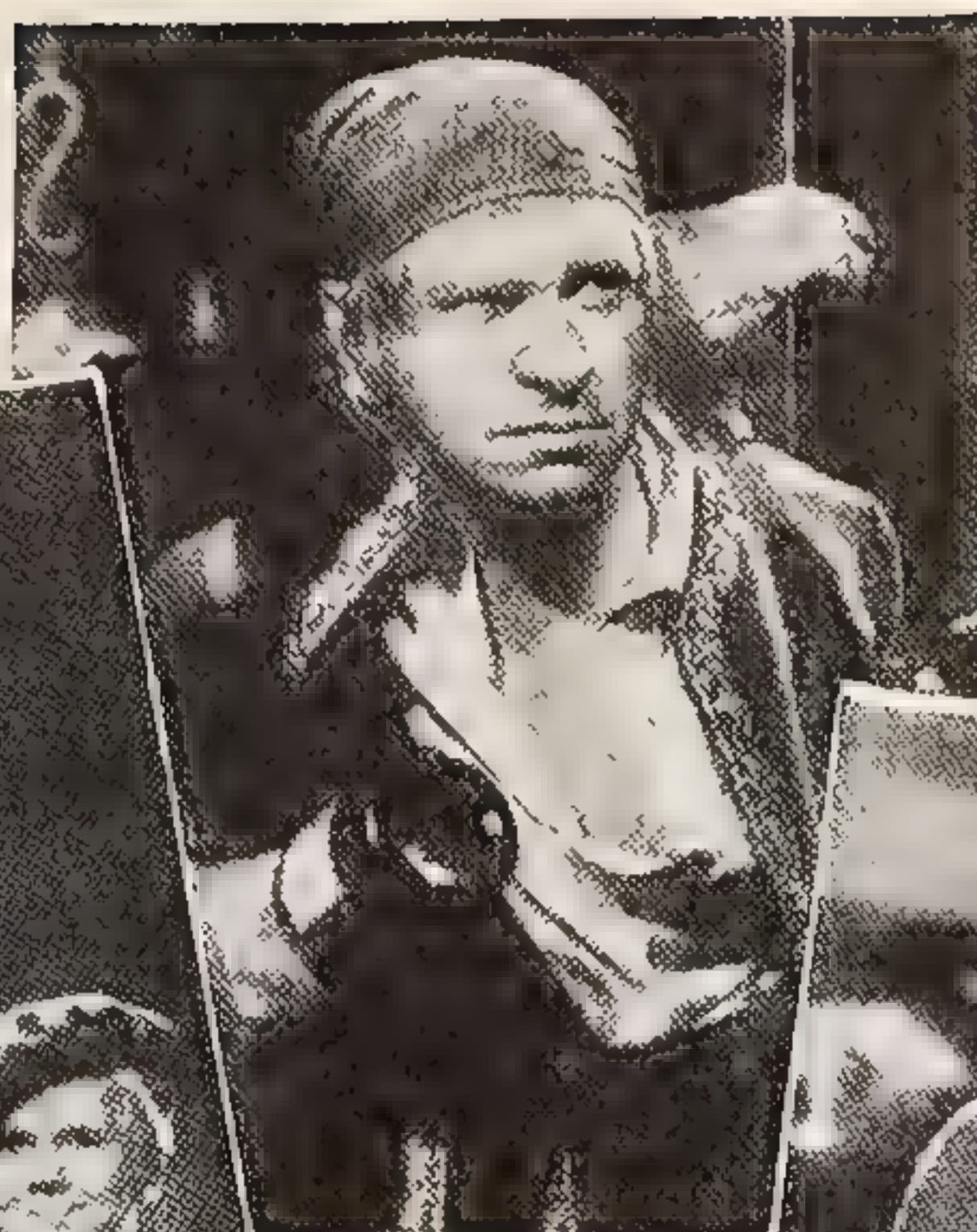
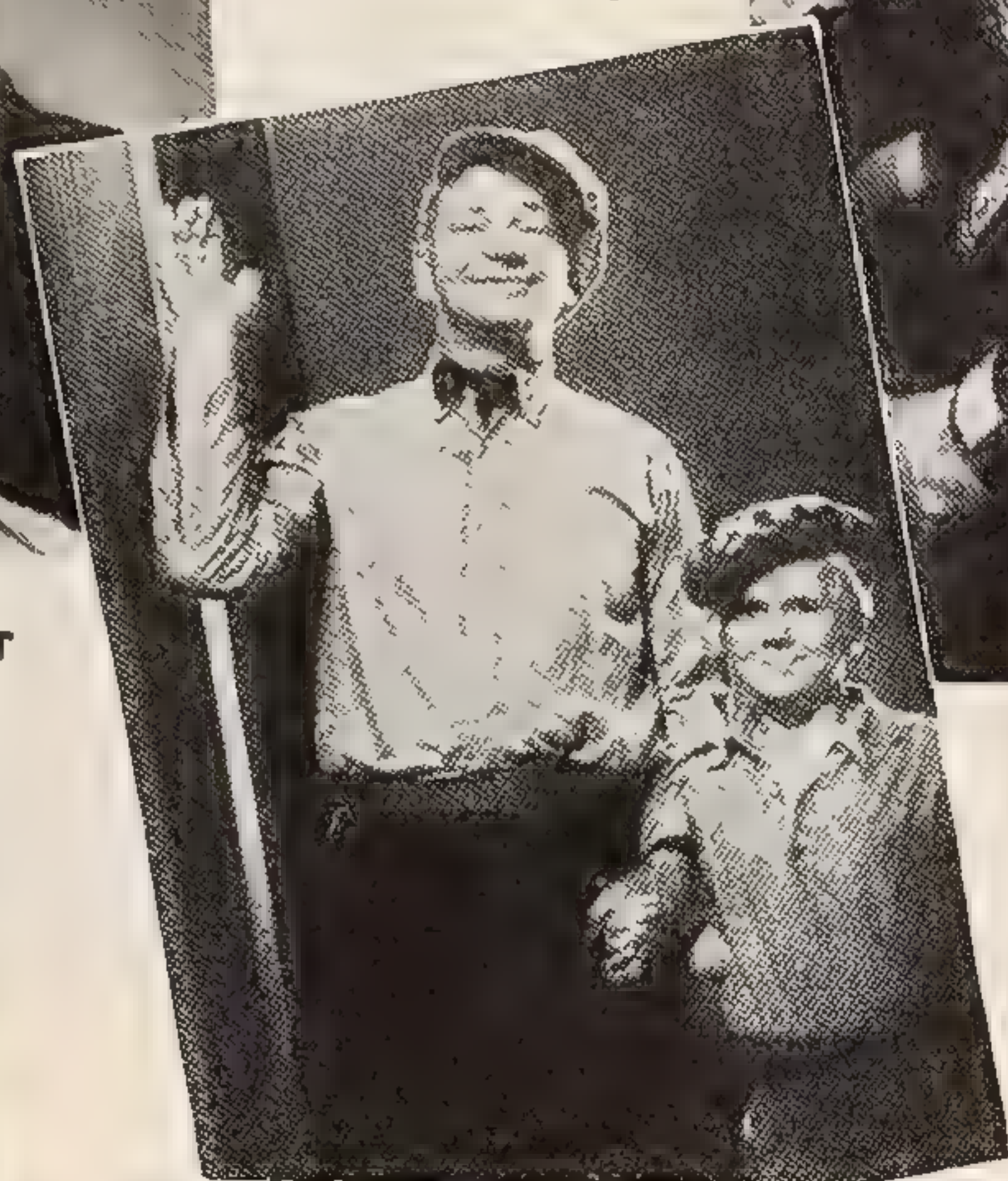
"I wasn't just an actor—or should I say actress?—in those days," Beery recounts now. "I co-directed, helped operate the camera, aided the electricians, assisted in dressing sets, and participated in everything else that was done. Louella Parsons, now the noted Hollywood columnist, wrote the stories for my Swedish-girl comedies. They called those comedies a *series*. Series, heck—we turned 'em out one or two a week!"

In 1914, Beery became a director. He was no piker; he directed Francis X. Bushman, who was the Clark Gable of his day, if not more so. In 1915, Wally went to California with "Broncho Billy" Anderson. His job was studio manager, but he couldn't make a success of the financial end of the business, so he resigned.



That great team, Marie Dressler and Beery, in "Min and Bill."

Below: Beery with Jackie Cooper in "The Champ."



Left, as LONG JOHN SILVER in "Treasure Island."

Crawford, Beery, Lionel Barrymore in "Grand Hotel."



His latest rôle, in "West Point of the Air."



With Virginia Bruce in "The Mighty Barnum;" Wally as "P. T."



One of Wally's favorite films: "Viva Villa," with Schildkraut.



Big-hearted Wally Beery with "Gypsy," the springer spaniel who accompanies Wally everywhere, even on his airplane jaunts across the country.

Tracing the colorful career of the most natural actor of them all—"Wally"

By
James M. Fidler

He went to Japan with the first picture company to attempt such a then unheard-of location trip. The venture flopped, and Wally returned to California, this time to begin anew the acting career he had deserted in Chicago. He became a Keystone cop!

Soon he advanced to the position of featured actor, and his salary reached the amazing total of \$125 a week. In those days, that was about the same amount of money as what we endearingly describe as "the war debt" today. It was about this time that Beery met Gloria Swanson, and fell in love with her—as who hasn't! He got her a job as a Sennett bathing beauty, and in 1916 they were married.

Relation of the marriage incident may seem to have

no place in Beery's cinematic life story—but it has. Because, when he and Gloria were divorced, Beery was so despondent that for months he lost all interest in his work, even in life itself. During this "blue funk" period, he lost his movie job, and for nearly two years he fumbled around Hollywood. He tried to rejuvenate his interest by directing comedies at Universal. This was in the days when there were no casting offices. Extras hung around outside the studios—men and women—and when they were needed, an assistant would step to the gate and whistle, and the extras would come a-running.

Mickey Neilan was the director who changed Beery's life from good to bad; that is, Mickey took this down-and-out comedian and gave him a new screen job—as a villain. It was in a picture titled "The Unpardonable Sin." Beery's *unpardonable sin* was that he mugged so much, he stole the picture. So he became a successful villain.

In rapid succession he played heavies in "Behind the Door," "The Devil's Cargo" (Continued on page 68)

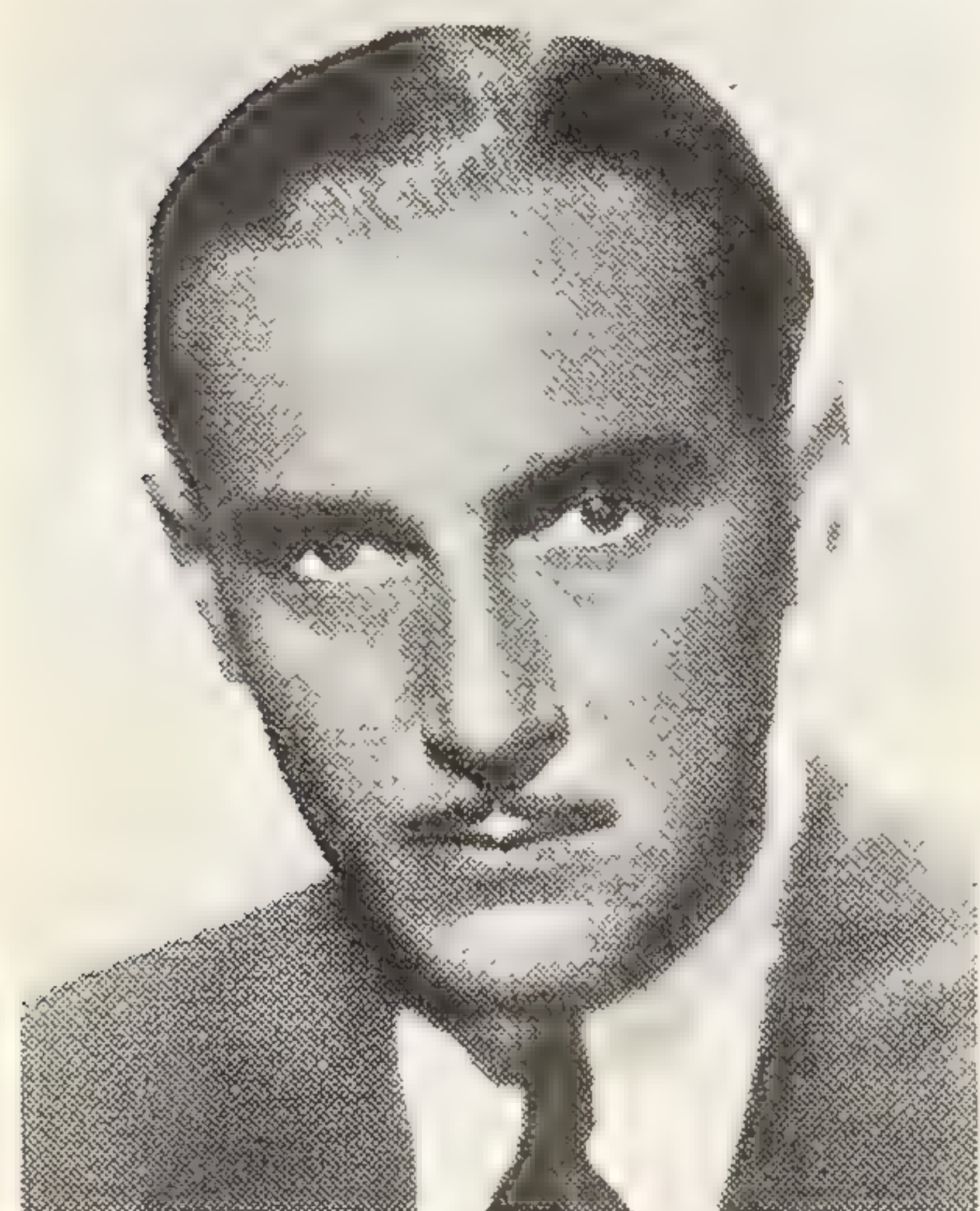
The Long Arm

of

COINCIDENCE!



Maureen O'Sullivan



Paul Lukas



Allen Jenkins

Truth that's stranger than fiction about many Hollywood stars! We dare you to read this story without asking yourself: "Would I be a star if that had happened to me?"

By Winifred Aydelotte

IF IT hadn't happened that I was an especially bad little girl on one certain night that Frank Borzage had dinner at the Plaza in Dublin, Ireland, I wouldn't be on the screen today!"

Maureen O'Sullivan looked at me and grinned ingratiatingly.

"How's that for a coincidence? I'll bet I have the best coincidence of anybody in Hollywood! It was this way. I'd been out every night for a week, and mother said I couldn't leave the house that evening. Well, somebody had asked me to have dinner and to dance at the Plaza and I just couldn't let that pass. So I said, dutifully, 'Yes, mother,' and went up to bed. But there was a balcony and a convenient vine. Anyway, I had a grand time. But if I hadn't been especially naughty on that certain night, Mr. Borzage never would have seen me or sent his card to our table asking if he could speak to me; I would never have met John McCormack and played in his picture; I would never have come to Hollywood, and I would never, never have had the thrill of playing in "David Copperfield."

The long arm of coincidence!

It encircles the waist of the world, and it has a strangle hold on Hollywood. There is scarcely a player on the screen today whose emotional or artistic career has not been vitally affected by a coincidence.

"Just because it happened that—"

An empire has tottered on those words; fortunes have been made and lost; homes built or broken—

Well, anyway, inspired by Maureen's story, I went coincidence hunting. It's great sport. Try it sometime on your typewriter. Look what I bagged!

Just because it happened that Sam Wood had a daughter in the same school at Pomona that Joel McCrea was attending, Joel today is a film star. It also happened that little Miss Wood was chosen for the leading rôle in the graduating play, with Joel appearing opposite her. So, of course, Mr. Wood went to see his daughter act, his eyes glazed with parental pride. But he came away instead with a deep impression of McCrea's histrionic ability, and arranged for him to be tested for films.

Slipping stealthily over to Paramount, I surprised another coincidence. Remember Mae West's famous first line? The first thing she ever said on the screen was in answer to the check girl's exclamation, "Goodness! Where did you get those diamonds?" And Miss West's line was "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie."

Well, just because it happened that the script called for Mae to wear a heavy beaded gown; that the director wanted her to come in on a trot and break into a



Marlene Dietrich



Boris Karloff



Joel McCrea



Irene Dunne

good fast canter toward George Raft; that the gown was so heavy she couldn't even get up a momentum; and that Mae West happens to be able to write lines like nobody's business, the immortal remark was born.

"I'm going to *walk*," she told the director. "Nobody can romp around in orchids, ermine and diamonds. I want to come in slowly, throw my wrap off and say something to cover up the snail's pace Raft-ward. How about my saying—?"

And that is how it came to pass that America went around for so long, slurring, "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie."

One of the most famous of the Hollywood coincidences is the one resulting in the marriage of Mrs. Christine Lee and Ricardo Cortez. I got in on the wing with one shot.

Erle Kenton, a director at Paramount, planned a small party one night. He telephoned Mrs. Lee and asked her to come and bring a man.

"Oh Erle," said Mrs. Lee, "I don't believe I can come. I'm just worn out—frightfully tired—and, besides, there isn't a soul I feel like bringing."

"All right, suit yourself," said Mr. Kenton. "We won't plan on you, but if you should change your mind, just come along alone."

Then he phoned Ricardo Cortez and asked him to come and bring a girl.

"Oh Kenton," said Cortez, "I just don't feel up to going out tonight. I'm exhausted—worked all day. And, besides, there isn't a soul I feel like bringing."

"All right," said Mr. Kenton, a trifle discouraged, and repeated the rest of the little speech he had made to Mrs. Lee.

Later that evening, when he had given up all hope of either one of them coming, the director was delighted to hear Mrs. Lee announced. She was alone. And then, close upon her heels, came Ricardo—also alone. And they met, fell in love, and were married. Just because!

"We can't get over it," says Cortez. "Neither of us wanted to go to that party. We both felt miserable. And both of us must have changed our minds at about the same instant. And if it hadn't just happened that—oh, migosh!"

The next coincidence I crept up on was— Just because Miriam Hopkins, a dancer, fell downstairs and fractured her ankle the very day her ballet troupe was leaving for a South American tour, she is now Miriam Hopkins, a film star.

More than anything in the world, she wanted to be a dancer. And she was—until she took a header down a long flight of unsympathetic stairs just a couple of hours before she was to get on the boat. She spent the subsequent few weeks in the hospital, thinking. What was the next best thing to dancing? Musicals! So, after she left her white iron bed, she got herself a part in "Little Jesse James," whence she graduated to comedy. She ankled her way into the movies just because a carpenter once built a certain flight of tricky stairs!

Marlene Dietrich is also the result of a coincidence. And I had to do a little skirmishing for this one. George Bancroft, Joseph Von Sternberg and a couple of little pieces of pasteboard form the coincidence.

It just so happened that Bancroft, visiting in Berlin, bought tickets to a music hall, and then, when the time came for going that evening, couldn't drag himself away from the house. He had seen the show before, anyway. So he telephoned to Von Sternberg, with whom he had been palling around Berlin, and said, "I just don't feel like going to a show tonight. Can you use my tickets? There's a woman at this particular music hall, by the way, who'll sing you right into the aisle."

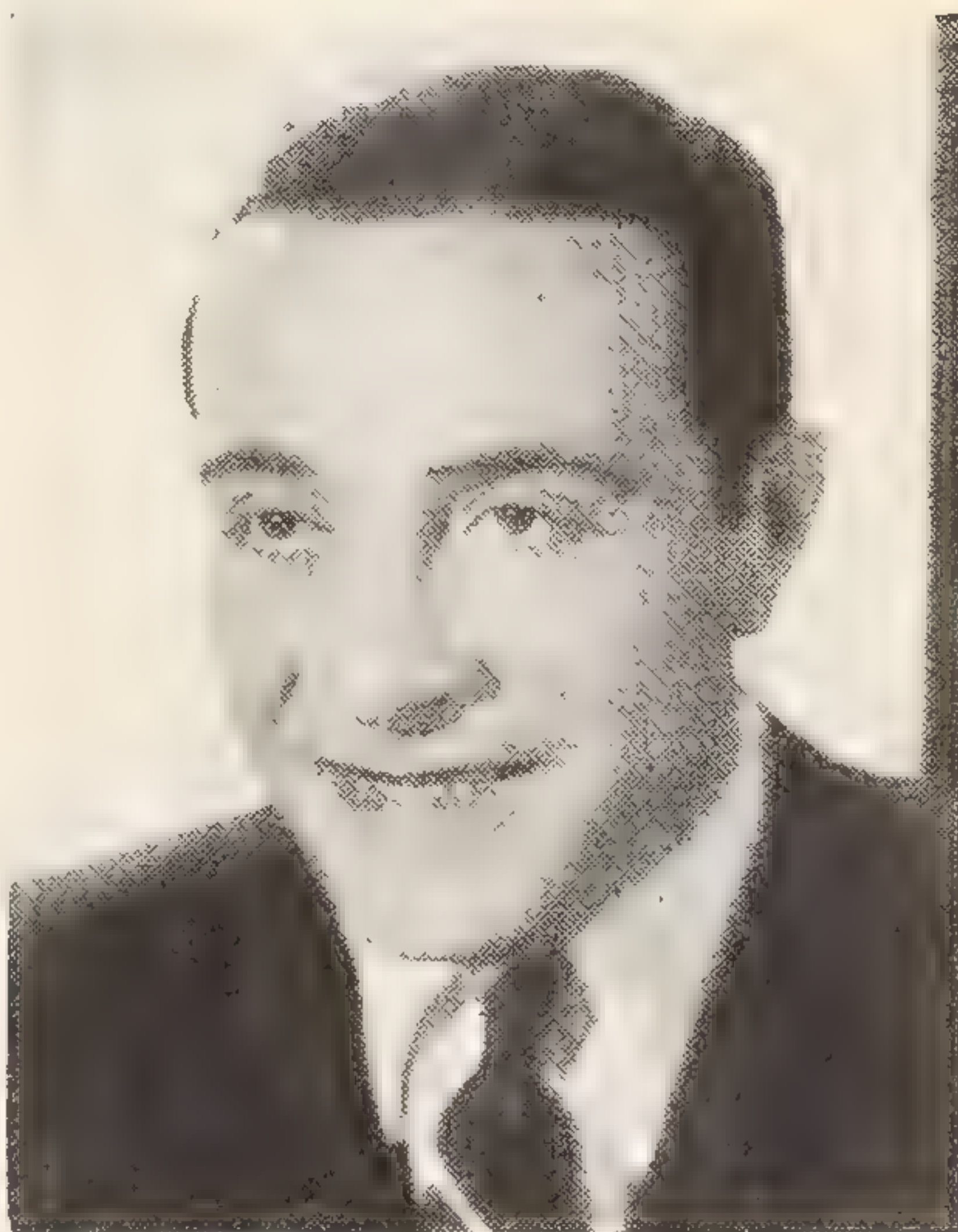
And it happened that Von Sternberg had nothing better to do that night, and so he took the tickets. And coincidence wrote a very brilliant chapter in Hollywood history.

Once upon a time, Allen Jenkins and James Cagney were chorus boys in a musical show in New York, "Pitter Patter."

Just twelve years later to the day, Jenkins was walking (Continued on page 96)



Clark Gable



Ricardo Cortez



Pat O'Brien

Walking to Health!

Help yourself to a Hollywood Figure
with James Davies' advice

Joan Crawford
swings blithely
along—left.



Ann Dvorak, chin
up, strides to
success!



No, I don't mean that you should watch Mae West or imitate her mode of locomotion. Mae has made her walk a trademark. It's unique and it's amusing when she uses it, but if anyone else did it, it would be ridiculous.

If you are tall, you might watch Carole Lombard, or Gail Patrick, or Kay Francis. Carole isn't as tall as the others, but she gives the impression of height because she has length of limb and is so slender. Each of these girls takes a fairly long step, but if you will observe them carefully, you will notice that none of them takes (Continued on page 84)

Rosalind Culli, George
Raft's new leading lady,
demonstrates the right
way to walk, at the
right; and the wrong
way, below. Follow the
right Rosalind!



IF YOU walk well, you look younger. You also look slimmer and very much smarter, no matter how much you can afford to spend for clothes. So this month let's talk about walking!

Every screen test that means anything to a film producer includes a shot of the person tested as she goes from here to there. How she "gets over the ground" often means whether or not she signs on the dotted line. Watch yourself next time you pass a long mirror or shop-window and see if you'd "get by."

The correct way to walk is to hold your head up, your eyes following a line about two inches above your eye level; hold your shoulders back easily, not stiffly; hands at sides, open, with thumb in line with your thigh. As your *left* foot advances, your *right* hand should swing forward—not too far; as your right foot advances, your left hand should swing forward. You walk, heel and toe, heel and toe.

A woman's step is normally about twelve inches long; a man's about eighteen inches.

To walk well, you must neither hurry too much nor dawdle along as if you hoped you won't get there. Haste causes nervous tension and dawdling usually means slumping.

Since what we are after is a Hollywood Figure, it would be a good thing for you to observe how Hollywood's players convey themselves over the ground. Watch them every time you see them in a long shot.



Radio Parade

Catching up with much-traveled
Maestro Bernie and some other
personages of air-way fame

By Tom Kennedy



Ben Bernie, up and coming film star, above with Grace Bradley in "Stolen Harmony." Left, as the Maestro of the mike.

WHAT with Ben Bernie shuttling from coast to coast, doing films in Hollywood and stage appearances in New York and 'way stations, it's no cinch catching up with the Old Maestro in person these days.

Even so, the chase itself is about as breath-taking as a ride on an escalator compared to the doings when you meet up with the Maestro in or near a broadcasting studio. In the game of showmanship, Bernie always seems to be leading with aces—and that's exactly what he was up to when we caught him at rehearsal for that show in which the Maestro presented Ethel Barrymore, Queen, and The Top, of the Royal Family of the theatre, as his guest star.

Ethel Barrymore, known far and wide as the First Lady of the theatre, and the critics' severest critic, was coming to the microphone to spoof Shakespeare, bait Bernie, and play "Rhythm in the Rain" on the piano, to the beat of the Maestro's baton and the accompaniment of All The Lads!

And if you think that Miss Barrymore didn't enjoy doing that show as much as anybody in it, you'll have to guess again. Moreover, right then and there The Barrymore busted wide open an old and honored legend that she can be only the imperious lady when she participates in anybody's show. Visibly wincing from the distress of a painfully injured ankle, Miss Barrymore was the gamest, most patient and eager worker in the band—and she was just a member of the band so far as the "Rhythm in the Rain" number was concerned.

As to the Maestro himself, the always unctuous and slyly gay guy is doing all right—he thanks you. Bernie



seems to thrive on his work—and he manages to keep as busy as anybody in show business.

For one thing he has mastered the trick of making his bosses want him just as much as the radio public does. But that, of course, comes to the same thing. Anyway, his present sponsor has hung on to Bernie for four years, and has already taken up the option on another contract.

The Maestro stars in his second film feature with the release, on or near the time this very journal is scheduled to reach the news stands, of

"Stolen Harmony," in which Bernie shares honors with such screen celebrities as George Raft and Grace Bradley, Roscoe Karns and others. His first picture was not such a successful venture, but the picture people will get the Bernie personality over on the screen eventually—maybe with "Stolen Harmony"—because there's plenty of public demand for the Maestro. That's proved by the fact that theatres now gladly pay seven times as much for Bernie's personal appearances as they did before he reached the millions via radio.

Peg La Centra, pint-sized package of giddyap with the big contralto "blues" voice, plays hunches in making important decisions . . . thinks maybe she should have changed her name, "because (Continued on page 87)



Beauty Comes Out in the OPEN

Hollywood takes its beauty
back to nature

By Josephine Felts

"Come and get me,
Sunshine!" Jean Parker
seems to say. Hats are
off and let the winds
blow! Does she like it?
Looks that way.

which the one rule is naturalness. She's a real girl, Jean is, half pixie, half pagan, altogether lovely. And now that Summer is sailing down the wind toward us, its decks piled high with sky-blue mornings and sea-green afternoons, keep your eyes on Jean. She loves to ride and hike and swim, to do all those things you love to do. She does them all, beautifully, and so will you if you listen to these words of wisdom!

Get ready! Your summer wardrobe and your summer face. Don't wait until the night before. You know what a disappointment that summer dress is when you wake up some morning to find that the hot weather is here and that you, totally unprepared, must rush out and shop.

The same is true about your skin. You should have your summer face all bright and glowing, with winter all thawed out of it by the first of June.

Now it isn't as important as you think it is, maybe, but you will have to decide first about tan. Of course you may make up your mind not to tan, and then some fine day, let the sun fool you. A brownie in spite of herself, is what many a summer gal turned out to be.

But in case you're the deliberate type who makes up her mind and then *does* things, take this into consideration. Flower prints, particularly gay ones, make a tanned skin look like a lovely dream. And flower prints are so much in the fashion picture that I understand the flowers are holding protest meetings in the fields, complaining that the fashion designers have stolen their stuff.

Daisies, leaves, primroses, violets, even chrysanthemums, believe it or not, are flashing their colors from the summer fabrics. If this idea makes your heart beat faster and you decide to print your way through the sea-

MAYBE you'll just sleep in the sun.
Or maybe you'll throw out your arms to the
wind and let it blow through your slacks in
shivers up your spine.

You say you'd rather fling your hat into the lake and turn handsprings? An excellent idea. Go ahead.

For beauty has come out in the open. It's *lovely* to do as you please!

Jean Parker has set this new out-of-doors fashion of

son, then you'll want a tan to go along.

Then provide yourself from the very first ray of sunshine, with the necessary oils and lotions to achieve the right tan as promptly as possible. Summer is only three months long and if you are not careful, you are going to be just ready for it when the school bell rings and we all have to come tramping back indoors. If you are to be a pink and white girl, instead of the sunburn oils and lotions, put your hands on the protective creams and prepare to work hard to preserve the pristine loveliness of your skin. But whatever you decide, you must first have your skin like satin so that the tan you do acquire, dark or light, will slip on soft and smooth as a shadow.

If you start right now, you have a month in which to get ready. So begin tonight. Do this regularly as clockwork. First, smooth in a good rich cleansing cream. Let it stay on for five or six minutes before you remove it. Then take unto yourself a complexion brush, the softest, gentlest one you can find, and with a mild lather of your favorite facial soap, rotate it over your entire face and throat. Get into the crevices, mind you.

This brush is a grand idea. For three reasons: it works off the invisible cuticle that is making your skin look dull. It dislodges blackheads and does away with impurities that lodge under the skin. And it stimulates. Be gentle, though; and rinse your face with warm water immediately after. Then with cold—but not too cold. And never use ice on your face. Leave that to the specialists who know exactly how—and where.

After this a good rich nourishing cream. If you read yourself to sleep at night, put it on just before you pop into bed, and take it off just before you drop off to sleep. You need not keep it on all night. Your skin will absorb all it needs in half an hour.

Twice a week, between the cleansing and the use of the nourishing cream, give your skin a stimulating treatment. Any one of several stimulating creams, occasionally they are called masks, will do the trick for you. Spread the stimulating cream on after you have removed

the cleansing cream. Take it off after ten minutes and smooth in the nourishing cream. You will find your skin glowing and more alive. Your color will be better next day. So much better that you will feel a great temptation to use the treatment every day. Resist it! For twice a week will be enough.

Your back and shoulders are going to see a lot of sunshine this summer. You'd better begin pampering them early in the game so that they will pamper you later when their turn comes. Rub in the nourishing cream regularly every night. Get them smooth and soft. It is going to be as important to have them tan evenly and beautifully as to have your face tan that way. And don't forget your elbows. Soften them too.

By the first of June you'll have your summer skin in condition. Then tie up your hair. Smile. Stretch. Go out in the open and have fun!



Hands and arms are lovely, too. Why hide those shoulders, Jean?



Picture of a pixie in a rock garden. Imagine a tan against that gay print, and bright red nails!



Home town salutes greeted Claudette Colbert when the lady who triumphed in Hollywood visited in New York.

IF IT keeps up, Bing Crosby will have to get himself the title of "Colonel, suh," and move to Kentucky. I mean, he's gone horse-racing daffy. He not only owns several fast steeds, but he is sending them to other cities for racing meets, and he is following them when picture work doesn't keep him in Hollywood.

At the close of the racing season in Los Angeles, Bing shipped his stable to Northern California. He followed them, and when it was necessary for him to be in Hollywood, he commuted by plane for days. Now the Crooner vows that he'll send at least one of his horses East for some of the big racing meets.

WHEN Francis Lederer stepped out of the cast of "Break of Hearts," in which he was to have been co-starred with Katharine Hepburn, he didn't part on such friendly terms with Katty, according to an inside report.

It seems that one of Lederer's parting remarks was enough to burn his bridges behind him. That remark is supposed to have been, "Miss Hepburn, if you continue on the screen for several years, you may be an actress."



Brief and breezy news notes about screen celebrities

And here's a Hollywood home! Claudette's beautiful Colonial mansion La Colbert

By Weston East

CECIL B. DEMILLE is noted for his reserve, when it comes to passing out words of praise. He rarely waxes enthusiastic. If a scene pleases him to the extreme, he calmly says, "I'm afraid I like that." And what scorching phrases he concocts if a scene doesn't please him!

At any rate, his "I'm afraid I like that" led to a funny remark by an extra who had fallen under DeMille's lashing tongue. This extra happened to pass C. B., as the latter's car moved away from the studio with noisy bumps.

The extra looked at the rear of the car, and said to DeMille, "I'm afraid you've got a flat tire—I hope!"

THE studios have hit upon a new method of discovering screen talent. This plan is the staging of amateur theatricals in specially-built "little theatres" within the studio walls. In at least two instances, talent departments have been formed. Members of these departments interview prospects. If the prospects look promising, they are invited to participate, (without pay), in studio shows. These shows are rehearsed carefully, and are finally seen by high executives of the company. As yet, no newcomers have been thus found, but the plan promises results.

THERE'S a cute little story about Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy going the rounds. Shirley is supposed to have asked Baby LeRoy his age.

"Two, going on three," retorted Master LeRoy, "and what have I got to show for it?"



Important "firsts." William Powell and Ginger Rogers, teamed for the first time with Ginger in her first mystery romance, in "Star of Midnight."

HOLLYWOOD!



dream castle nearing reality. Sketch of the is building for her very own home.

THE breaking up of the team of Laurel (Stan) and Hardy (Oliver) caused such a huge bale of protesting letters, that studio officials are seeking to bring about a re-union of the popular pair.

Stories were circulated that the team split because of a personal disagreement, but both Stan and Oliver hastened to the fore with denials; they say they are the best of friends. The trouble that caused their break-up, both aver, was strictly a matter between Laurel and the studio.

AS THIS is written, Mrs. Wallace Beery, wife of the star, is about to go to Honolulu. For the past year, Mrs. Beery has been desperately ill; once or twice physicians thought she could not live. Her trip to Honolulu is the first time in more than a year that she has been allowed to leave Hollywood.

ROMANCE AND RUE-MANCE DEPT.: After many threats this way and that, the Anita Louise-Tom Brown engagement has at last come to an end. This time it looks permanent, although you can never tell what these Hollywood youngsters will do next.

Take Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor, for example. They were like two love birds, and then something happened; she gave him back his ring, and he took it, and they are barely speaking.

Divorces and separations have had Hollywood in a turmoil for weeks. Jean Harlow got her decree. Alice White and Cy Bartlett decided to melt bonds.

On the contrary, of course, they are saying that Edna Best's contemplated return to Hollywood may mean that she and Herbert Marshall will patch their differences. They are also saying the Leslie Howards will not divorce, and that Merle Oberon, who was named as a Howard interest, just isn't.

Maurice Chevalier continues to pelt the young lovelies with flowers. Ann Sothorn



Over the waves from California to New York! Above, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin.

has been receiving his roses—and who wouldn't like to send roses to Ann? Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone continue to drift along, with Joan clinging to her opinion that romances last longer than marriages in Hollywood, so why spoil things by marrying. Jean Harlow says she and Bill Powell aren't going to be married at all, at all. There's nobody else, either, she avers.

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, will likely altar-ate her life soon with Henry Willson, the agent-writer fella. And Rosita Moreno's marriage to Mel Shauer, movie exec, has been expected daily for weeks. Francis Lederer continues to smile at mention of Mary Anita Loos, niece of the writer Anita Loos. Grace Bradley and Nick Foran hold hands at the night clubs, and June Knight has been finding solace for her late divorce in the nice words of Tommy Lee, Hollywood money man.

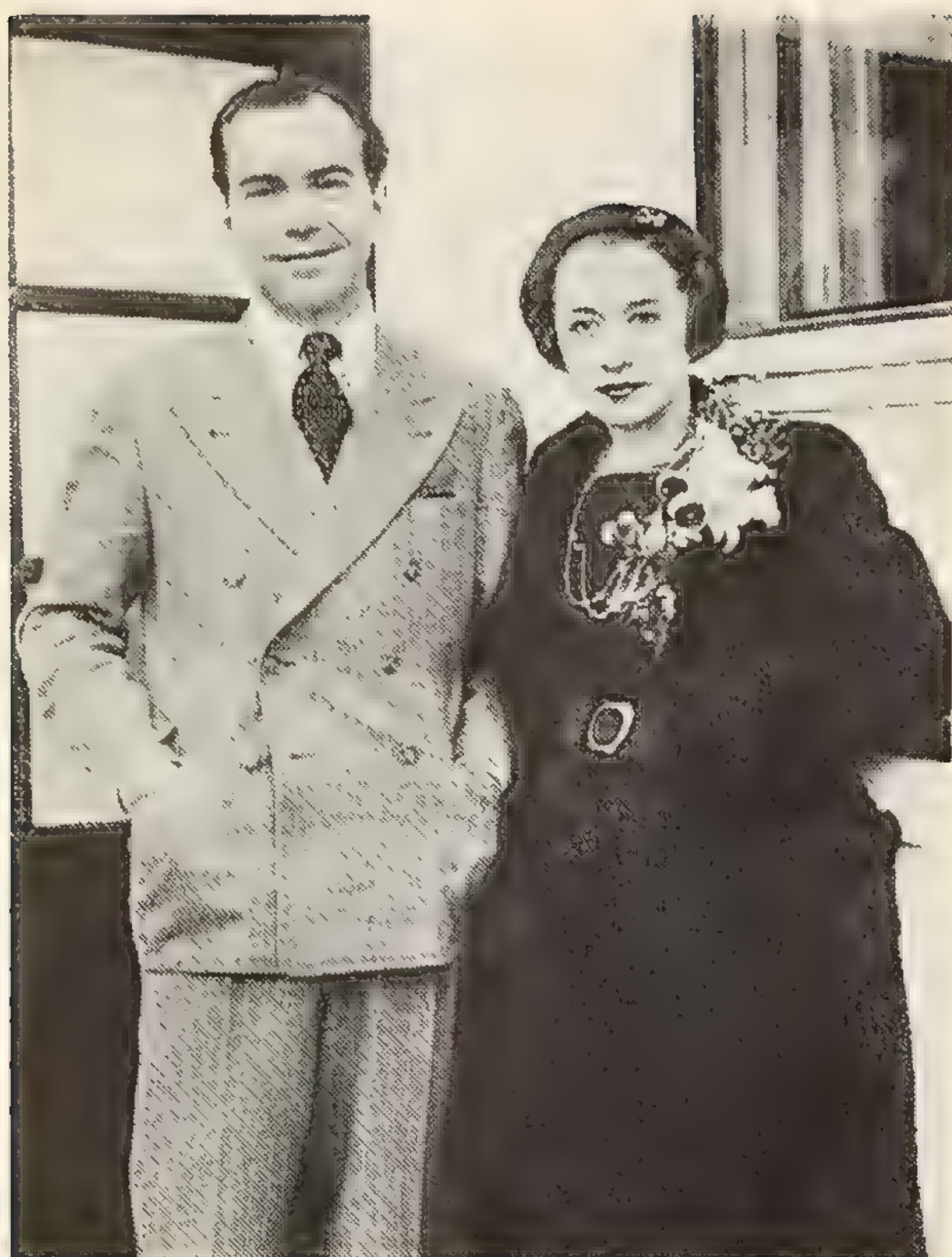
Jack LaRue and Connie Simpson have ended their long romance, but it's a spat that may be cured with time. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are going out together again. They do that ever so often, and Dan Cupid says you must be only moderately surprised if something comes of it some day.

WHAT a gay wedding that must have been down in Houston, Texas, when Clark Gable's step-daughter was married! Clark himself attended, and he walked down the aisle to give the bride away. Remember, in "Forsaking All Others," Gable was supposed to give the bride away?

Clark also made the bride and groom a wedding present in the form of a lengthy honeymoon trip. In addition, he gave the bride a diamond bracelet and a fur coat.



An old favorite and his new leading lady, in character for rôles in "The Informer." Here's Victor McLaglen and Margot Grahame, English star.



Acme

Prince Sigvard of Sweden, bound for Hollywood to become a director, with his bride, a former German film star.



Wide World

First picture of Clara Bow since she became a mother! Clara and Rex Bell attend the boxing matches.



Sister's debut! Frances Dee, right, aids Margaret Dee to make-up as both prepare to act in "Becky Sharp."

BEHIND THE SCENES DEPT.

THE report going around Hollywood that Anne Shirley was joining the "high hatters," thanks to too much fame come too quickly, is somewhat off-color. True, Anne has had trouble keeping her young head clear, but if she has changed, it has been because she is trying too hard to remain a good fellow, and she has bent backwards in the attempt.

Everybody expected Jean Harlow to go to Reno for her divorce. She didn't; she purposely was divorced in California. The reason: California law gives an interlocutory decree, that does not become final for a year. Meanwhile, the persons in process of divorce cannot legally marry until the final decree is granted. Jean doesn't want to marry for at least a year, and with her present divorce, she can't.

Reason for the continued stories about Steffi Duna still being in love with Francis Lederer has at last come to light. The rumors were always "Duna and Lederer," but now it comes out that Steffi's great interest is not Francis, but is Charles Lederer.

A law-suit for \$125,000 against Jack Oakie for alleged slander was called off when the comedian apologized. . . . Photographs of Fred Astaire dancing are snapped with the same type of high-speed camera that is used to catch shots of automobile races. . . . With an audience of several hundred fans held back by ropes and police, Shirley Temple joined Hollywood's "Hall of Fame" when she left her footprint in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. . . . For his new picture, Will Rogers had to wear pajamas; he was so embarrassed that he wore them over his regular clothes, and he jerked them off between scenes.

WHEN soup was served the other day to Gloria Swanson's two and a half year old daughter, Michel Bridget, the baby refused to eat it. Asked why, she said, "It hasn't any vitamins." Well, that sounded like big talk for such a little girl, so mama Gloria pursued the subject. She found, after much research, that what little Michel Bridget referred to were letters. She had been eating alphabet soup, and when she got another kind, she didn't like it.

SO IT is now discovered why masculine screen stars have such large wardrobes! Adolph Menjou let the secret out of the bag. It seems, according to "Dolf," that a well-dressed leading man must not wear the same suit in two pictures. Most of the time, such procedure might pass unnoticed, but with the current theatre-habit of running double bills, two pictures with the same actor are often shown on one bill. "Ninety-nine persons in the audience might not notice that an actor wore the same suit in two pictures," Menjou says, "but the one hundredth person would spot the suit, and soon everybody would know. Then *plop!* would go a reputation for being well-dressed."

JOAN CRAWFORD is ten years old this month! Now isn't that an absurd statement to make? But it is true, no matter how absurd it may seem. Ten years ago this month, there was no Joan Crawford. There was a Lucile LeSeuer, but movie officials decided no girl could overcome the handicap of that name, so they changed it. That's how Joan Crawford was born.

Just to prove how important it is to Miss Crawford herself, she has a birthday party every year for the new name. She invites friends to dinner, and there is a cake with candles, and everything.

AN AMAZING drive is now afoot to bring about the screen return of Charles Ray, who was a few years ago one of the best known stars. Women's clubs, parents and teachers associations, business men's organizations, and the general public throughout the country are being petitioned to demand Ray's return. The argument advanced is that his pictures were always clean, and that the screen has a place for such a star.

Round-robin letters are now being circulated everywhere. If you have not received one to sign, you may soon. It is the expectation of the Charles Ray Club to obtain half a million signatures. The club, it is said, is working altruistically.

MARGOT GRAHAME, English actress who went to Hollywood as just a wife accompanying her husband, Francis Lister, whom you saw in "Clive of India" with Ronald Colman, and landed in front of a camera as leading lady for Victor McLaglen in "The Informer," must have something that impresses casting directors as ideal for heroines to the he-men stars. At any rate her next picture is to be a western with Richard Dix.

Between the two pictures for which Margot was signed—*snap*, just like that—the English charmer paid a visit to New York, and convinced a lot of people that if "Becky Sharp" in Technicolor doesn't put color pictures over, why, Margot will—what, with that luminous composite of very blonde hair, blue eyes, and glowing complexion, all ready and waiting as a challenge to the pigments of chromatic film.

Margot also revealed that she has become a Hollywood enthusiast, and after doing one picture there has found that she really likes pictures—though she felt the opposite about films all during her work in nearly forty features made in England. As soon as she can do so, Margot plans to return to England to bring her mother and father to Hollywood, and then the Francis Listers will make their home in the cinema capital.

OF COURSE, they're saying that Virginia Bruce and "Pinkie" Tomlin, the song writer and actor, are not in love. But Virginia went to the preview of Tomlin's first picture with him. He didn't like himself at all, and he went into a blue funk. So Virginia sat up with Pinkie until four o'clock in the morning, consoling him.

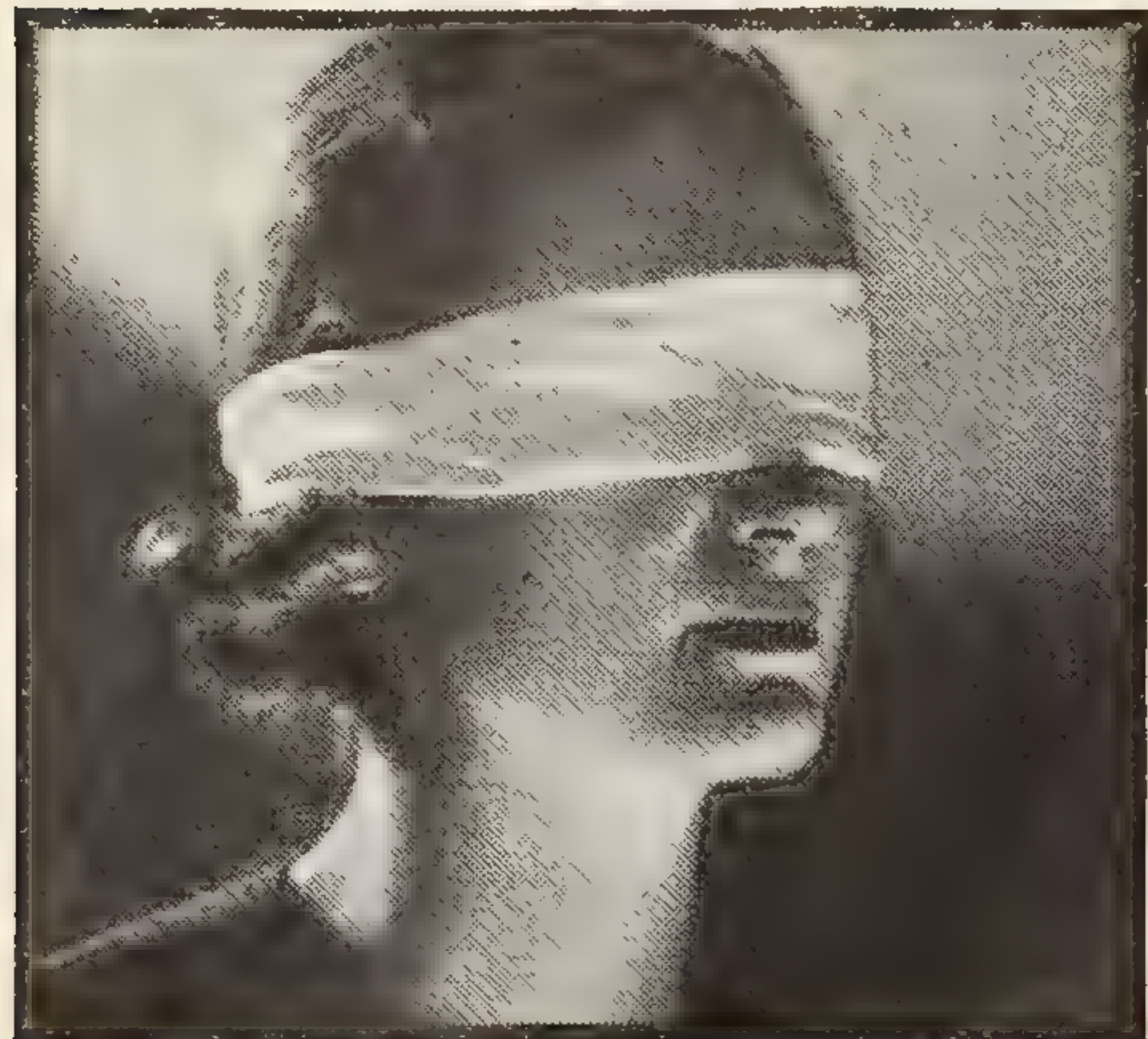
KATHARINE HEPBURN can be one of the nicest of persons, when she isn't too busy being eccentric. When Claudette Colbert won the Academy Award for the finest acting performance of last year, she had to board a train for New York immediately following the award banquet. On the train, she was agreeably surprised by a telegram from Katharine Hepburn, last year's award winner, congratulating her. For which, a SCREENLAND close-up with an extra fine sound track to Miss Hepburn.



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come again—save
it with snapshots

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BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

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Constant Kay

Continued from page 16

only recently married Kenneth McKenna, a successful New York actor and director, she was going to be a star and I was *afraid* she was going to be grand.

Our next meeting occurred at the home of George Cukor, the director. There were a number of prominent people there, all of them possessed of a flashing, devastating wit. A certain actress, who is none too popular in the movie colony, came up for discussion. One of the women present did not, apparently, care for this other actress and when she finished with her there was little left to be said. At least, so I thought. Then Kay took up the cudgels and for every charge brought against the absent actress, Kay had an excuse or an explanation ready.

When the lady who was doing the pan-ning refused to be converted, Kay said, quite simply, "Well, dear, we happen to feel differently about her. I like her—you don't. Let's talk about something else."

Not a point did Kay yield, not an iota did she change. And if you don't think it takes real fortitude to stand up for a person when everyone else in the room is against her, you don't know Hollywood.

I didn't see Kay to talk to again for nearly three years. We met a day or two before she left for Europe, when I went out to get a story. I was suffering from a bad attack of athlete's foot. When greetings had been exchanged I said, "I know you must have a million things to do and I'll get through with this as soon as I can. Now, how about—"

"No," said Kay firmly. "Before we start with the interview, I want to know what's the matter with your foot?"

"It's nothing," I assured her. "It would take up too much time to tell you. Do you—"

"Never mind the time," she interrupted me. "I want to hear about it."

A precious half hour of her time was wasted while I went into a detailed account of how I had caught it, the inconvenience to which I had been put and the different treatments I had tried, with Kay commiserating and clucking her tongue in sympathy.

A few minutes later she looked at her watch. "Good heavens! I didn't know it was this late. I've got to fly. You were right. I've wasted *your* time and you've got nothing for your story." She sat down for another fifteen minutes and gave me enough material for half a dozen stories.

The night before she left to embark on her first European trip, when she must have been in a perfect dither of excitement and last minute details, she took time out to write me a note: "Dear Dick: I'm worried about your foot. Please take care of it—and yourself."

If you knew Hollywood as I do you'd realize how few people there are out here who would have given it another thought.

When Kay returned three or four months later I was away, and when I returned she was laid up with make-up poisoning so I didn't see her again until the other day.

What a difference those few months have made in Kay! She seemed more like the girl I first met six years ago than she has at any time since then. I made some comment to that effect and added, "Once I thought Hollywood would change you."

"Poor old Hollywood," she laughed. "It gets blamed for everything. Hollywood has only made two changes in me as far as I can tell. One thing it has done is to turn me in a rousing good gossip. When I first came out here, when people would



Smiles! Josephine Hutchinson's and Pat O'Brien's, on the "Oil for the Lamps of China" set.

put anyone on the pan I'd always try to find something nice to say about them. Now I just pitch right in and fry them along with the rest of the bunch. Unless," she added hurriedly, "the victim happens to be a friend of mine and then I'm just as rabid as I've always been."

"The other change it has made has been in my disposition. I used to be pretty even-tempered. Now little things annoy me and I fly off the handle and scream and say things I don't mean and that I'm sorry for the minute they're out of my mouth. That's nerves. This business does it to you. You work in the terrific heat of these lights all day and then go home mentally and emotionally exhausted. I think the lights must dry up your skin and that must be what makes us all so nervous. Outside of those two things I don't think I've changed much."

"Don't you think you're more cynical?" I queried.

"If I am," she answered promptly, "it isn't any fault of Hollywood's. I think everyone becomes a little more cynical as they grow older. I'm more cynical than I was when you first knew me—but I'm six years older. But," laughing, "even in my senility I don't think I'm what you could call a cynic."

"And on the other hand," she burst out, "Hollywood has given me something no other place on earth could give me and that is four of the finest, most charming friends any woman ever had. I could have lived in lots of places and, if I'd been lucky, found one close friend but I don't know anywhere else I could have lived and found four friends like Jessica Barthelme, Bea Stewart (Mrs. Donald Odgen Stewart), Frances Goldwyn and Dorothy Frasso."

"Do you know, Dick," she went on suddenly, "I think the reason Hollywood changes people—if it does—is because they take everything out here so seriously. The only thing I take seriously is my work and the only reason I take that seriously is because I want to make a lot of money. And as soon as I've got that money I'm getting out of here."

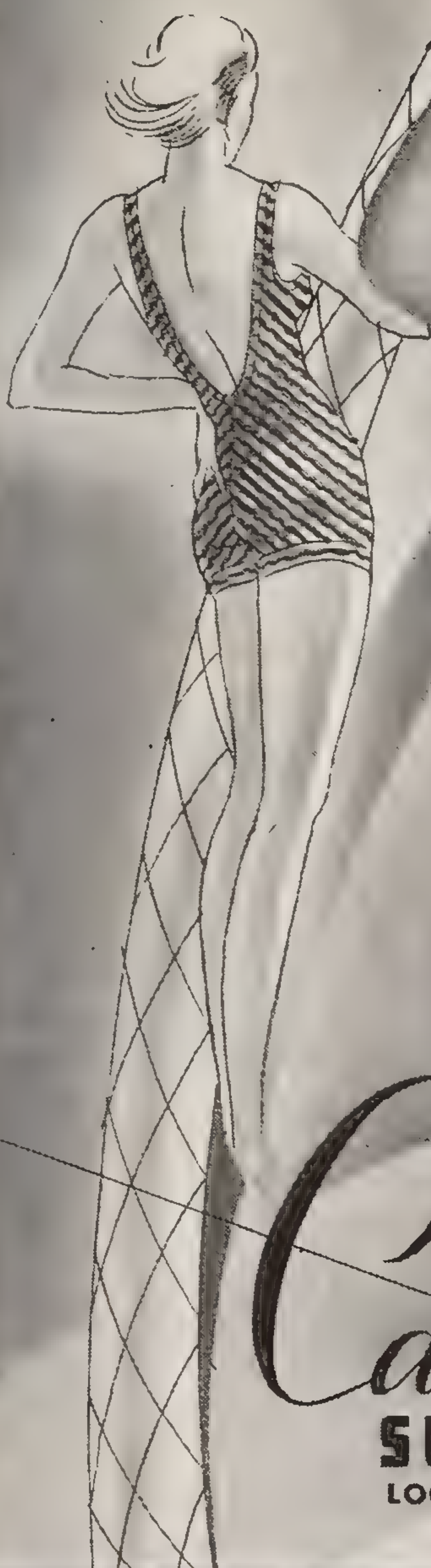
"People say you get tired of loafing. I don't believe it! I could be the grandest loafer ever created. The places I want to go—the things I want to do and see—would take years! Imagine having the time and money to do everything you want and nothing to worry or harass you!"

"You feel that way now," I protested, "because you rushed through one picture as soon as you got back and now you've

“Tahitians”

NOW the
Hollywood
Stars have
gone native
...South Sea
Islanders, in
CATALINA'S

*Water
Fashions*



MAXINE DOYLE
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ble essence, created to
make your day more fra-
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HOW TO USE

In the morning, after bath or shower,
apply freely to body. Spray on lingerie,
gown or handkerchief. Spray over hair.
Pat on forehead and temples, to relax
and relieve fatigue.

BOUQUET

LENTHERIC



THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE
Quiet, but with a strange persistence

gone right into another. But if you ever
got away from here for long you'd be
aching to get in front of a camera again."

"The devil I would!" said Kay. "I was
gone four months and when the time was
up I hated the thought of coming back
here. I don't say I'll never make another
picture but pictures will only be of sec-
ondary importance. What a time I had
abroad!"

"Lookit," I began. "You said Holly-
wood only changed you to the extent of
making you more gossipy and irritable.
I'll tell you another way it's changed you.
You remember that night at the Marches
and those stories you told of the dives you
and the rest of the company used to fre-
quent in Covington? I can imagine you
going into one of those places now!"

"And when I first knew you you had a
dog, a cat, a parrot, some gold-fish, a tur-
tle and some frogs. You had a Ford and
you drove it yourself. You lived in an un-
pretentious house. Where are all those
things now?"

"You're crazy," Miss Francis informed
me. (That's the fourth time this week I've
been told that.) "I live in a smaller and
less pretentious house than I did when you
first knew me. I had a pond dug in the
yard and dumped the fish, frogs and turtle
into it. I still have the cat and the parrot.
I still drive a Ford—my second, inciden-
tally, in the six years I've been out here
while you're on your fifth! I still drive it
myself and I still have the same maid I
had then. I don't even own one share of
stock in a footman or chauffeur."

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

A Hoosier Fan. Your state has pro-
duced many well-known actors, actresses,
painters, writers of fiction and poets—not
to mention Presidents and Vice-Presidents.
Several screen stars claim Indiana as their
birthplace. Among them are Louise Dresser,
Ann Christy, Louise Fazenda, Carole Lom-
bard, Irene Purcell, Ross Churchill, Char-
lie Murray, Richard Bennett, father of the
three Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance,
and Joan; Tom Geraghty, story writer for
pictures, and Charles Butterworth, South
Bend, Indiana's boy who has made good in
cinemaland.

Margaret A. I'm a very good explainer
and can take care of almost anything that
needs an answer, if I may say so. Phillips
Holmes can be interested in any of the
likable and good-look-able girls of the
screen if he wants to—he is *not* married
to Frances Dee. She has a perfectly good
husband—none other than Joel McCrea.
There is a third member of the McCrea-
Dee family, it's a boy.

Doris B. I haven't heard that Bing
Crosby contemplates leaving the screen—
if he does, you'd just up and die, wouldn't
you? If all his admirers love his voice
and smile as you do, he'd better keep sign-
ing on the dotted line forever. Bing's
films up to date are: "Too Much Har-
mony," "Going Hollywood" with Marion
Davies; "We're Not Dressing" with Carole
Lombard, George Burns, and Gracie
Allen; "She Loves Me Not" with Miriam
Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle; "Here Is My
Heart" with Kitty Carlisle; and his new
offering "Mississippi."

"I took this little house I'm in now be-
cause it was cheaper."

"I'm going to lay up enough money to
enable me to do the things I want if it
kills me!"

"Yeah, but how about the dives?" I per-
sisted.

"I love them," Kay assured me. "While
I was abroad about half the time I was
very social. I visited the Countess Frasso
who knows everybody in Europe and when
I was with her and her friends I was as
proper as proper. But the other half of
the time I was in and about dives that
would have made those in Covington pale."

"You've no idea the fun I got out of
places like Rapallo, Brioni, and Stresa in
Italy; and Senlis and Armenonville in
France. I 'did them' as a seventy-five dol-
lar-a-month school teacher on a trip abroad
would have done them—and I had the time
of my life! People recognize you over
there but they don't annoy you. You don't
have to put on an act for them. You can
be yourself at all times. Do you know I
only went into Paris two nights—and those
times it was to keep dinner engagements?"

"Ready, Miss Francis," called the direc-
tor.

And Kay, in the form-fitting black gown
she wears in a sequence in "The Goose and
the Gander," slipped out on the dance floor
with George Brent.

I drove home wondering *not* how anyone
could change as much in six years as Kay
but how anyone could live for six years in
Hollywood and remain as unchanged. That
girl couldn't go grand if she wanted to!

Ray W. Still loyal to the old guard,
aren't you? Not that Joseph Striker is
old or one of the guards, but the days of
silent pictures seem ages ago and Joseph
was one of the silent players. A few of
his releases are "Annie Laurie," "Cradle
Snatchers," "Harp in Hock," "Wise Wife,"
"House of Secrets," "The Wrecker" and
"Paradise." I haven't a record of any
very recent film in which he appears. One
of Earle Fox's later pictures was "Bed-
side" with Warren William and Jean
Muir. Lee Tracy was born on April 14,
1898. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs
145 pounds, and has sandy hair and blue
eyes. I don't remember "Otto" in "The
Mystery of the Wax Museum" but Lionel
Atwill played *Ivan Igor*.

William S. of Rio de Janeiro. Como
está? Sorry I cannot give you very per-
sonal information about Laurette Taylor
but all I have is yours. She is Mrs. J.
Hartley Manners, in private life, and
starred in his plays; she created the rôle
of *Peg* in "Peg of my Heart," and played
it for years on the stage in the United
States and England. Her screen career
consists of the silent version of "Peg of
my Heart," "Happiness" and "One Night
in Rome." Of course you know Marion
Davies starred in the talkie "Peg o' My
Heart."

Dorothy P. As far as I know Joan
Crawford's first marriage was with Dou-
glas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan's natural ability
as an actress and her outstanding picture
personality are of greatest concern to us,
after all.

Winners of SCREENLAND'S RUBY KEELER CONTEST WILL BE
ANNOUNCED in the NEXT ISSUE.

MADGE EVANS
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE AGE OF
INDISCRETION"
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



"Isn't She Beautiful"
they say of
MADGE EVANS
..do they say that about you?

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the
Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up.

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ROUGE



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... Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours... Moisture-proof, too, you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the full lips.. In color harmony tones to accent the appeal of lovely lips. One dollar.



THERE'S a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty... Life instantly becomes more interesting.

So you should learn the make-up secret which all Hollywood screen stars know. Then you, yourself, can create beauty just as fascinating as the vision of loveliness you see in your day dreams.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Working with stars like Madge Evans and other famous beauties... searching to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty... Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick... harmonized color tones to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring you. The face powder imparts a satin-smooth loveliness to the skin... the rouge enlivens the color appeal of your type... the lipstick accents the

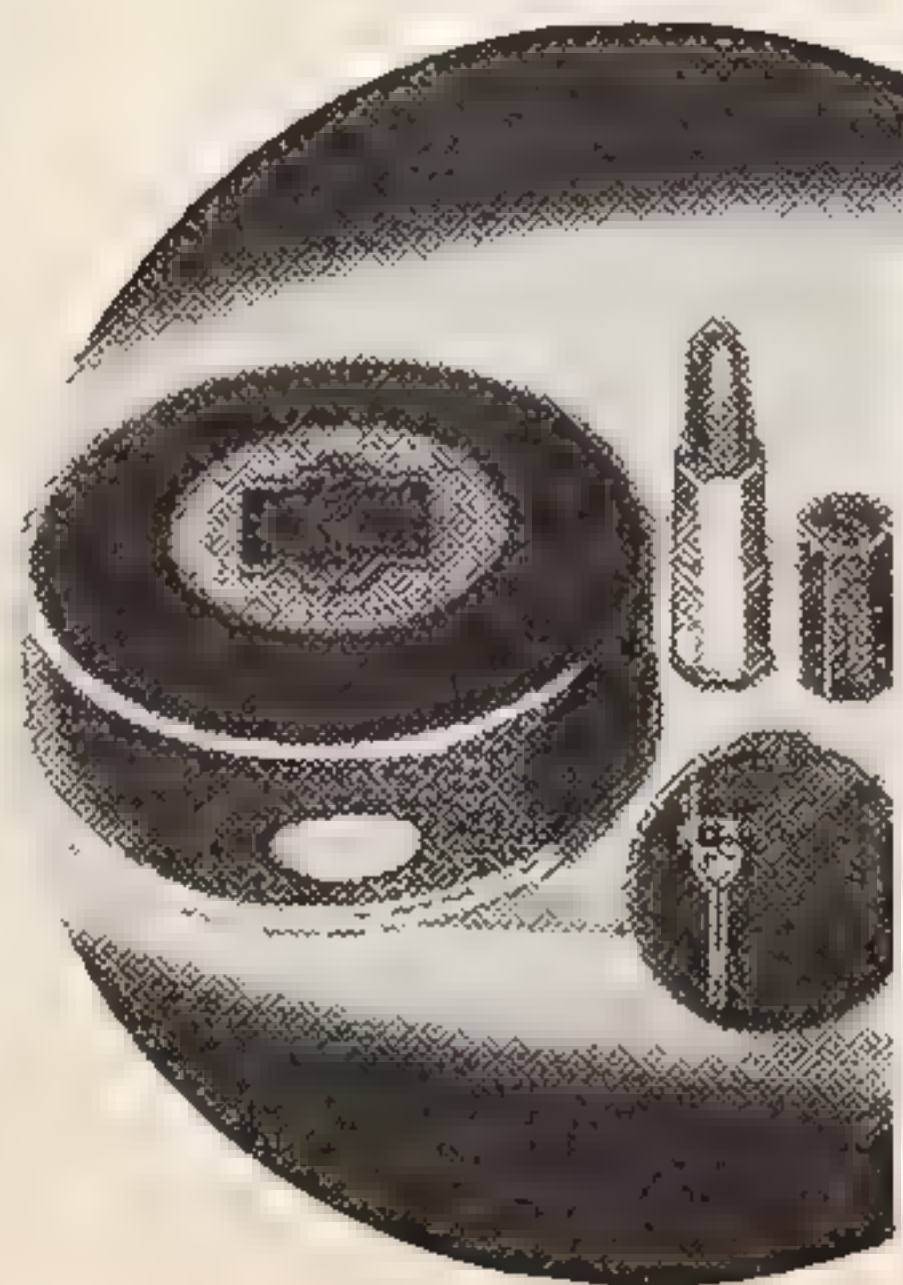
allure of the lips... and all blend perfectly to create glorious, entrancing beauty.

Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret. So you may expect a remarkable transformation. Even your personality will reflect a new confidence, because of your assurance in the fascinating attraction of your beauty.

SO SHARE the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up created originally for the stars of the screen by Hollywood's make-up genius, and now made available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-up", mail coupon below, direct to Max Factor, Hollywood.

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Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD, JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE 4-6-88

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

B R I G H T

Wallace Beery's Cinematic History

Continued from page 53

EYE IDEAS

by
Jane
Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. *Kurlash* costs only \$1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), \$1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. *Lashtint* Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department C-6, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

and (unforgettable, his villainy in this next one) "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It was during the early part of this picture that Beery unselfishly said to Rex Ingram, the director: "Don't waste time on me; I can take care of myself. Give that dark-eyed Latin actor all the help you can, because that guy can be a big star if he gets the opportunity." The "dark-eyed Latin actor" was Rudolph Valentino!

By this time, Beery was in the "big money." Furthermore, he saved a large part of his earnings. During the lean days, he had learned the tragedy of being constantly broke, and he determined never to be without money again. That was really the foundation of the Beery fortune, which today is one of the biggest in Hollywood, although he will not admit it.

What might be termed the real turning point of Wally's career occurred in 1921, when Douglas Fairbanks cast him as *King Richard* in "Robin Hood." In the guise of the rough-shod, ill-mannered, good-guzzling monarch, Beery stood out so brilliantly that he succeeded in stealing the picture from Fairbanks, a mighty feat in those days.

Of course, Wally was an immediate sensation, and in the bidding for his services that followed, his salary jumped to dazzling figures. He signed with Paramount, where he and Raymond Hatton were co-starred in a series of so-called (the term is Beery's) feature comedies. The first one or two were successes but the studio ran a good thing into the ground, and the succeeding Beery-Hatton comedies were as sour as lime juice.

Raymond Hatton tells an amusing prank of which he was the goat, and Beery the perpetrator. There was a scene in "Behind the Front" that called for Beery to give Hatton a hair-cut—they were supposed to be in the army). This scene was saved until the very last, and when it came, Beery and Hatton acted until the director shouted the order, "Cut!" Whereupon Beery, weighing 230 pounds, sat on poor Hatton, who weighed only 130 pounds, and held him helpless while the director ran the clippers straight across the top of Raymond's head, leaving a wide swath of bare skin from ear to ear.

Beery was constantly full of such trickery. During the filming of "We're in the Navy"—(next picture after "Behind the Front")—he purchased a rubber chair, painted to look like a duplicate of other chairs on the set. Wally and Ray would patiently await the arrival of visitors on the set; the more pompous the visitor, the happier Beery and Hatton. They would engage the guest in conversation, which invariably led to a suggestion that they sit down. Always, the visitor got the rubber chair, to the utter joy of Beery and the working crew.

"Now We're In the Air" was the next picture in the cinematic life history of Beery. Just as this picture got under way, Wally purchased a dog. He brought his new canine pet to the studio one day, because, he said, "he wanted it to have as much to talk about as other dogs." He led the canine into the front offices, and right into the sanctum of the studio executives, who were in heavy conference. Wally paraded the dog around the room without a word, until they reached the door by which they entered. Through that door they departed, but not until Beery had said to his pet, "Now you know what a conference is. I knew you wouldn't like it."

Wally is the probable inventor of the "hot seat," a chair with an electrical appliance which gives a seated person a distinct shock. Richard Arlen looms in film history as the first victim of a "hot seat." It happened during the filming of Beery's next picture, "Fireman Save My Child"—(a silly title; the firemen really should have tried to save the picture). Arlen visited the set, settled down in the unlucky chair, and received the fullest shock of the electric battery. He jumped, from a sitting position, a full three feet in the air and ten feet away. Beery laughed over that for days, and advised Arlen to go to the Olympic games as the "sitting jump" contender.

In 1928, Arlen and Beery played in their only picture together. The production was "Beggars of Life," and one of the scenes found Beery and Arlen running alongside a freight car on a treadmill, then hopping into the car. The treadmill, of course, provided the car with illusion of motion. Beery and Arlen jumped into the car all right, but once inside they began to fight for the best camera angle. First Beery would back up. That would throw his face more to the camera, and would exhibit a little more of the back of Arlen's neck and head. Then Arlen would back up, reversing conditions. Finally they both walked backward at the same minute—and stepped clear out of the box car and onto the still running treadmill, which quickly carried them out of sight.

When the director got through laughing at the sight of Arlen and Beery, lying on their backs with their feet in the air, he threatened to put an iron bar across the freight-car door to keep his two actors within camera range.

It was during the filming of this picture that Mary Brian fell victim to one of Beery's practical jokes. Mary visited his set one day, dressed "fit to kill" and en route to an afternoon tea. Wally persuaded her to sit down, and before she realized what was happening, he handcuffed her to the chair. There she sat, securely chained to the chair, for the entire afternoon. The social tea was held without Mary's presence.

The failure of the later Beery-Hatton comedies to click at theatre box-offices spelled doom to Wally's contract, and almost the same for his career. After he was released, he fell into another "personal depression," during which time he couldn't get work for love or money.

That period ended when he was placed under contract by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. This happy event took place in the year 1929. Even though he had signed a contract, he was not yet to go to work; for six months he never turned a working finger. Most of that period he spent in the California mountains, fishing, hunting, and camping. It was about this time that he became interested in aviation. Today he is one of the country's most ardent and capable flyers.

"The Big House" finally ended his long idle spell. Of this picture, which proved another turning point in his screen-life, Beery says: "My part—*Butch*, the convict—was a character that I could really understand. Brutal and uncouth as *Butch* looked and acted, he was a human being, a muddy mixture of virtue and vice."

It was during the filming of this picture that Wally and Robert Montgomery met and became good friends. Fans who saw that production will recall that Bob's rôle was a thankless one; he portrayed the



A Holiday from comedy! Hugh Herbert and his wife arriving in New York on a vacation.

character of a craven prisoner, who cringed and crawled in the face of even slight danger. Other stars said to Montgomery that he was crazy to play such a part, because, they warned, he would establish himself in the minds of the public as a despicable coward, and he could never outlive it on the screen. Montgomery heard so much of this that he became greatly worried.

"Don't let anybody fill your head with such rot, kid," Beery told the much younger Bob. "You give 'em a good show, and they'll like you. I've played mean guys and good guys on the screen, and I still get by." This encouragement gave Montgomery new faith. That Beery was correct is proven by Bob's popularity today.

"Min and Bill" was the next big step in Beery's screen-life. In this picture he met Marie Dressler for the first time. He worshipped her from the beginning. He never lost his tremendous respect and adoration for Marie right up to the time of her death. During her illness, no one was more worried or solicitous than Wally.

During this production, and also during another picture they made together, Beery watched out for Miss Dressler's interests zealously. She was willing to work twenty hours a day, but Beery, knowing her health was none too good, would not permit it. He would himself insist upon quitting at five o'clock, when as a matter of fact he really wanted to quit so Marie would not have to work over-time. (Author's note: Since forming that habit of quitting at five, Beery has liked it, and he still insists that his work-days end promptly on that hour.)

"The Champ" was next. This was the picture that brought Beery one of the great achievements of his career—the award for the finest acting performance of the year, bestowed upon him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Jackie Cooper co-starred with Beery in "The Champ." Wally, playing the rôle of a broken-down prize-fighter, decided he should teach young Jackie how to box. So he got down on his knees, and he and Cooper "put on the gloves." Wally emerged from that "mock battle" with a very red nose, a slightly blue eye, and considerable embarrassment. How was he to

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**OLIVE
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for DRY hair



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TAR**

for OILY hair

know that Jackie had taken boxing lessons for two years? Of course, because of his great strength, Beery did not dare strike back at the diminutive Cooper, so there he was, unable to retreat because he was on his knees. And did he take it!

Beery went to the studio to witness the first preview of "The Champ." Company executives who saw the picture that day decided it would be a box-office marvel, but they agreed it was too long. After some discussion, they decided to cut one of young Jackie Cooper's biggest scenes.

Wally sprang to his feet and vetoed that idea. The scene, Beery pointed out, was one of the finest in the picture. "Leave it in," he said, "and give the kid a break." He prevailed; it was one of Beery's sequences, and not Cooper's, that was left behind on the cutting-room floor.

"The Hell Divers" was next, and then M-G-M's colossal flop, "Grand Hotel." When Beery was first cast in this picture, he read the script one time, and definitely refused to play the part of the cruel, autocratic manufacturer. Beery did not pull a Garbo and "*tank* he go home"; he pulled a Beery and *went* home. He remained there, ignoring telephone calls and telegrams from the studio legal department. After several hectic days, he received a wire from Irving Thalberg—a friendly message that did not threaten broken contracts or law suits. Ill feeling was instantly forgotten; Wally returned to the studio and played the part. The big fellow is a sentimentalist; easy to lead but impossible to drive.

"Flesh" and "Dinner at Eight" followed in rapid succession, neither marked by unusual happenings, but both marked by Wally's consistently good work.

Then came "Tugboat Annie," his second picture with Marie Dressler. Despite his high regard for Marie, and his positiveness that the picture would be a success, Beery had one fear: he was afraid the studio would try to team him too often with Miss Dressler, and that the team would eventually fail. He has never forgotten the ill fate that befell the Beery-Hatton team.

It was also during this picture that he made his historic crack about studio "props."

"In the old days," Beery said to a studio executive, "when the script called for champagne, we had champagne. When it called for beer, we had beer. Now, no

matter what the script says, we get cold tea." After that, Beery got beer.

"Viva Villa" followed "Tugboat Annie." The picture is regarded by Wally as his best characterization. Even so, he claims that his Mexican accent was terrible. "I was still playing 'Grand Hotel,' and using a Dutch accent," he explains. The only difference, according to Wally, was that in "Viva Villa" he wore a broad-brimmed sombrero!

During the week-end while this picture's interior scenes were being filmed in Hollywood, Beery decided to fly to his mountain ranch, which is on an island in Silver Lake. When time came to return, the wind was blowing almost a hurricane. The landing field at Beery's ranch is some 7000 feet above sea level, and even in the best kind of weather it is difficult to get a plane off the ground, due to lack of "air lift" on the wings.

Beery and his stand-in, (who had accompanied him on the trip), finally got the wheels off the ground. Now the landing field is in a tiny pocket in the mountains, and the plane couldn't gain altitude fast enough to climb the surrounding hills. So they flew round and round in that tiny depression, the wings practically brushing the mountain sides.

Once they hit a down draft that dropped the plane two hundred feet or more, and Beery, still clinging to the stick, was lifted right out of his seat. His head hit the top of the cabin, and raised a knot that remained for days. Luckily, it didn't knock him unconscious, or the plane might have dived right into the lake.

Beery doesn't know yet how he escaped from that predicament, but the stand-in vows he never saw such maneuvering. The story got around when they returned to the studio, whereupon M-G-M officials ordered Beery to quit airplaning. He answered with the sign that literally means "nuts to you." After some argument, they succeeded in persuading him to give up flying *during* picture production. Now that airplaning is safer, he ignores even that order.

His flying proclivities came into good use during the filming of "Treasure Island," his next picture. It was filmed on location at Catalina, and at the time Wally's wife was near the point of death. Beery chartered a seaplane for duration of the long location period, and every night he flew to the mainland, where he

picked up his fast car at the dock and sped to the hospital. Speed cops on the road knew the circumstances, and Wally was not stopped once. Each morning he arose at dawn, drove to the hospital to see Mrs. Beery, then reversed the traveling schedule back to work.

This brings us up to the present in this cinematic biography of Wallace Beery. His most recent pictures are "The Mighty Barnum" and "West Point of the Air." The former looms as one of the most colorful of his career, and certainly a picture that afforded Wally much fun-in-the-making.

An amusing incident that occurred during production of "The Mighty Barnum" concerns little Carol Ann, Beery's adopted daughter. She visited the set, and promptly became attached to the midgets who were working with Wally, particularly George and Olive Brasno, the brother and sister "little people." She thought they were children, and she could not understand why George was allowed to smoke cigars, when she wasn't permitted to touch them. Beery gave Carol Ann a birthday party, and she insisted that the midgets be invited.

A close scrape with a horrible death occurred during the filming of "Barnum." The script directed Wally to stand near a burning stairway and yell at the rioting crowd. He paused too long, and the seat of his trousers caught on fire. Smoldering and smoking, he rushed from the set, found a water hydrant, and managed to extinguish the fire by backing up under the hydrant and "drowning his woe." Had his discovery of the burning trousers been delayed, they might have burst into flames with disastrous consequences.

Beery's aviation fever ascended to a new high during the filming of "West Point of the Air." This picture was filmed at Randolph Field, near San Antonio, Texas, where the government maintains a training school for embryo aviators. There may be found the latest wrinkles in aviation, the latest ships, the newest safety and speed devices.

Wally spent most of the time in the air. The director, instead of seeking the star in his dressing-room, searched the skies for his plane. Any time the ship was on the ground, they were sure Wally was nearby. If the plane was gone, they knew the scene must be delayed.

While he was in San Antonio, Beery made friends, and he promised that he would return for the premiere of the picture in that city. When you read this story, that will probably have occurred, but at this writing, he is making all engagements, business or personal, with the proviso that they must not interfere with a flying trip to San Antonio for the premiere. That is one engagement he intends to keep.

We arrive at the conclusion of Wallace Beery's cinematic biography to date. There isn't another record in Hollywood to compare with his. Twenty-three years a screen actor, and twenty-two of those years, (with the exception of lay-off periods), a star. More important, *still* a star; one of the most popular. What other actor or actress can point to such a magnificent record?

What other star has appeared in as many successful motion pictures? Due to the great number of them, all have not been named in this cinematic biography, but the fact is, Wallace Beery has appeared in at least a score of pictures that are included among the hundred bigger productions of screen history.

That is screen history in itself, but Wally is not yet done. He may be with us another twenty-three years. In fact, that looks like a good bet.



Famous stars as famous characters of fiction! Jack Oakie, Loretta Young and Clark Gable in "The Call of the Wild."

Winner Takes All

Charles Boyer

Continued from page 22

speaks quietly without gestures—even his accent is not of the cute French variety—and dresses in drab, inconspicuous clothes. The first impression is one of a business man. But, as I mentioned, his face, after a moment's scrutiny, will be recognized as that of an artist. Dreamy eyes, sensitive nostrils, a mouth which is a trifle sensuous and at the same time firmly indicative of resolute independence. All this, no doubt, should have given the producers a tip. Here was a seasoned young actor of Paris, London and Berlin, who never had time to be insincere. Art was too long, life too short. He meant what he said. And no nonsense, either.

The producers saw him in two dramatic productions in Paris and begged him to put his name on the dotted line. They planned to make "Casanova." Wanted him for the lead. They enthusiastically sketched a rosy future. Look at the money, they argued, and come. Boyer didn't want very much to come to Hollywood. He was secure on the continent. He didn't want to be forced to spend several years in one place. He liked to change his environment too much. He knew that his nature required a variety of stimulation which he obtained only by a change of place. The producers met that argument. They would give him a seven years' contract which allowed him six months in Hollywood, six months in Europe. Boyer hesitated. Even with the fancy salary they were willing to pay, under such an arrangement he would still lose money. With the rate of exchange between francs and dollars at fifteen to one and an income tax to take care of in both France and America, he was better off to stay where he was. But he didn't hesitate for long. He signed.

"It gave me the change I wanted"—to let Boyer speak for himself—"and it was an opportunity to broaden my audience, which I have been always anxious to do in order to increase my value as an actor. But the principal reason I came was to learn. Hollywood has the best directors and the best technicians. By far, the best. I knew I could learn more in America than I did from all the pictures I made in England, Germany and France."

It might be interesting to record right here what his first impressions were of Hollywood. "Hollywood," he says, without a trace of bitterness, "is just like a big studio. It has the best actors in the world. But people talk shop all the time. You can't get away from your business. It stultifies one. In New York or Paris you leave the stage and studio and associate with all different kinds of people. I need that contact with life. After all, an actor has only two requisites: know the technique, and understand life. An actor cannot understand life by associating constantly with members of his own profession. Hollywood is so fantastic at first with its wealth of talent; then it smothers you, like a rich man is smothered by his luxury."

What Charles Boyer learned from making his first picture in America he has never said. The truth is, he was probably not in the mood to learn anything. The script on "Casanova" simply wouldn't work out. So, because Fox was carrying him along at rather heavy sugar, they rushed him into the gypsy rôle in "Caravan." Over his protest. On this point Boyer minces no words. "Imagine such a thing! These gentlemen had seen me only in dra-



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matic rôles. Yet they gave me a part which didn't have one dramatic moment. Any young novice could have drawn a bow over a fiddle and looked like a love-sick vagabond. It was absurd! It was idiotic!"

Of course the studio officials thought that such a portrayal would capture the feminine interest of America. And Boyer hates cheap romanticism! Nor did the officials think for one moment that Boyer would go so far as to actually buy back his contract. One real look at his face and they should have known. They should have known—as the reader should know by this time—that this young Frenchman is serious about his work. Acting, to Boyer, is not a way just to make a living. It's much more than that. From earliest boyhood he set about ordering his life to go on the stage. His dreams were of nothing else.

Yes, even as a boy he was seriously practicing for his vocation. The peasants and the merchants used to gather at the school in the little village of Figeac whenever word spread that Charles Boyer was going to recite. *M. Boyer, pere*, chuckled good-naturedly over his son's histrionic ability but clamped his teeth firmly on his brier pipe whenever Charles whispered that he wanted to go on the stage. No! His son would follow in the family business. He would be a merchant. *M. Boyer* died when Charles was twelve. The mother listened a little more sympathetically to her son's only ambition. But on one thing she was adamant. He must finish his education first. After that he could do as he chose.

Boyer's university career was interrupted by the war. On this phase of his life he will not speak. Like so many artists he is inarticulate about vitally moving experiences except through the medium of his own art. In many of his tragic rôles, I fancy, little gestures and slight modulations of voice are eloquent of unspeakable incidents from those bitter years. And in the war's indelible impression, perhaps, lies the reason why he prefers tragedy. His favorite type of rôle is that of a man at the height of his career who is hit over the head with the hammer of circumstance until he is forced down and down. But Boyer was mustered out of the infantry still young and whole, and he returned to finish his studies at the Sorbonne. He took his degree in philosophy in 1919 and immediately entered the Conservatoire of Drama.

He was in no hurry to go on the stage. There was much to learn. For three years he studied the classics from Euripides to Shaw—and then opportunity flung open her door.

M. Gemier, the famous actor-director, saw him in one of the Academy's plays. This genius of the Parisian stage was currently producing and acting in Claude Farrere's great drama, "La Bataille." His second lead had taken ill. Would Boyer take his place?

Some idea of this young student's seriousness can be gleaned from the following remark: "For several months I went to the theatre at six o'clock every night. I felt that I must have three full hours to put on my make-up."

It was this same play, made into the picture, "Thunder In the East," which now is hailed as one of the most revolutionary steps forward in the history of the screen. It was a triumph in artistry. For the first time it made a psychological drama intelligible in a medium where it had always failed before. Superb acting and tempo in cutting made the thoughts of the characters almost articulate. Charles Boyer not only played the lead in the picture, he also helped to direct it.

"But," says Boyer modestly, "it is an exaggeration to say that I directed the picture. In France, when we make a cinema, we are all like a small family. The director lets the actor handle his own scenes. Then we all help out together."

But let's return. After Boyer finished the long run of the stage play "La Bataille," he jumped to the starring rôle in "Le Bonheur." Paris bowed at his feet. He was the idol of feminine hearts. From then on everything he touched was a success. For eight years he appeared in only four plays. In between times, without a vacation, he made an occasional picture.

But he was happy in his work. Late at night he would foregather with his friends,



Queenie Smith now a screen as well as stage star close-ups in a summery outfit. Perky, eh!

in his apartment or at some café. They had a tacit understanding to speak of the stage not more than once a week. He never associated with actors. Most of his friends were writers. Let me quote one of them, Phillipe Heriat. This is an excerpt, (translated), taken from *L'Echo de Paris*... "When Charles is studying a new part he changes completely. He does not see his friends, but prefers to take long walks by himself in deserted districts. There, in a veritable fever of creation, he assumes his new identity. He is not himself; he is the anxious one of the 'Galerie des Glaces,' the sick lover of 'Venin,' or the cruel musician of 'Voyageur.' His whole being is impregnated with the fictional entity that he incarnates. He lives in the person of his 'make-believe beings' right until the end of his first performances. He stays in his dressing-room between acts to avoid futile remarks. He would bar the door against the President of the Republic himself. Only after it is all over does he leave his dream and return to normal life, joining the friends from whom he has been separated"...

To many people the most astounding thing about this fascinating person was his torrential romance with Pat Patterson. He came to Hollywood, the most luxuriant oasis of feminine beauty, and straightaway married an English actress who had preceded him to the film capitol by only a week! Although they had played simultaneously in London they had never met before. The suddenness of their marriage left his friends on both sides of the Atlantic mildly stunned.

To my mind it is the most easily explained of all. It was, if you and Mr. Boyer will pardon my assumption, almost

according to formula. For a man who has safely run the gamut of the women of the world, such as Boyer, there is one type of girl who may capture his heart. That type is exceedingly rare. A girl who has buffeted through life all by herself and emerged with the ideals of her girlhood intact. That virtue, combined with beauty, and a bubbling personality cannot fail to appeal. And so Pat became Mrs. Charles Boyer.

One more word about the man himself. His hobbies are—none! All of his energy is absorbed in his work. But for mild relaxation he plays a bad game of golf, fairish tennis, and reads avariciously. He and his wife spend long hours at home playing billiards. He usually wins. He likes billiards. And he loves dogs (He has a Boston bull).

He detests flattery. He doesn't like to be recognized on the street. His chief ambition is to be able to lead a double life: his professional life on the screen or stage, his private life among his friends.

I might add, in closing, that his is tremendously likable. He is serious only about his work. He likes friends.

Joel McCrea

Continued from page 23

producers as a potential motion picture actor.

"I wish you could make it clear that I was never a social climber," he emphasized to me. "If that had been my aim I wouldn't have bothered to go into pictures at all!" Which, come to ponder it, is an obvious fact.

The seal of social approval was put on Joel when Marion Davies began inviting him to all her parties. There he apparently intrigued lovely headliners who were between husbands or steady boy-friends. Shortly he was being seen about town with Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill; and that automatically was a break.

"Sure, going places with top-notchers was a definite help," he admitted. "Producers must have thought that if I were of interest to them I must have something. But the most valuable result of those contacts was the self-confidence I slowly acquired.

"You know, you have to possess a sane assurance to succeed. After a while I dared to express myself, to put my best foot forward, too. I concluded that I must have something or I shouldn't be liked."

Not many Hollywood stars dare to be as frank as Joel, and that's only one of the reasons he is interesting in person.

"I really don't know why I was so fortunate," he went on, seriously. "Unless it was because I was so sincere. I wasn't social climbing. Maybe my not drinking helped! Abstaining is like wearing your hair long; folks think there's something wrong with you." He paused, then muttered, "And while they're guessing they aren't forgetting to invite you up again any time!"

His purpose in chumming with the famous was, therefore, an innocent one. Joel simply fathomed that many a rose blushes unseen! As he became busier he went to fewer parties. He has retained the friendship of everyone who has come into his life, but time and new interests have caused him to care little for Hollywood society.

Chiefly, I judge, because he has married Frances Dee and the simple routine appeals to them. They have their separate careers, their baby, their home in Brentwood and their big ranch. Instead of letting all this complicate their existence, they find everything fits into the new pattern

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nicely—by sacrificing the gadding about.

Yet that isn't the sole answer for Joel's renouncing his place as favored guest. He senses that when you reach a certain point on the climb to the Hollywood top you no longer need to be seen about so much. Nor do you have to go on telling little white lies. Being *too* obliging is a great mistake, Joel contends.

"I used to be so anxious to please everyone in Hollywood. That was a Herculean task! Experiences have taught me that you not only have to stick to your own guns to get ahead, but that people won't ban you for having nerve enough to do so.

We drifted back to the subject of rôles, the pet topic of any star. Since he has been free-lancing Joel has played opposite such excellent actresses as Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, and Claudette Colbert. Currently he has dared to play with the scene-stealer supreme, Shirley Temple, in "Heaven's Gate."

"I was the loudest complainer on the lot where I used to be a fixture," he reminisced. "It didn't make any difference. But, anyway, for five years I tackled so many dizzy parts that I've improved tremendously—by learning how *not* to act!"

Today he takes regular lessons from Samuel Kayser, the veteran coach who trained Ann Harding and numerous others. Conscientiously Joel is making every effort to justify his claim that run-of-the-mill heroes are now out of his line.

"Funny how people react when you say you've always wanted to be an actor, isn't it? I fancy they think, 'Yeh, he's just been lucky and he has to say something!' Well, I *have* been lucky. I've had marvelous breaks; anyone who lasts in Hollywood has to have them. Nevertheless, I didn't drift into pictures. I'd made up my mind about them when I was nine years old.

"I could have been a lawyer, but even as a kid I longed to be an actor. I felt some urge within me that instinctively directed me this way. So many players kick about



Iris Adrian's fashion hint for cruising—jersey slacks, brown with bright yellow stripes.

Hollywood. I'm crazy about it. I've never been disillusioned. Perhaps because I grew up here and I knew about the false fronts from the start.

"If I may turn back the pages to my childhood?" He called to two fellows that he'd be down in the gym to play handball soon, and then resumed. "I can confess," he said with a grin, "that I learned about this glamor racket when I was but a tender tot of twelve! You see it went like this.

I was dancing with Elinor Glyn, no less, and I was curious at that age, too. So I simply asked the lady what the blue stuff over her eyes was!

"When I was fourteen I started going to the Saturday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel, then our stellar mecca. I gaped at every celebrity and wondered what made 'em tick. All the time I was in college I tried out for school shows, and during vacations I worked extra. And then I learned—!"

Before he fell in love with Frances he gave speeches to me on why he would never, never wed an actress. Which he proceeded to do. And the idolized Mrs. McCrea is combining wifehood, motherhood, and a career so capably that Joel has completely forgotten his platform promises of yesteryear.

However, his Frances is not the average Hollywood type. She and Joel are in perfect harmony because their tastes are similar, doubtless the result of parallel childhoods. Frances also comes from a family of culture and means; and she, too, went to college.

A chance jaunt to Southern California led to an extra job, as a lark. Maurice Chevalier noticed her lunching at the Paramount Studio one noon and immediately announced that she was the kind of leading lady he was seeking. She filled the bill, and ever since has progressed admirably. While she originally did not have the dominating desire to act which drove Joel on, she now shares his enthusiasm.

Those of you who suspected that Joel McCrea could be useful as well as ornamental on the screen will applaud his declaration of independence. Here is one star who thinks of more than just collecting big checks. He has a hearty respect for both his own potentialities and for the loyalty of his fans. Already he has demonstrated that he can stand up with performers of unquestioned ability. Give the lad a pat on the back for wallowing his "too-hand-some-to-be-any-good-as-an-actor" jinx!

Page Miss Glory

Continued from page 21

more than anything else it's towels!" He looked resentfully after her as she disappeared into the bathroom. She was a sweet kid and all that, but it was annoying the way she kept hanging around.

For once he was glad to see Gladys, Ed's future ball-and-chain, even though her coming meant the old unending argument about jobs and things, for the evening paper was tucked under her arm and Click's day always began with the final edition of the newspaper.

"Every time I come in here I catch that chambermaid popping out of the bathroom or a closet or something," Gladys began belligerently. "What's the big idea?" She pulled impatiently away from Ed's proffered kiss. "What have you done about getting a job today besides sleeping?"

"Honey, you know the papers've got more news photographers than they can use." Ed looked at her reproachfully. "I'd take ten-cent tints in Central Park if I hadn't hocked my lens."

"Don't bother looking for that kind of a job." Click looked up from the paper with a lordly air. "I'm due for an idea any minute now, and then we'll make money and you two can get married."

"Don't worry about *us*!" Gladys turned on him. "Why don't you get married yourself? Maybe you won't be hanging around

then making a first rate loafer out of Eddie."

Click flicked the ash from his cigarette. "I never met a dame yet who could get by with me."

Gladys laughed shortly as she tossed a copy of SCREENLAND on his lap.

"Why don't you give Garbo a break? I hear she's lonely."

"Well," Click looked the cover over critically. "I like her mouth, but I don't care much about her hair or chin. I like Jean Harlow's hair better, and Marlene Dietrich's ankles would suit me and Kay Francis' nose and—"

"Garbo, Harlow, Dietrich, Francis!" Gladys shrugged. "You'd have a tough time getting a date with Minnie Mouse."

Click ignored the insult and sought refuge behind the paper. Suddenly he stiffened and came to quick attention.

"Listen to this!" he shouted. "A full page ad. The Nemo Yeast Company offers a cash prize of \$2500 for a photograph of America's most beautiful girl to be used as a model for a coast to coast poster campaign." He got to his feet and waved the paper triumphantly. "Send in your photograph now!" He shouted.

"Do you think you're beautiful enough?" Gladys asked patiently.

"Listen!" Click disregarded her as effectively as if she were a fifty-dollar-a-

week job. "There's no *one* most beautiful girl in America. There's the most beautiful eyes, the most beautiful lips, nose, and hair—but they're on different people. Get it? All these yeast people want is a photograph. Why couldn't we give them one with the most beautiful eyes, hair, and everything else on *one and the same person*?"

"Oooooooh!" The old admiration came back to Ed's eyes. "I get you—a composite photograph!"

It was amazing how things went once Click had an idea and Ed was there to do the actual labor. In a few hours the photograph was finished, and even Gladys had to admit the composite girl was a honey.

"You know, this idea is just nutty enough to be good," she admitted reluctantly.

"Good!" Click stared at her. "It's the dawn of a new glory for American womanhood." He paused, impressed by his own eloquence. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Dawn Glory—that's what we'll call her. What a name! What a girl!"

The three days before the winning photograph would be announced seemed interminable. Click found it impossible to turn that fertile brain of his to other uses even though the papers were full of the

Turner Quadruplets who had been born in a blizzard in Alaska. That might have turned into a possibility for some stunt or other with all of them catching cold and hovering on the brink of pneumonia and the announcement of the Medical Centre that they had rushed a serum to completion to save the babies.

But Click had Miss Glory on his mind and dismissed it with the laconic, "If they can get hold of that dare-devil Bingo Nelson he'll fly it through the blizzard for 'em upside down and come back with tropical fever!"

Loretta couldn't understand what had got into the gentlemen in 1762. They hardly let her into the rooms at all these days even to make up the beds, and when they talked finance it sounded like telephone numbers. She was waiting anxiously outside their door Tuesday evening after having been almost forcibly ejected when her heart suddenly stood still.

It couldn't be—and yet another glance told her it was—it really *was* Bingo Nelson! The miracle that happens once in a thousand times had happened to her. There he was, the same smile she had languished before so often; his eyes, somehow she had always known they would be blue; and his hair as curly as the permanent wave she had seen advertised for only three dollars; and the teeth she told herself were as artistic as any toothpaste ad. And he was coming towards her, and was actually stopping, was talking to her!

"Sister, where's room 1762?"

It passed for what might have been a symphony concert had Loretta ever heard one.

"A-a-aren't you Mr. Bingo Nelson?" she stammered. "Th-the man who flew the lion from Africa to F-florida?"

"Guilty, Judge." Bingo bowed with the nonchalance that had fluttered a thousand hearts.

"W-will you autograph my apron, Mister?" She held it up expectantly; and then as he laughed and pulled out his pen she was almost afraid of the wild beating in her heart.

"Sure!" Bingo laughed. "I'll sign anything. That's been my undoing all these years."

It was all she could do not to reach out and touch his hair, not to run after him and make him stay a little longer.

Click held up a warning hand as the door opened. The three of them, he and Ed and Gladys, were clustered around the radio waiting for the announcement that was due any minute. But the Nemo Yeast Company must have had a perverted sense of humor or something and kept them on tenterhooks, as its usual program of songs and announcements went blithely on.

"Bingo!" Click leapt to his feet. Even if Miss Glory was going to make embryo millionaires of them all in a few minutes there wasn't any reason he couldn't pick up a few dollars on another scheme and the quadruplets weren't such everyday affairs they could be altogether ignored by his scheming brain. "If I tell you where you can get a job will you lend me a hundred bucks?"

"I've got a job." Bingo grinned. "I'm going to fly the Turner Quadruplets some syrup or something. Say," he demanded as Click, losing interest in him with the collapsing of his scheme, turned back to the others. "Why are you all listening so hard to the radio?"

"We're waiting for it to give milk," Click sighed wearily.

"Tell it I'll take an old-fashioned with-

out too much ice," Bingo announced cheerfully. He stopped suddenly as he saw some prints of the composite photograph of Miss Glory on the table. "Who's the eyeful? Boy! She's there! I need a little of that warmth for the trip I'm making tonight. She's marvelous! I'd marry a girl like that."

"No foolin'!" Ed grinned.

"I mean it!" Bingo was working himself up into a fine enthusiasm. "You boys think I'm crazy—but I'm in love with her already. Who is she?"

"Her name's Dawn Glory." Click was urging him towards the door. "She's crazy about you, too. Here, take her photograph; we've got millions of 'em. Now get outa here, Bingo. Fly your egg-crate up to the quadruplets. If you don't hurry there may be a couple more by this time."

"She's crazy about *me*?" Bingo repeated ecstatically. "Boy! Nothing'll stop me now. I'll melt my way through that blizzard coming back!"

The door had hardly closed behind him when the buzzer sounded again, and Mr. Yates made his disapproving way towards them. Click held up his hand again in a quick gesture as the radio began blaring.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the winning photograph will be announced now! But first, we want to say—"

There was nothing they could do but listen—listen to the usual advertisements, the usual condolences to the unfortunates who had lost. To listen, and wait, and wait, and listen.

And with Mr. Yates menacing them from his position in front of the door Click found himself doing something he hadn't done in years. He actually found himself praying!

(To Be Continued)



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"Rosebud"

Continued from page 17

Marlene Dietrich didn't want to start in it unless von Sternberg directed it; so she became temperamental and walked off the Paramount lot. So Paramount brought suit against Miss Dietrich and phoned Claudette Colbert, who was packing her trunk out in Brentwood, to get ready to do the picture at once. So Claudette called me and said, "I can't go to New York with you Saturday, I'm going to do another picture"; and I said, "You can't do that to me," but Miss Colbert said she could. So I was sitting in Joan Blondell's living-room when this conversation took place, the second time I had ever met Joan, and I was fit to be tied because there is nothing so boring as four days on a train by yourself, and in those days I wasn't air-minded. So Joan, swell gal that she is, took pity on me, and before she even knew what she was doing herself, invited me to go to New York on Saturday with George and herself, though of course we'd all have to stop over in Phoenix to attend her wedding to George. Gee, was I thrilled! I'd always wanted to go to Arizona on one of those movie elopements, and with two such grand people as Joan and George—well, that's why I go around today kissing Joe von Sternberg, figuratively speaking.

As it happened, Marlene took one look at the figures in the Paramount suit, swooned, and hastily decided to do the picture with Mamoulian; Claudette returned to her trunk-packing and sent me a wire; and I had to leave a perfectly good wedding feast in Phoenix and catch the Chief in Pasadena that night. And that might have been the end of that, but it wasn't. You can't toss aside a maid-of-honor like an old shoe; and you may be sure I constantly reminded Joan of that, and she was very nice about it. And besides, when I came back from New York I found that Fate had again taken a hand and that definitely the Blondell was destined to cross my path. Without even knowing it I moved into Joan's former apartment in the English Village, vacated by her only a few months before when she built her charming home on the tiptop of Lookout Mountain. Well do I recall that awful morning of moving when the agent came to me to point out a few of the weak points of the place. "My goodness," she said, "I certainly hope you won't have as much trouble with the refrigerator as Miss Blondell did. It was always stopping up and dripping on the people below." From that I gathered that my pal Joanie wasn't so hot as a housekeeper. (She doesn't have to worry with leaky refrigerators now for she has a perfect jewel of a colored couple from Louisiana, Clarence and Chalmet, who can fry chicken and buttle like nobody's business). Then the telephone man arrived and what do you think? He gave me the very same phone number that Joan has, except of course with a different exchange. Even then I thought it was all a lot of circumstantial evidence; but a few weeks ago I went to the Santa Anita races, as who hasn't, and bet my all on Blondella, and strike me pink if the nag didn't come in and pay big odds. Then I knew that my life was hopelessly entangled with that of the Blondell, and that she and George might just as well face the facts and make the best of it.

Joan, like all interesting people, is a series of contradictions. She always starts out by not liking people. Greenland's icy mountain couldn't be as cold as Miss Blondell's "How do you do" when she is first introduced to you. She assumes that she doesn't like you, and you have got to show

her a mighty good reason why she should like you before she will change her mind. As a consequence Joan has very few close friends. And she prefers men friends to women friends. But once Joan has decided to accept you as a friend the entire world may turn against you, you may commit murder and everything else, but Joan is going to be right there making things easy for you.

With the exception of Garbo she's about the hardest person in Hollywood to get acquainted with. Now as a direct contradiction to all this, take me, but don't take



For art's sake, Grace Bradley even hides her lovely eyes to show you her chic straw hat.

me too seriously, I'd only met Joan the second time when out of a blue sky she suggests that I elope with her and George. (Joan has always been nice enough to say it was because I "clicked" at once, but I have a feeling that it was because Joan takes pity easily and that day the prospects of facing Kansas alone had me on the verge of tears). Anyway, just when you put your finger on Joan and say with an air of finality, "She's like that," then immediately she does something that isn't like that at all. Except in making friends she is the most impulsive person I have ever met.

Perched atop high stools sipping cocktails in Joan's and George's cozy bar, or sunk deep in luscious chairs in the new "blue room," or gathered about the table, and my, my, what a table Mrs. Barnes sets, in the Early American dining-room are found Norman Foster, Glenda Farrell, Edward Everett Horton, Claudette Colbert, the Jimmy Cagneys, and the Eddie Nugents, who happen to be Joan's best friends among the movie contingent.

One of her closest friends, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan rarely sees, but when it comes to honest-to-goodness admiration Joan thinks there is nobody in the world like Barbara. Their friendship dates back to five years ago when Joan, new to Hollywood, very, very poor, and burdened with all kinds of responsibilities, was put into the cast of "Night Nurse," starring Barbara Stanwyck. Joan had worshipped Barbara in "Burlesque" on Broadway and considered her the top in actresses, so she was thrilled to death to meet Stanwyck. One of the first scenes they had to do was the scene in the nurse's room where Bar-

bara had to undress down to her step-ins while Joan talked to her. Joan began muffing her lines like an amateur, and the harder she'd try the more she would blow up, and poor Barbara kept having to dress and undress until beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. Finally Joan sick and nervous and horribly embarrassed, began to cry. "I hate to do this to you, Barbara," she mourned. "Ah, forget it, kid," said Stanwyck. "I don't mind undressing. I need to reduce anyway. Say, you're sick. Come over to my dressing-room and smoke a cigarette. These dopes can wait till we get ready." And the star walked off the set, followed by a grateful Joanie.

That night when Joan came out of the gate of the Warner Studio there sat Barbara in her big car waiting for her. "Get in," she said. "I'm taking you to my doctor." "B-b-b-but," stammered Joan thinking of her bank account which was practically nothing. "Listen, Belle," continued Barbara, "this doctor's bill is on me. You haven't any money. I've got too much. You can pay me back five dollars a month, or you needn't bother to pay me back at all. So shut up." The doctor discovered that Joan worn out from hard work and financial worry, was on the verge of a breakdown, and right after the completion of the picture she was hurried off to a hospital. Stanwyck came to see her every day and brought some kind of a crazy present to make her laugh. Joan borrowed the money from Warner Brothers to pay her bills—but Barbara did her best to pay them. Last winter when Joan was in the Cedars of Lebanon after the birth of young Normann Scott Barnes the nurses there told her of numerous poor patients that Barbara had quietly helped, not only with money, but with visits and gifts. According to Joan, (who is the soul of generosity herself), Barbara Stanwyck is the most generous person in Hollywood, though she gets the least publicity about it. Barbara wants it that way. Yes, if you want to get Joan all choked up and have tears glisten in her eyes just start her talking about Barbara Stanwyck.

And what of that happy marriage that has been cooed over and goosed about by every fan writer in Hollywood? Sure, Joan and George are happily married, but that sweetness and light business is a lot of hooey. They have their battles too, my dear, even as you and I, and with Joan behind the machine guns things do hum right smart. Joan has a most jealous disposition, only when it concerns George, however; and she can work herself into a perfect fury of jealousy over nothing at all. Her battle technique is to throw George on the defensive at once and start the bombing. Only the other night I was treated to a lovely little scrap. George was informed while we were at dinner that a Mrs. Smith wanted him on the phone. Joan froze, the conversation froze, even the pudding froze while we all listened to George. "Yes, this is Mr. Barnes," said George, who is the most polite and gentle person in the world. "No, I'm sorry but I'm not that Mr. Barnes" . . . "No I'm not a property boy" . . . "I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong Mr. Barnes" . . . "Why, it's quite all right. No bother at all. Good-bye."

"She had the wrong Barnes," said George genially, returning to his coffee. "She wanted you, I know she did," stormed Joan, going into battle with flags flying. "But darling, I don't even know who she was," insisted George. "Yes, you did" screamed Joan. "But anyway, even if you *didn't* know her, you had no right to be so nice to her!"

That's Joan for you. She doesn't make sense. She can no more help being jealous of George than birds can help flying. You



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When a man kisses, he wants to kiss *soft* and *smooth* lips—not crinkly and rough lips!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Black | |

just get used to it and don't mind. When the battle is over, and the bruised and battered are being removed from the field, Joan will suddenly regain her sense of humor and simply die laughing at herself for being such an idiot—what can you do with a dame like that?

Personally I didn't think Joan would make a very good mother; but it seems that I was all wrong, for Joan has developed a most terrific maternal instinct. From the minute he was born young Norman Scott Barnes, (named after Norman Foster), has been the object of the greatest affections. And he really is the cutest baby I've ever seen. Normie has inherited George's sweet disposition and the Blondell energy and eyes, and he has a grin that goes from ear to ear. I have never once heard him cry, which is some kind of a record, I'm sure. After the stars take one look at that healthy, beautiful, grinning baby they all go away planning to have an infant of their own. Sort of cute, I think, was the crack Joan pulled the other night. George was telling us that he knew the age of a certain director's son because "he was born

while we were making 'The Sheik.'" "Oh, gosh," said Joan quite seriously, "I hope people won't date my son by the 'Kansas City Princess.'"

Joan likes chop suey, mashed potatoes, movies, plays, Early American furniture, Garbo, etchings, New York night clubs, pay day, antique shops, auctions, Fifth Avenue buses, dancing, and camping trips, (which she has given up since the advent of Norman). She dislikes, she hates, Spanish houses, movie stars who take themselves seriously, sand under her nails, doormats, scraping noises, formal parties, women who fawn on George, all people who say the baby looks like her instead of George, reckless driving, false accents and birds—if a bird flies over her head she runs screaming into the house and practically has hysterics. She is hard on her stockings and her ambition is to do a Cecil B. DeMille super colossal production and act all over the place.

There is only one Joan Blondell. Again I thank Joe von Sternberg for going to the South Seas. Life would have been very drab without Joanie.

W. C. Fields' Real Life Story

Continued from page 15

existence. He was an under-nourished, nerve-wracked child, too long on the defensive. Stumbling away from his father, he seized the box, mounted a chair, brought it crashing down on his unsuspecting parent's head, then jumped and fled into outer darkness.

For a boy of eleven to run away from home is no uncommon feat. But for that same boy to spend the next four years of his life in his own home town, a waif and vagabond, sleeping and eating where he could, unsought, unmissed, preferring the miseries of cold and starvation to the misery of return, is probably without precedent in the annals of fugitive childhood.

Fields tells the tale without self-pity, characteristically dwelling on its more debonair aspects. "Any kid who wants to be a hero to the neighborhood gang," he points out, "—all he has to do is stop sleeping in a bed. None of those boys were pretty-willies. Lots of 'em were bigger and older

than I was and could've pushed my face in without half tryin.' But there always came a time at night—late maybe, still it came—when the biggest and toughest of 'em had to run home to mama. I didn't. They wouldn't believe it at first. They'd follow me to whatever hole I picked. 'Ah, g'wan,' they'd sneer. 'You'll scam the minute we're gone.' Well, maybe they didn't say scam, though the Lord alone knows how they managed without it. 'All right,' I'd tell 'em, 'stick around and see.' But they couldn't stick around—" the corners of his blue eyes crinkled with remembered satisfaction. "I'd curl up and pretend to go to sleep, and pretty soon they'd slink away, mutterin'. One morning about 5:30—I could never sleep after 3—I saw one smart aleck comin' down the alley, hopin' and prayin' he'd find me gone. I closed my eyes again—all but a crack—and I'm telling you, the biggest kick I ever got was the look on that guy's face when he stood



Renewing acquaintance on the film lot! W. C. Fields welcomes Fred Stone to Hollywood where he will soon make his first talkie.

there gapin' down at me—the kid that didn't have to go home at night."

Ask him what his sensations were when the fellows left him in his vacant cellar or hallway, and he'll shrug his shoulders. Use your imagination, and you'll realize that, whatever fun the situation may have held, its undercurrents ran bleak and desolate. A child of eleven, however hard-boiled and self-reliant, is still unprepared to face the struggle for existence. Throw him on his own resources in a so-called civilized community, in the so-called temperate zone, under the necessity of providing himself with food and clothing and shelter, and if he's a child of this one's calibre, he'll manage—as young Dukenfield proved—to keep his head above water. But—adventure or no adventure, prestige or no prestige—he won't enjoy it.

At first his friends brought him what provender they could. But as with all nine-day or nine-week wonders, his glamor waned, and he had to begin foraging for himself. The saloons were his best bet. With a nickel won by hook or crook at a poker game, he'd saunter in and order a ginger ale. Sauntering out past the free-lunch counter, he'd stuff his pockets with whatever lay handiest. Sometimes the bartenders were busy or soft-hearted—in which case he'd retire to privacy with his haul and feed his famished young body in peace. Sometimes he'd be nabbed and kicked off the premises—in which case he'd endure his hunger philosophically, till he could find or make the chance of coaxing another nickel his way.

So he lived for three years, always in dread of the pursuit that never materialized, changing his abode at will, dirty and freezing under his rags through the winter months, but never once dreaming of exchanging his parlous freedom for the doubtful shelter of his parents' roof. Scoff as he may at his family tree, someone somewhere along the line had endowed him with a grit and strength of purpose that were no mean legacy.

Then came the revelation. Like most revelations it burst upon him from a seemingly tranquil sky. He was looking forward to no more than a pleasant treat, arranged by two philanthropic friends who were taking him to a show—a rare event in his life, to be sure, but less than world-shattering. He watched the stage with a boy's normal interest till the juggling act of the Five Byrne Brothers was announced. As they began tossing their balls and canes and other paraphernalia into the air, Bill leaned forward, entranced. He forgot who and where he was. His mind and imagination were caught up in that spectacle of unbelievable twirls and parabolas, of uncanny timing and flowing movement and apparently effortless defiance of all the laws of gravity and equilibrium. His whole being surged in excitement. "I can do that." He didn't say it or think it. It was less an idea than an emotion that rose and engulfed him and left him stunned for the moment with its vision of glorious possibilities. When the curtain fell, his hands and forehead were damp with perspiration. "Nice work," remarked one of his hosts. "Yeah," said Bill.

From that time on, he labored toward a single end. He was going to be a juggler. He'd discovered the job he'd been born to do and, fired by enthusiasm, steadied by determination, he set about the task of teaching himself to do it. He started practicing with apples, but they rotted literally on his hands. He lurked about the fringes of tennis courts, waiting for a ball to be bounced out of bounds so he could grab it and run. He graduated to sticks and stones and whatever he could find in the neighborhood refuse heaps—tin cans that cut his hands, heavy boards that mashed his legs

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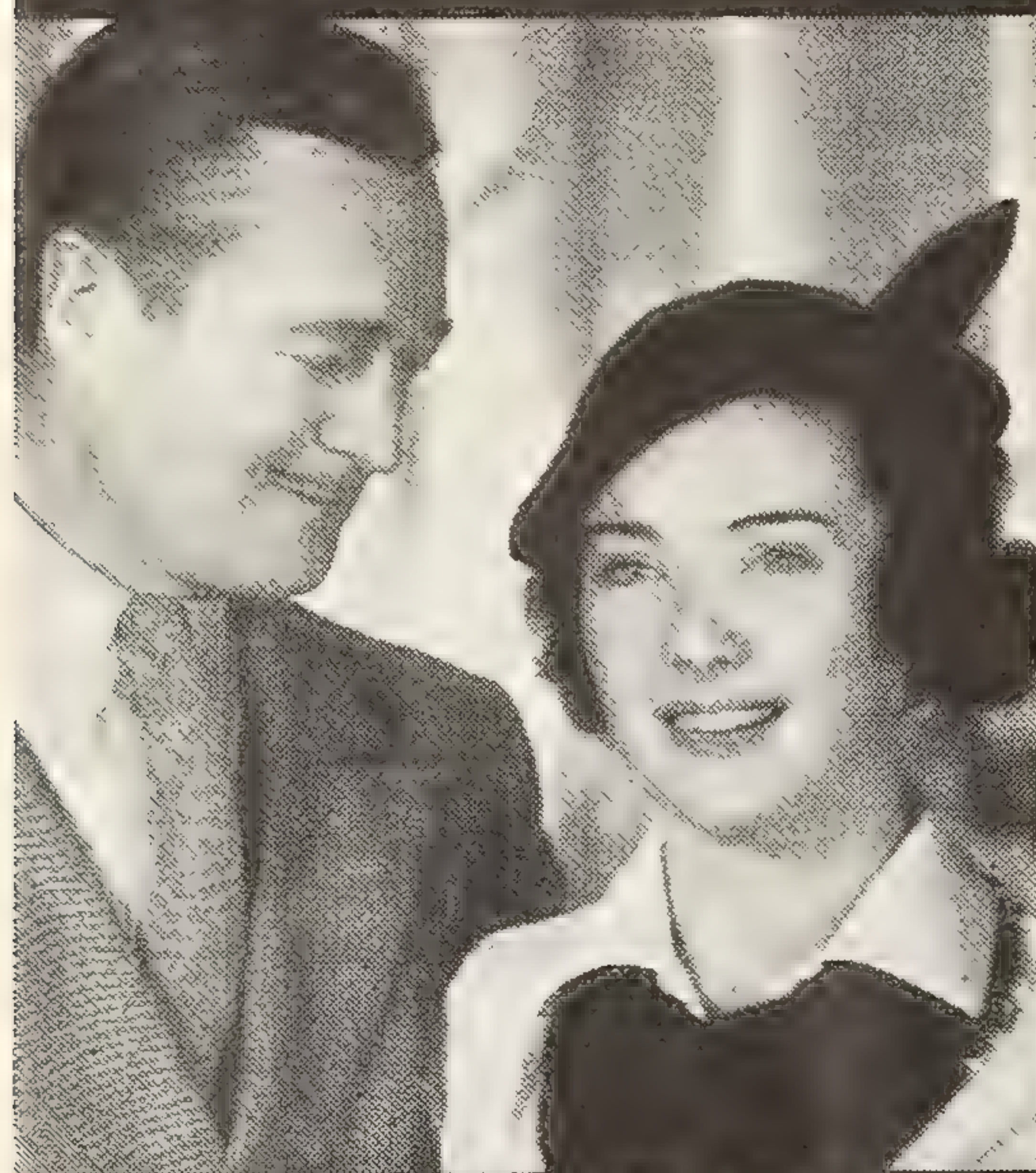


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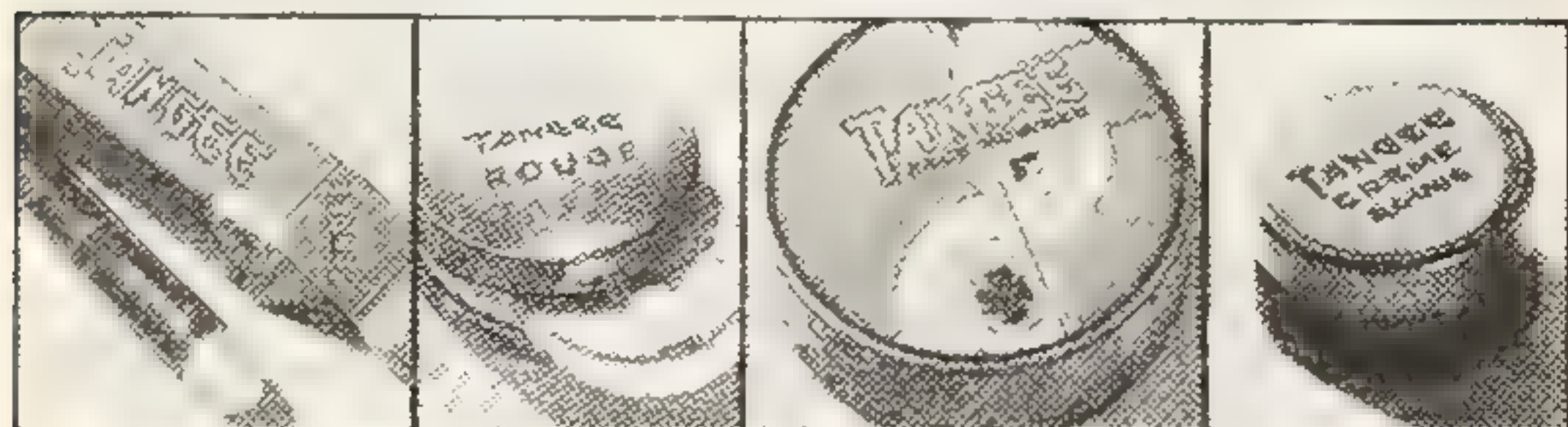
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Picture shows Edmund Lowe, making lipstick test between scenes of his latest Columbia release, "The Best Man Wins".

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and feet. For a year he was bruised and welted by the objects he tossed and tried to catch but missed. To this day he bears on his legs the scars of his early experimentation. But he kept on through discouragement and defeat—through sixteen hours a day of work and work—through such pain and weariness as brought the tears rolling down his cheeks—grimly bent on "getting somewhere," though he maimed or killed himself in the process.

All this may sound overdone. A child who brought the same fervor and persistence to the study of music or medicine would be praised and beamed at and patted encouragingly on the head. But juggling? To waste all that spirit and energy on a thing like juggling? To which the reply is again, Nuts! Bill knew he could juggle if he tried hard enough. It was juggling, not music or medicine, which appealed to his instincts. And he had the spunk and wisdom to plunge himself heart and soul into the work his instinct told him he could do.

When he felt he was ready, he put on a performance for his friends—with such success that offers came raining in—for church benefits and charity bazaars. At last he got his first paying job, at \$5 a week. His second brought him \$10. Slowly he worked his way on and up through beer gardens and summer fairs to New York.

There a manager looked his act over and offered him \$35 a week. "I thought he was loony," says Fields, "but I took it anyway. When I got the first thirty-five, I didn't know what to do with it. First, I gave it to the hotel clerk and told him to put it in the safe. Then I got to thinkin' about all the hotel clerks who were phonies and all the safes that were robbed. So I got the dough back and stuck it in my pocket and held my hand over it. That went on for three weeks. By that time I was carryin' eighty-five dollars around—I managed to spend ten bucks a week by livin' like a lord—and that was the smartest thing I ever did. Because on my way home from the theatre one night, a guy cracked me over the head and took my roll. Say—"he turned on me—"dyou ever have the world

come toppin' down round your ears? Because if you did, that's the way I felt that night. I'd been a millionaire for three weeks, and here I was a pauper again. I'll never forget it. I'll never feel as rotten about anything again. I lost plenty in the Harriman bank crash, and what I think about bankers you wouldn't print. But they're angels of mercy to me, compared with the gorilla that nicked me for eighty-five smackers—"

He didn't have to worry about money long, however. Europe and Australia were clamoring for jugglers, and Fields was booked for a tour that took him round the world. It was on that tour that he started the course of study which he still pursues. Having educated his fingers to earn him a living, he began educating his mind for the fuller enjoyment of life. Having fed his starved body, he was now free to feed his equally starved brain. He went down to a book-shop, and asked the clerk to pick him out a trunkful of the classics. Locked in his cabin, he spent his days with Marlowe and Bacon, with Shakespeare and Emerson, lapping them up with the accumulated thirst of years and the feeling of "where have you been all my life long?" From that day to this, he's never stopped reading. Having begun with the masters and loved them, he's never felt the need to descend to literary pap. He has a dictionary and thesaurus on his table at home and another set in his dressing-room, because when he's in one place he can't wait until he gets to the other to look up an unfamiliar word. He got started a little late on his education, but he'll keep it going as long as he's going himself.

Before starting for Australia, he visited the home he'd left eight years before, and found it unchanged. He felt no sentimental yearnings to fall on his parents' necks. He made what provision he could for their comfort, then set sail in peace for new pastures in the old world.

(Next Month: Fields' European adventures and his first big American successes, including nine years with the Ziegfeld Follies.)

Marlene Looks Ahead

Continued from page 29

act had finally reached the stature of one of the most dazzling and breath-taking flops the film world has ever known. "The Scarlet Empress" had left woe in its wake, and the new one, "The Devil is a Woman," had given its producers a ghastly case of head-scratching and moustache-gnawing. Something had to go bust—and it did.

Now Marlene is on her own—and so is von Sternberg. I rise in meeting, clear my throat and say it is the best thing that could have happened—for their sakes, for the company's sake, and for ours.

Dietrich was no longer an actress, but a puppet. Von Sternberg was no longer a first-rate movie director, but a *Svengali*, casting his spell about a beautiful woman who had come to depend upon him for every eyelid-flutter before the camera. It is no exaggeration to say that she has leaned on his direction as some souls do on drink or drugs.

This *Pygmalion*-and-*Galatea* monkey-business has been going on so long that many of us have wondered whether she can really act—whether old Von can actually direct a lick! Then we remember her in "The Blue Angel" and "Morocco," those first films of hers that knocked us headlong from our pews. Then we recall

that von Sternberg, before he turned ego-driven Master, directed "Underworld," one of the finest movies that ever blew up in our faces. But now they've got to prove their worth all over again!

I've made it my business to investigate this affair for you, and the other day I witnessed Dietrich under the new deal. I found a Dietrich nobody knew existed, but had always hoped for. It wasn't the Marlene who once told a SCREENLAND reporter, "It is not easy for me to meet people. I am always embarrassed and ill at ease." It was no orchidaceous baby-doll doing a second-hand Garbo. Nor was it a defiant Dietrich in pants, tailored for publicity and getting horse-laughs from the peanut gallery where we film fans sit and watch for sincerity.

No, indeedy—the Dietrich I saw the other day was a new one, and a pip. A beauteous and bewitching woman—Dietrich—gracious, friendly and poised. An A-number-1 vision in a long black velvet tea-gown, high-necked and long-sleeved, with a bunch of purple violets at her waist and an honest smile on that superb pan!

I sat and talked with this New Deal Dietrich. Around us gabbled and gobbled a hundred and fifty charter members of

the New York Motion Picture Free-Loaders Association, guests at a mighty cocktail party and sandwich-grab tossed in her honor. Three years ago you couldn't have dragged Dietrich to one of these rackets with a span of tractors—yet here she was, big as life and twice as beautiful, taking it like a major, meeting the mob one by one, with a smile and a word for everybody. After the dizzy ducking of the past, it was a fair treat to see this queenly cutie take her hair down and go regular! As an old-time omen-taker, I take it as a good omen for the future.

I dared to sit right down beside her on a golden chair—as close as I am to you this minute!—and ask her how she felt about the Great Break-Up.



Au Revoir Maurice! Chevalier sails for a vacation in Paris.

"I am very unhappy about it," she said, and she looked unhappy. "But it was von Sternberg's wish, and that is the way it will be."

"Have you any idea what director Paramount has in mind for you?"

"Not the slightest," she said, "and no story has been chosen for my next picture. As soon as I get back to Hollywood these things will be settled." She said it with more resignation than good cheer.

She had arrived in New York in a blaze of Page One publicity. She stifled idle talk of a Garbo-Dietrich feud by remarking that she had never even met Miss Garbo. And when one brash Broadway cameraman suggested that she raise her skirts and display several inches of the beautiful legs that helped make her famous, Marlene caught our fancy by saying "I see no reason for it. They are very well known!" And she has tramped nobly, no matter how unhappy she may be.

Dietrich says that the Fatal Parting with von Sternberg was his wish. At this I lower one eye-lid. Her company may have had some notion about it, too. There is no doubt that she mourns his loss.

The Princess Paley, who went to Hollywood to appear in the French version of "Folies Bergere," and is a warm friend of the German girl, says that Marlene not only feels deep gratitude to the director, and reverences him as an artist, but is really fond of him, too. The Paley also offers an interesting but ominous sidelight on the strange partnership that is no more.



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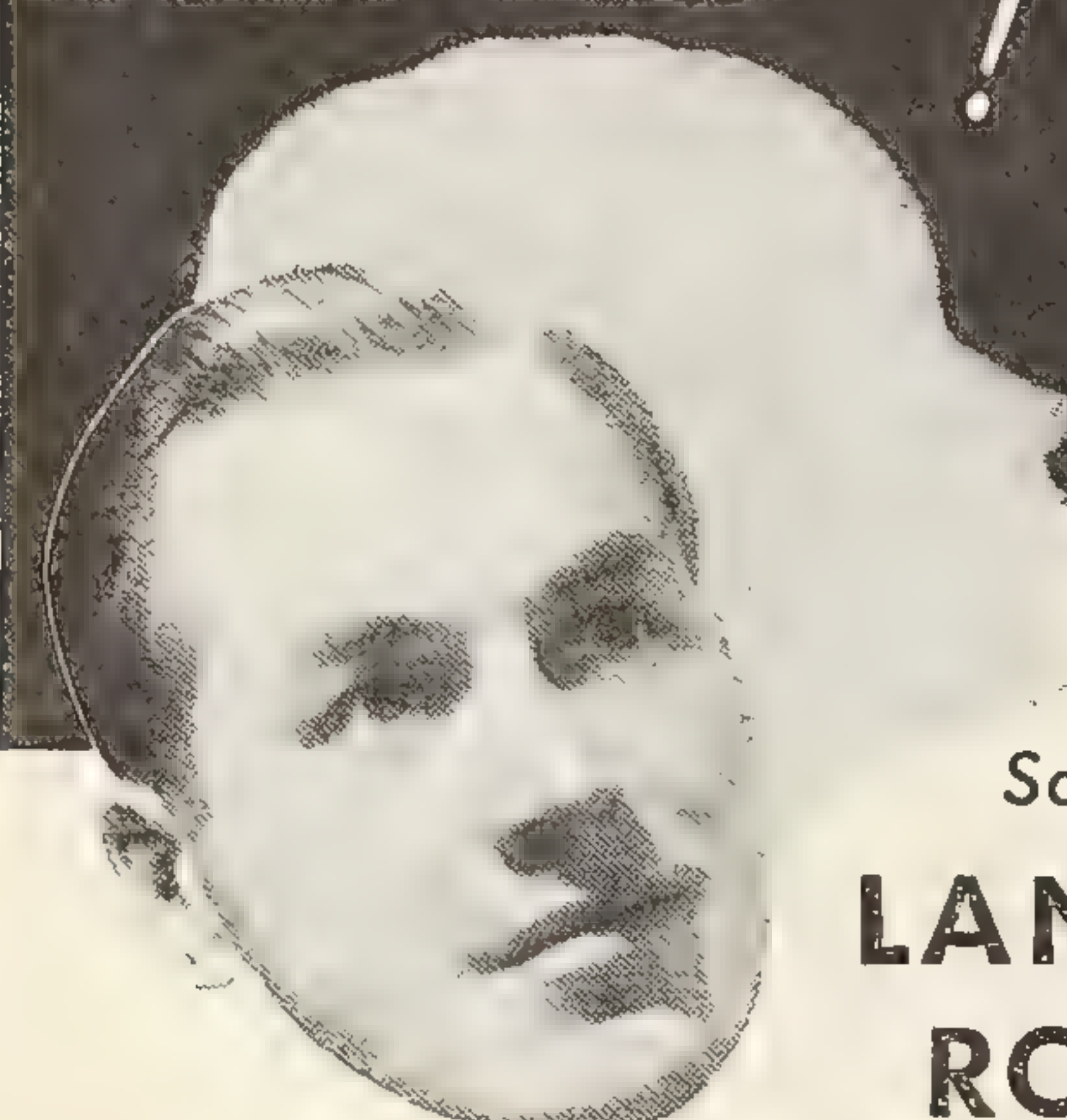
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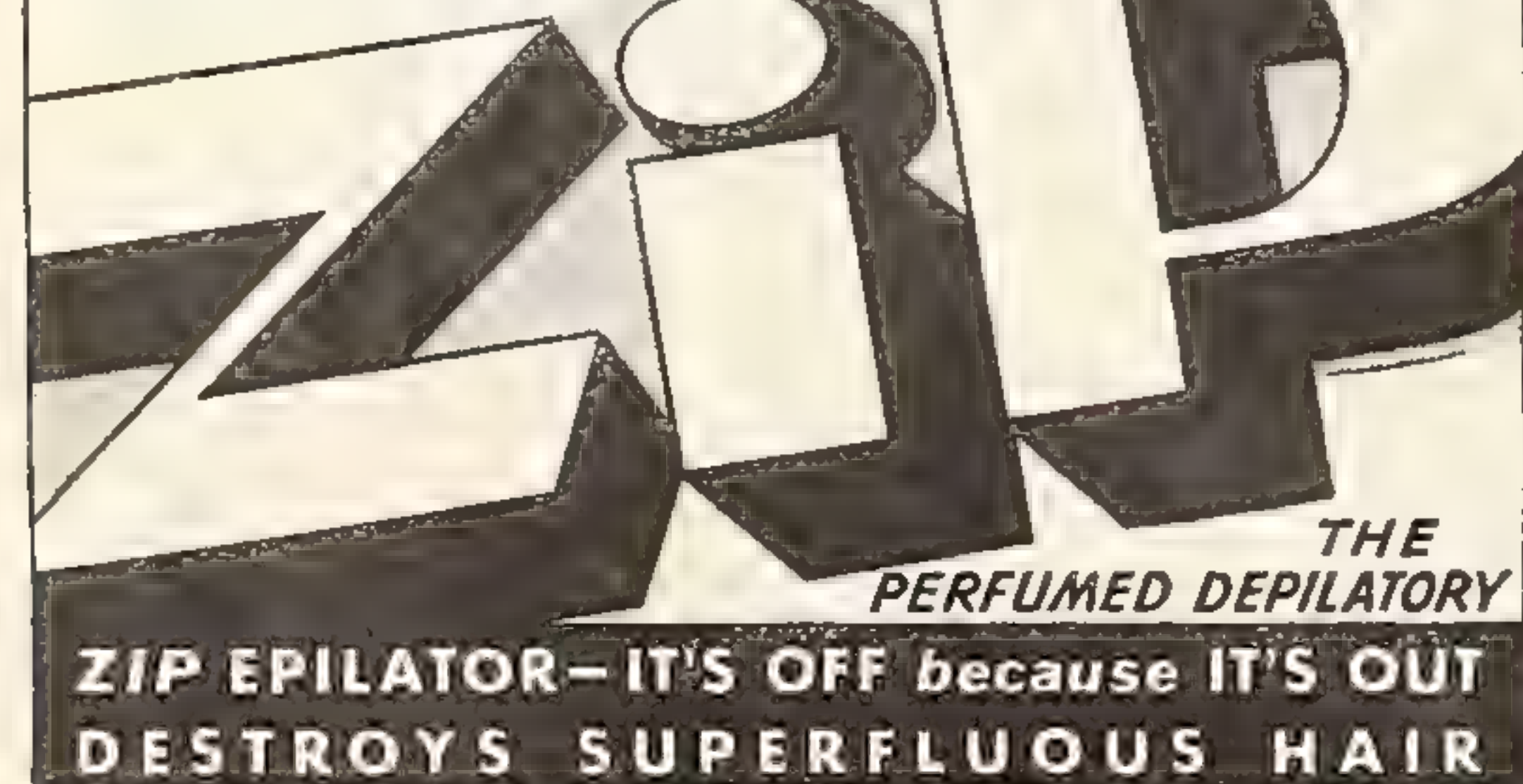
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WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING
HAIR REMOVER



She says that Dietrich, unlike the worrisome Garbo who frets herself ill over unfavorable criticism of her films, never bats an eye at critical attacks on her pictures. The reason? Von Sternberg, figures Marlene, is a great artist. He made the picture the way he wanted to. Therefore, if fans and critics denounced the film, the critics and fans were asses. In effect, von Sternberg could do no wrong! I ask you—could blind faith and self-delusion go further?

For the stark and brutal truth is, of course, that in the past year or two von Sternberg has not directed "motion pictures" at all. He has, on the other hand, erected lavish, unwieldy spectacles to frame the beauty of his star. Giving up the making of pictures that move, he has created a series of fabulous tableaux. Oddly enough, not even Dietrich has been permitted to act, but merely to pose. As for the supporting mummies, God help them, they have been fleeting flashes or lifeless faces on the cutting-room floor.

And more and more the Dietrich has come to lean on her faith in his complete and infallible genius. If you do not recall, or know, the whole story of this unique and amazing union of director and star—the only one of its kind, really, in screen history—you're missing a fascinating romantic chapter of the story of the films.

Von Sternberg, a movie wonder-boy with some fine silent films to his credit, is in Germany to make a picture for Paramount. It's 1929—the talkies are new. He has a fine story called "The Blue Angel." The great Emil Jannings is to play a respectable, middle-aged school teacher suddenly hypnotized and ruined by a beautiful hussy in a cheap music hall. It's to be a *tour de force* for Emil.

But Von needs the girl. He goes to a theatre. He sees a lovely face—hears a rich, throaty voice. The name is Marlene Dietrich. He meets her, tests her, hires her. The amazing partnership has begun.

Perhaps you remember how she struck us Americans amidships—a gorgeous thunderbolt. The glorious Dietrich legs were unveiled. Gosh, I still shiver as I hear her singing her famous little song, "Fall-eeng in luff again," at the bewitched Jannings!

Paramount, enchanted, snapped a contract on her—she came to our shores, a new gift of beauty and promise from the old world. Her first American picture, "Morocco," was a beauty. It was in that film that a long-legged cowboy, Gary Cooper by name, first displayed symptoms of becoming an actor. In fact, the depth and beauty of the Dietrich whipped the lanky kid into a trouser! That began it. Five long and desperate years ago. And from that day to this Joseph von Sternberg has directed Marlene Dietrich in every picture she has made, save one. And that one, "Song of Songs," a Mamoulia effort, was no bargain even at matinee prices on a double bill.

That famous association, begun at the old UFA plant in Germany so long ago, existed practically unbroken until day before yesterday. It began in glory; it ended in defeat and disaster.

Drawing to its close, the association of Dietrich and von Sternberg, pressed too far, came within a faint gasp of plunging two colorful people into artistic ruin—depriving us of two sizable and authentic talents our films can ill spare.

Von Sternberg, delusions of grandeur upon him, left off directing movies and became a genius, robed in flappedoodle and folderol. Nothing mattered but the star; story and support were almost ignored. Dietrich, dazed, followed him blindly, completely sold on his ability to guide her artistic life. Ill-advised publicity plagued

her career. The two were headed straight for professional destruction—and extinction.

"The Scarlet Empress"—a glittering, empty mass—reached the limit. "The Devil is a Woman" passed it. The inevitable end had come. And, I repeat, with gestures, a great thing for both!

What now? It's really very simple. Joe, get hold of yourself and hang on. Go sit on a hill and brood for a while. Forget this Genius rubbish. Get yourself a job and direct yourself some movies. Remember that while you've been fooling around with over-sized sets and midget stories, a whole raft of fine directors have been making some elegant pictures. If you sit around as a misunderstood creator, you're stark goofy. The parade will pass you by, and you won't even see the elephants. And it will be your own dad-burned fault, Joe.

As for you, Marlene—sit tight and do your stuff. Paramount won't hire a chump to direct you. They'll hire the best man they can find. If you lie about mourning the Lost Leader, and making a lot of silly comparisons, your goose will be cooked, and you won't get a bite of it! A lot of pretty gals come along every year to knock over the fans—and you've got to hold your friends, win back lost ones, and attract new ones. Remember, there are thousands of youngsters who haven't the faintest idea just how wonderful you can be when you try. They've never really seen you in there punching!

Best of all, *liebchen*, I think you're game—and you'll need your gameness. You proved you could take it at that clamorous party, with the Free-Loaders screaming in your ears. Show us you can take it at the studio. So *glück auf*, kid!



Miriam Hopkins

PAGE MISS GLORY!

More about SCREENLAND-
Marion Davies Contest.
Read the Rules!

Continued from page 19

ON PAGES 18 and 19 you have read about our new contest. Before entering, however, be sure to read the rules given below. It is important to study the large picture on Page 18; it is imperative to scrutinize carefully all the details. Then you will realize what an easy, simple, enjoyable contest this really is, and at the same time how entertaining it can be to you and your family and friends.

Marion Davies, star of the motion picture, "Page Miss Glory," which is just going into actual production as we go to press, wishes you fun and progress in this contest. Our fictionization of "Page Miss Glory," which begins on Page 20 of this issue and which will be continued in the next issue, will afford you interest and amusement.

The judges of the Marion Davies-SCREENLAND Composite Girl Contest will be:

Mr. Mervyn LeRoy, famous director of many Warner Bros. successes, now directing Miss Davies in "Page Miss Glory."

Mr. Charles Sheldon, noted artist, whose beautiful portrait of Marion Davies graces the cover of this issue.

Miss Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND Magazine.

Rules of the Contest:

1. The coupon—see Page 19—properly filled out, must accompany each entry. Enter in each space, opposite the feature indicated, the name of the Hollywood star you select to supply the features required to create Hollywood's Composite Girl, "Miss Glory," whose beauty would combine the most beautiful features of the loveliest feminine stars. Write your name and address plainly in the space provided. Mail to: Marion Davies Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

2. There are no restrictions as to which stars you may select to supply the features you choose to make up the Composite Girl. Only one star, of course, may be named for any one feature.

3. Prizes will be awarded for the selections which in the opinion of the judges would make the most beautiful Composite Girl.

4. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. The July issue of SCREENLAND, on sale May 25, 1935, will contain complete details of the second step. Contest will run in three issues in all: June, July, and August, 1935. Contest will close at midnight, July 24, 1935.

6. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families; or Warner Brothers Pictures, or their families.

Now go to it! Look at that list of tempting prizes on Page 19.

First Prize, beautiful, brand new Auburn 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan, with approximate retail value of \$1800.00, including extra wheels and deluxe equipment. Many other wonderful prizes.



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Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 6

WE SAY HURRAH FOR AUNTIE!

My maiden aunt, who used to nag me about movies, was persuaded by her pastor and his wife to see "The Little Minister." Since, I've seen her take some of her library books and place between them my copy of SCREENLAND. Three cheers for whom: Movies, SCREENLAND, or Auntie?

Mary M. Stoudt,
220 E. Penn Ave.,
Robesonia, Pa.

A PLEA FOR GARBO!

I have always been a Garbo fan, but I was very disappointed in "The Painted Veil." The direction was devoid of originality. The photography commonplace, and Miss Garbo ruined one of her best scenes. For heaven's sake give this great star a good picture!

Bette Olsan,
6246 34th N. E.
Seattle, Wash.

TRIBUTE TO A TROUPER

Salutes to Edna May Oliver! She stands out in any aggregation of talent—makes a good picture top notch, a poor one passable; is individual, but never monotonous;

hilariously funny, never suggestive. You feel she is so genuine you would like to have her for a friend.

Mrs. G. B. Sander,
709 E. 65th St.,
Seattle, Wash.

SCREEN'S TOP TEAM

To me Ronald Colman and Loretta Young have every other screen team beat by a couple of miles. In that "Bulldog Drummond" picture, they were gay and modern, and in "Clive of India" they reminded me of "Lavender and old lace." If that is not being versatile, I don't know what is.

Della Stevens,
319 E. 14th St.,
New York, N. Y.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER!

I hope I may soon see another such inspiring picture as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." A whole acre of orchids to Gary Cooper, and Franchot Tone, too, for great acting performances.

Lina Macatee,
3825 Legation St.,
Washington, D. C.

Walking to Health

Continued from page 56

what we'll call a stride when she walks. When Carole, for instance, steps forward with her left foot, her right hand comes forward and her head is held well up.

Look at yourself. When you walk, do you bend forward? The tall girl who strides is inclined to do this so as to cover more ground with her step—at least I suppose that is the general idea. As a rule, she also brings forward the hand that corresponds with the striding foot—right hand and right foot. That's all wrong. I hope you don't do it.

This forward bend is accompanied usually with a forward thrust of the head. Americans are always in a hurry and they seem to think that if they push out their heads they'll get there quicker themselves! This fault, exaggerated, makes them look, too often, like so many geese going after food.

If you watch that chin, you'll never see it double or triple on you. Hold it up in that "Every inch a queen" fashion.

High heels will cause the body to pitch forward and give you that tense look when you try to hold yourself erect. Try wearing reasonably low heels when you walk, if you would look well.

"Oh, but I'm always in such a rush that I have to hurry!" girls tell me, when I try to criticize their walk.

Haste makes for lack of grace in the average person. I know that the girl who goes to work in a store, office, or school is apt to be up late the night before and so she tries to take a little extra nap when she should be popping out of bed. Even if she has made up her mind that she will do some walking for the sake of her figure, she fails to get up five or ten minutes earlier so as to have time for the walk to do good. She dresses in frantic haste, she grabs a bite of breakfast and swallows it whole, and she rushes down the street,

breaking into a half run when she sees the street-car or bus a block away. She might as well give up if she thinks that walk is doing her good. She's courting indigestion, constipation, and nervous breakdown, and she's ruining her looks. If she *must* hurry, she should take a long, easy step. Those short quick steps won't get her there any more swiftly.

Usually the only reason for an American girl taking a walk is because she must get somewhere. The English girl walks for pleasure, and so she stirs up her circulation and has a fine complexion. She is also less inclined to put on extra weight.

Elissa Landi and Ida Lupino go in for walking whenever they have time off from the studio. They have no weight problem.

I notice that a good many small girls and women think it's cute to take very short steps, to mince along in what they imagine is a dainty fashion.

"I'm so little, I'd look dreadful if I took a twelve inch step," they tell me. Maybe they would, but a nine or ten inch step would make them more attractive.

Sylvia Sidney, Helen Mack, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins and Janet Gaynor are all small girls, yet each one walks well, no mincing about them.

Not so long ago, children were taught to toe out when they walked. You still see the effects of this poor teaching in the fussy walker. If you toe out—or even if you toe in—you can overcome the fault by walking on a line. Follow the line in the middle of the sidewalk, or a floor-board in a room, or a pattern in a carpet; and don't give up until you are sure your feet are straight and that you have perfect balance.

Perfect balance is really the secret of good walking. Here's an exercise we used to do in the army to gain balance:

Get a 2 x 4, (a piece of wood with those measurements, you know), and set it up

about twelve inches from the floor. Stand facing it, take a pace forward with the right, then step up with the left onto the 2 x 4, turn, balancing with your arms, and stand on toes on the board, then turn again, lowering arms, and step down with left foot. Don't lower your heels during this exercise. As you gain control of your muscles, you can raise the 2 x 4 until it is 24 inches from the floor.

Talking of short steps, do you remember that Chinese walk of Una O'Connor's in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street?" They got a laugh every time, because you couldn't see her feet; she seemed to be steaming ahead like a boat. A Chinese walks along with tiny, quick steps that don't leave the floor. It's amusing, but it isn't graceful nor becoming to an Occidental.

If you are fat as well as small, you may be inclined to waddle. Short steps throw you into a side sway, which is very ugly. Try taking longer steps and walking with a hip-swing. You will look pounds lighter.

I've given you in an earlier issue a good exercise for acquiring that free hip-swing, but here it is again: Stand beside a chair, foot-board of a bed or other support, rest the right hand on it, stand on left leg and swing right leg forward and backward. Then let go of the support and continue swinging the leg, maintaining your balance as you do so. If you have difficulty in swinging the left arm forward with the right leg, try doing so when you do this exercise.

Naturally, you must start off with perfect posture, if you're going to walk as you should. To get this, stand with your feet parallel, say about five or six inches apart. Hold your head up, chin level, shoulders relaxed, abdomen in, chest up so you can breathe easily, buttocks in.

Walk with a free swing from the hips, don't just stomp along from the knee. Your shoulders should hold the same position they have when you stand still, your arms should swing easily; *don't* give them that wide swing, or hold them taut against your sides. The knee should bend easily as you move, thus avoiding scraping and shuffling.

When I say heel-and-toe, heel-and-toe, I mean that you naturally set the foot down, heel first, then gradually but firmly press it against the floor finishing with a pressure of the weight against the great-toe-joint. If you do this correctly, you will have mastered the way to look young when you walk. It gives you a springy, youthful step.

Some women, even when they are not over twenty, walk stiffly. They are usually thin women, over the average height, but this is not always so. These "wooden-walkers" seem not to know what their joints are for. They are tense, and they think themselves dignified. If you are a "wooden-walker," try deep breathing for relaxation; take a deep breath whenever you feel stiff, exhale slowly. Then go in for a course of knee and hip exercises to limber yourself.

Youth for the knees can't be attained in one evening. You have to go at it slowly and keep at it endlessly. Spend five minutes a day and gradually increase the time until you have made it fifteen minutes. You may break this up into two or three periods if you choose.

(A). Stand erect with arms held easily at sides. Rise on the balls of the feet, raising the arms over the head as you rise. Slowly sink down to squatting position, lowering arms to sides. Straighten the knees until you are standing and lower heels to floor. Repeat.

(B). Stand erect, hands on hips. Take a long step forward on the right foot. Bend both knees so that the left knee touches the floor. Rise quickly and step forward on left foot, flexing knees as before. Take a dozen of long steps with knee bendings.

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(C). (This is good for ankles also). Stand erect, arms at sides, toes out. Slowly bend the knees, raising arms out in front to balance the body, raising heels off floor. Hold this position while you count 1-2-3 slowly, then rise and return to starting position. Repeat.

(D). Stand on your left foot and swing right leg obliquely forward. Now bend the right leg sharply; bring the right foot across the left leg in front. Straighten the right leg with a vigorous kick; then bend the knee as before, but this time bring the right foot up behind the left leg. Repeat.

(E). Sit in a chair or on a bench, raise the right knee and rotate lower leg from knee. Repeat with left knee and leg.

(F). The Russian dance movement, I have given you before. Arms folded, you squat down, resting on left heel, right foot extended; then rise on toes and reverse movement, using right and left leg alternately. Do this first slowly, then quicker, until you are going as fast as you can go.

Some girls lean over backward when they walk, making their abdomens unattractively prominent. You notice this fault also in older women, who amble to market or to shop with their abdomens sticking 'way out before them. When they stop to look over vegetables, they rest the bag or basket on their hip as they stand and we grin when we see them. But they are no funnier than you young girls who walk along pushing out your tummies.

Pull that tummy in! If you have this fault, try for a day to remember it every time you get up, every time you take a step. Drag it in. Think: "I won't follow my stomach!" Come in!

Here's a good exercise to help gain control of posture muscles: Clasp your hands above your head as you stand erect, holding arms as high as you can. Bend body forward and down, swinging your clasped hands down and between the feet. Rise

and repeat the entire exercise routine.

Here are some more good all-around exercises that will enable you to make muscles obey you: Stand several paces away from a chair. Bend over and place both palms of your hands on the chair seat, transfer weight to your hands and toes and hold your body straight. Of course, the chair must be braced so it will not move. Raise and lower each leg backward ten times.

Stand erect, heels together and hands on hips. Raise the right knee out sidewise, sliding the right foot up the left leg until it comes to rest against the side of the left knee. Now thrust the right leg obliquely backward, holding the leg straight, touching the floor with the toe. Snap back to position. Repeat movement with left leg. Lie face down across a bench and repeat movements with both legs.

If you are threatened with round shoulders, as so many girls are who walk with heads protruding forward, you can cure that slouch: Raise your arms to shoulder height with elbows bent. Clasp fingers of both hands in firm grip. Keep your head erect and chin up, your shoulders back. Then try to pull the hands apart, moving your arms from left to right. If you do this exercise correctly, you will feel a strong pull on the muscles between your shoulder-blades.

An exercise that is excellent for gaining a slim waist is this one: Stand erect with feet slightly apart. Raise arms out to sides, bend over from waist and touch left toe with right hand, while keeping left hand outstretched behind. Rise and repeat with left hand to right toe. Stretch your arm as far back as possible.

Relax after your exercise period and shower, if you can. Remember that hustle doesn't make for grace. Look at a slow-motion picture. It's the slowness that looks so graceful, isn't it? Choppy, quick movements are always unlovely. Don't jerk!

James Davies Answers Your Questions

Miss R. A. Y., Long Island, N. Y.: Your correct weight should be around 120 lbs. Your hips and thighs are too large and should be reduced. I'd advise that you concentrate on exercise rather than on diet. The "upside-down sit-ups" given in the January issue of SCREENLAND would be good for you. Here is an exercise excellent for overweight hips: Tie a rope to something steady, heavy banisters, steel fence, etc. Lie on floor or grass with head toward rope, stretch arms back and grasp it with both hands, high enough so you can lift your shoulders from the floor with its aid. Raise shoulders and feet from floor and roll on hips, keeping steady with the aid of the rope. First roll three to left, then three to right. This is not easy, but it's worth while.

Alicia G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: No, you are decidedly not too old at 22 to improve your figure. Your weight is all right, though not distributed quite as I'd like it to be. Try paying strict attention to the way you hold yourself as you go up and down those stairs, holding shoulders well back. Also take long breaths on that walk home. Take off a little of the hips and the thighs won't seem so small. Also do ankle exercises. Try the exercise given above.

Eula S., Topeka, Kansas: You do not give your measurements, but you are somewhat under-weight. Yes, try hip-reduction exercises. Massage your too-thin neck and chest with cocoa butter. Whistling and singing, with their attendant deep breathing exercises, will help develop your throat and chest.

S. C., Seneca, S. C.: You are not over-weight. In fact, you could do with two or three extra pounds. If you worry over your hips, try the above exercise, and then eat cereal and cream for breakfast.

Jean B.: For round shoulders: Lie face down on the floor, tuck your feet under chair rungs, slowly raise head and shoulders, lower them and repeat six times. Don't do this too strenuously at first.

Try the general reduction exercises in this article. Also the exercise given above.

T. D., of Newark: Have you given me your correct height? 4'8" seems very tiny for a girl of 17 who weighs 117. Correct posture will make your bust look trimmer. Do not massage a heavy bust, but use cold showers after exercise, also ice-packs briefly applied. Develop bust-muscles which support bust by arm exercises. Try swinging a rod held in both hands forward, upward and back over the head.

Mrs. B. W., Pittsfield, Ill.: If you feel badly run down with your loss of weight, by all means see your doctor. Expect an article soon on weight-building. You might do the hip-roll.

Margaret E. J. C., West Virginia: You are more than 20 lbs over-weight. If you are serious about reducing, try cutting down on sweets and taking plenty of fruit and fruit juices. Go in seriously for exercise routine morning and evening. Try a different routine each week, but make yourself do it twice a day, and always include a few hip and abdomen exercises.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 57

my own sounds so theatrical" . . . refuses to take herself seriously . . . is in deadly earnest about making a career as an actress . . . never took a singing lesson in her life . . . has impersonated many leading screen actresses in the former "45 Minutes in Hollywood" series, but steadfastly refuses to make screen tests, "because I have a hunch it would be better for me to wait" . . . has been in radio for five years, and has been stage-struck since as long as she can remember.

Peg, who was christened Marguerita but had that abbreviated by her school chums, was chosen for those Saturday night programs by the highest-priced jury that ever sat on the destiny of an aspirant to radio fame—a jury consisting as it really did of Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Whiteman, Gladys Swarthout, Jessica Dragonette and Frank Black.

These gods and goddesses of NBC decided, after listening to recordings of the Radio City Party series, which brought to the microphone all of the younger NBC artists, that Peg La Centra and Paul Lawrence, baritone, were the two Stars of Tomorrow to play regularly on the new Radio City Party programs.

Stopping by to congratulate the gal, whose blonde hair and greenish-blue eyes would make most people never guess that her ancestry is one hundred per cent Italian, "and very proud of it," she adds, your correspondent expected that the La Centra might gush a bit. Peg, though, who fizzes all the time, gushes never.

"I didn't even know there was any contest about it," she said, "until it was too late to back out. I didn't want to be in any contest. However, it turned out nicely enough. It took me three years to convince NBC that I could do what I want to do in radio, and now that I'm under contract and my interests are being so well taken care of by NBC I'm not getting too excited about what I should do outside of the work I'm actually engaged for."

In other words little Miss La Centra is letting the business angles go and is concentrating on the phases of her work in which she is most interested—the actual microphone acting and singing called for by the show itself. Thus she again plays a



In the dramatic mood, we find Peg La Centra, above, one of radio's "Stars of Tomorrow."

Which of these 'dental ills' do you fear most?

1

TOOTH DECAY

Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

2

BLEEDING GUMS

Film combines with minerals in the saliva . . . to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

3

STUBBORN STAINS

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

remove dangerous Film this way..

OTHER tooth pastes or tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's sole duty is to REMOVE FILM thoroughly, safely. To millions of people it is known as the one and only "special film-removing tooth paste."

Why results are unfailing

Pepsodent is unlike all others. Because the formula is different, it works in a different way to give different results. How? Pepsodent contains no soap, pumice, chalk or grit. The secret of its effectiveness is due to a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing material. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it! Thus with Pepsodent you enjoy a *unique* way to keep teeth free from film—from food and tobacco stains. A way so safe that in impartial tests, Pepsodent has been found the least abrasive . . . therefore *softest*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So don't take chances on "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways. Be sensible. Try Pepsodent. See for yourself how clean your

teeth feel after only one brushing. Note how quickly that sticky film disappears . . . how much brighter your teeth look. And remember that clean teeth are one of your best safeguards against decay and dreaded dental ills. For proof of effectiveness and safety, use Pepsodent regularly twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles . . . thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

10% more Pepsodent
in the new tube — dealers are
selling it at
a new low price!
YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT *the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste*

FAMOUS DANCERS

end corn suffering
this safe, easy way



They *must* keep their feet in good condition. Whenever a corn appears they apply Blue-Jay.

Blue-Jay is the scientific, safe, mild corn remover. It stops pain instantly... corn is removed gently but surely in 3 days. Invented by a famous chemist, made for you by Bauer & Black, famous surgical dressing house. Used successfully by 30,000,000 corn sufferers during the past 35 years. 25c at all druggists.

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CORN PLASTER

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hunch, and wisely it appears at this time.

Being a featured member of the current Radio City Party series, means that Peg La Centra has featured spots on three programs every week. The other two are the Friday evening "Circus" shows starring Joe Cook, and the Sunday afternoon commercial with Ray Hetherton and Harry Reser. Meantime she is auditioning some dramatic sketches which may reach the airwaves any day now.

Despite all this success in radio, Peg La Centra probably would chuck it all if the right opportunity to act on the stage came along. Playing stock, and understudying a part in "Music In the Air" and at the same time taking her place in the chorus line, couldn't dampen her enthusiasm for the theatre. If anything this actual contact with the stage has increased her desire to be an actress.

Peg can't trace her love of the theatre to any immediate inheritance. The closest family connection with the theatre she knows of was no closer to the stage than an uncle or somebody who was a prominent concert violinist in Europe.

Though she was picked as a Star of Tomorrow because of her singing, the vocal work means little to La Centra compared to her interest in acting. The urge for the latter was so strong that she checked out of a fashionable Boston finishing school—even before it could finish her—when she had a chance to be a radio actress after an audition held by a local Boston station at a tea dance Peg and her school mates were attending.

The blues singing came later, as an adjunct to taking her place on whatever program needed her. But not too late to land her a rating as a Star of Tomorrow.

Best Bets!—Fred MacMurray

Continued from page 30

the California Collegians, a comedy band, and toured east to New York. A few months later, he joined the show, "Three's A Crowd," and during the run on Broadway and on the road, he filled just about every part in the show.

"One night I'd play the butler," he recalled, "and the next show I'd be the husband, or the lover, or the comedy sailor. That was in addition to doing my job with the orchestra. I got a lot of experience in a mighty short time with that troupe."

After "Three's A Crowd" he returned to California to work in vaudeville, later going east for more vaudeville and night club work. He finally snagged a good rôle in "Roberta" and his success in this New York stage hit brought him a contract with Paramount.

He went immediately to Hollywood, but after landing in the film capital he spent the first six months trying out the local golf courses and collecting his pay check every Wednesday afternoon. He did not turn a working finger. Incidentally, he does not pretend to be a world-beater on the golf course—his admitted best score to date is an 85—but he is still trying.

Finally Paramount loaned its young newcomer to RKO where he played a small part in the May Robson picture, "Grand Old Girl." Back on his own lot again he got the biggest break of his short career, the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily."

Can you imagine this youngster, too bashful to take part in school plays and still self-conscious despite several years of orchestra work, playing opposite the Academy Award winner in his first big picture?

Fred admits that he was plenty shaky for the first few days. A "friend" kindly informed him the studio officials weren't satisfied with his work and that didn't help things, but Miss Colbert took him off to one side after a particularly trying day and gave him a real heart-to-heart talk that bucked him up.

MacMurray will not say just what Claudette's words of advice were, but they must have helped. There was no more talk about taking him out of the part and, if you have seen "The Gilded Lily," you must admit she did a nice job of advising.

When the picture was completed, the powers that be were so impressed they lost no time in notifying their brand-new leading man that he was still on the payroll, and likely to remain there for some time to come.

In fact, Fred is signed to one of those

seven-year contracts and unless all signs fail, he will spend all seven of them under the Paramount banner. He likes the idea of living here so well he has settled down in a little home on the outskirts of Hollywood with his mother, his grandmother, an aunt and an uncle. I would say he is pretty well chaperoned.

After "The Gilded Lily" MacMurray played the part of a state trouper in "Car 99." Right now he's loafing again but it won't be for long. They say he is down



Neighborly visit! Anne Shirley calls on Randolph Scott, who is working on an adjoining set.

for a good rôle in a federal-agent picture Paramount is planning and, for my part, I hope they keep him busy. The screen can use a few youngsters of the Fred MacMurray type.

It's a long jump from playing a saxophone in an orchestra pit to playing the leading rôle opposite an internationally famous star in a feature production, but MacMurray made it gracefully enough. Fred claims screen work is tougher than a stage job, but he likes it just the same. Right now he is ready and eager for another rôle, not afraid to admit his newness and perfectly willing to learn. Let's hope he keeps that attitude—it strikes an interviewer like a breath of cool air from the ocean after a day on the desert.

Anne Shirley

Continued from page 31

the youthful star, "but I'm sure he doesn't believe me. It doesn't sound reasonable, does it? Because I'm almost as big as Miss Dee now. I was lucky," she pointed out, "for up until I was about fourteen, I looked like a little girl of ten or eleven. Then, just all of a sudden, I grew up until I looked about fifteen or sixteen. I've never played real grown-up rôles and don't care to. I'm perfectly willing to play just what I am, a girl of sixteen or seventeen.

"Being a star—if I am one—doesn't change anything. My friends like me for what I am. Not because I'm Dawn O'Day or Anne Shirley. I still spend a lot of time reading, or visiting at the homes of friends, or talking with Mary Blackford. You know she's been in the hospital for months. I like to spend as much time as I can with her for it must be awfully lonesome in that room, all alone."

Mary Blackford is the young actress who played with Will Rogers in "Ah, Wilderness" on the Hollywood stage, and was just getting a real start in pictures when an automobile crash halted her career. She has been confined to her hospital bed for months.

"It's true," the little Shirley girl resumed, "that I make very little money, but I can't object seriously. When I signed a long-term contract with RKO I was just Dawn O'Day, out of work, and mighty glad to get a contract of any kind.

"Of course I'd like to have more money. Enough to make sure mother will want for nothing as long as she lives, and enough so that I could have a good time without worrying about contracts and motion pictures.

"You know, I've been in pictures for fourteen years. That's a long time. By the time I'm twenty, I'll have worked seventeen years before the camera. Long enough, don't you think?"

"No," in answer to my immediate questions, "I'm not planning to quit at twenty. I won't have enough money by then; but when I *do* start earning a large salary, I'm going to save most of it and buy an annu—annui—how do you say it?—an annuity."

Despite her work in pictures, Anne has never fallen behind in her schooling. For years she attended public schools in Hollywood, including the Le Conte Junior High School. After she got her contract, she went to a school for professional children in Hollywood because it was easier to arrange her school hours so they did not conflict with her film work.

Now, of course, as a full-fledged star still of school age, RKO provides a private tutor on the set during the making of each picture. She's in her last year of high school, which is fair enough for her age.

Anne is a puzzling little girl, as full of contradictions as a pomegranate is of seeds. One minute she's talking like a young business woman of 25 or so, and the next you'd swear your kid cousin was home from boarding school.

A life-time spent in studios, far from spoiling her, has given Anne Shirley poise and self-confidence; but has left her the courage, the enthusiasm and the dreams of youth.

"Marriage?" she repeated my final question as we left the office in the publicity department at the studio where this interview was staged, "I'm not even thinking about it. To me," and Anne turned suddenly serious, "marriage will mean the end of my screen work. I don't think I could ever be a good wife and a good actress at the same time."



THE few pennies you pay for Lifebuoy bring you that priceless thing—PROTECTION. Protection against unforgivable "B. O." (body odor). Protection for your skin. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." And Lifebuoy deep-cleanses, gently washes away pore-clogging impurities that dull the skin. Watch your complexion become fresher, clearer!

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Lifebuoy's so refreshing you'll want to bathe with it every day. You get so

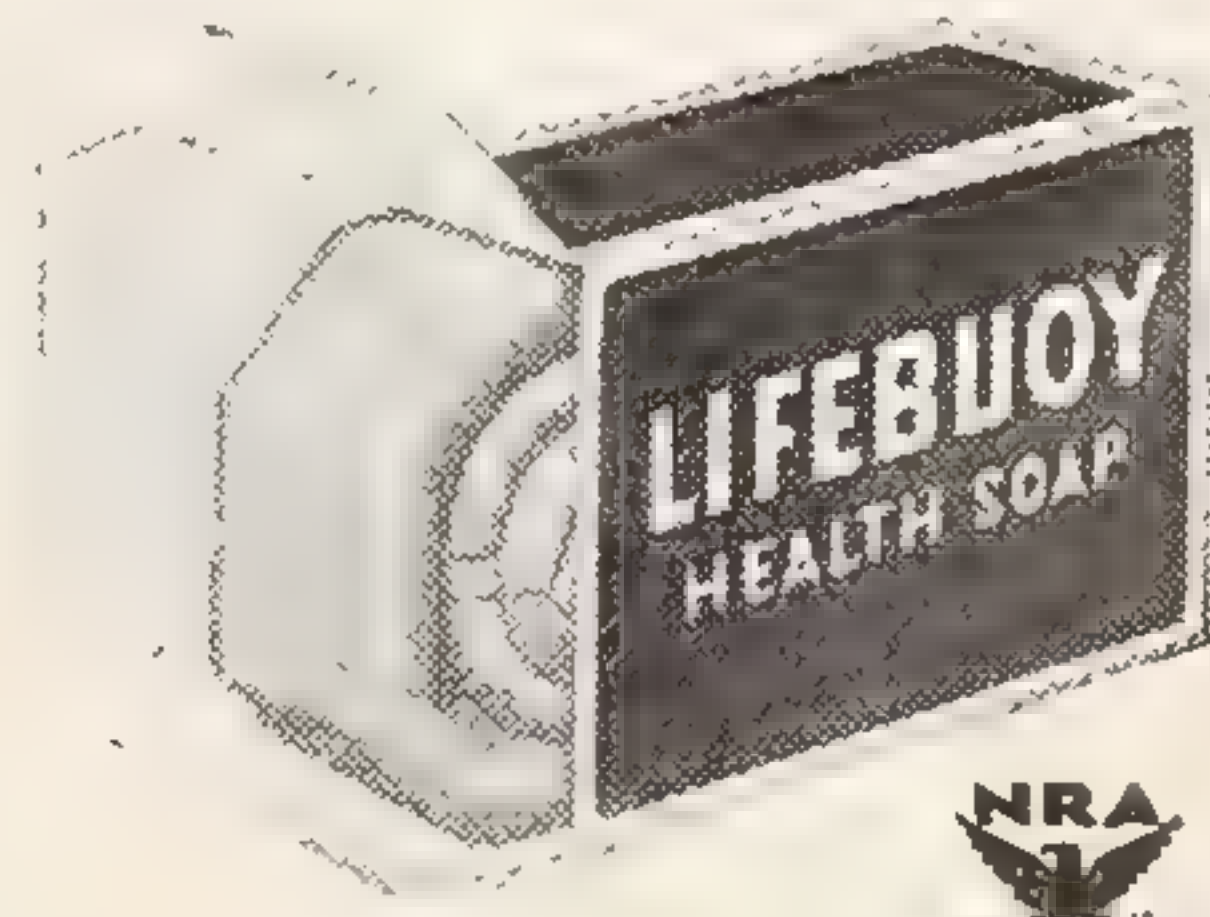
much lather, even in hardest water. You feel so gloriously clean and fresh. And what a satisfaction to know that there's no fear of "B. O." now. Pores have been purified, *deodorized!* Lifebuoy's quickly-vanishing, pleasant, hygienic scent tells you this delightful toilet soap *protects*.

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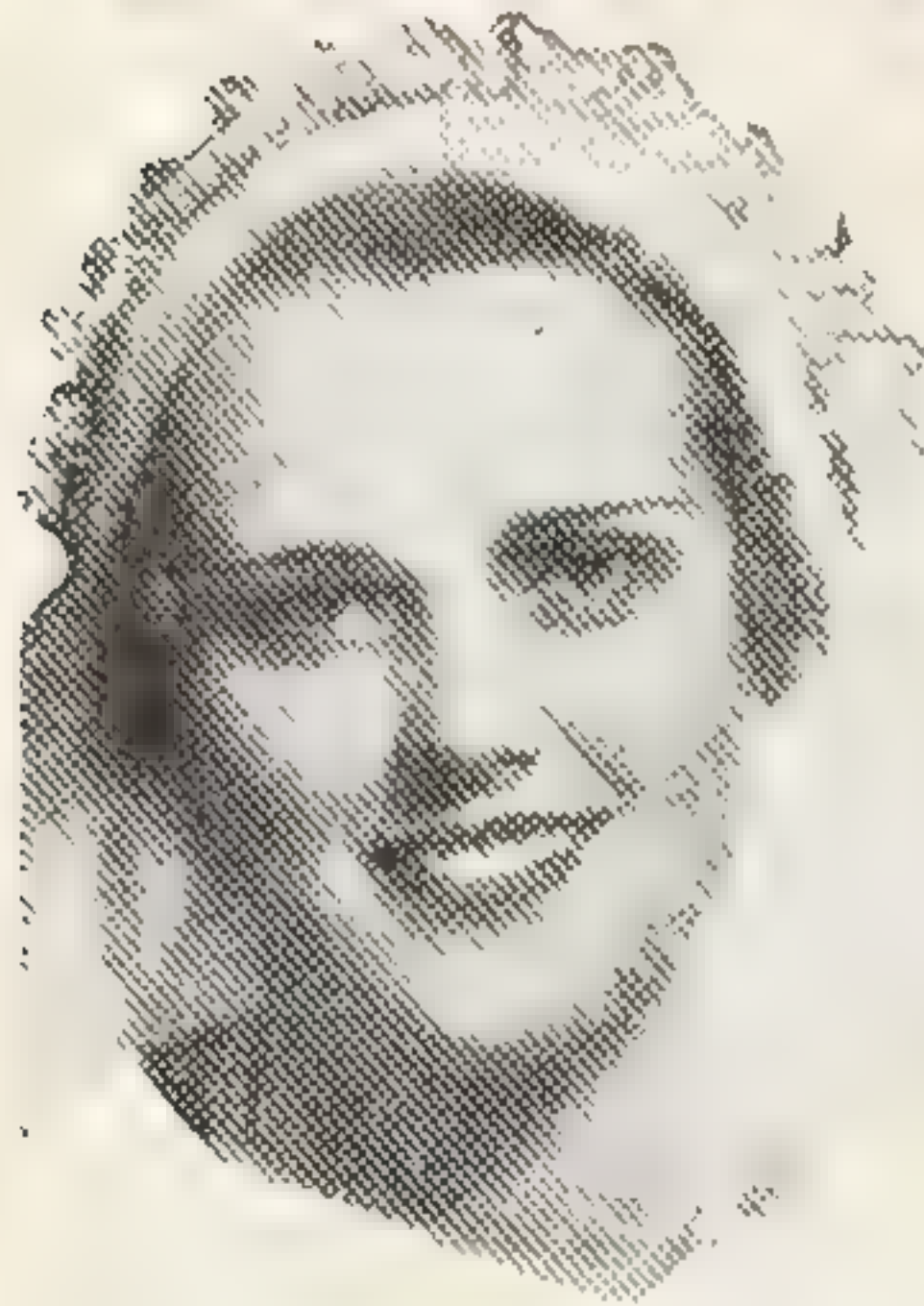
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Millions say

"It agrees with my skin"



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**Finds Relief
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IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

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A SMOOTH soft skin is the envy of the ages, all ages, from little girls up to the very big girls, indeed. If you haven't that kind of complexion, you can do something about securing it. If you have, then you must do something about keeping it.

One of the best things in either case is to make the immediate acquaintance of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Skin and Tissue Cream. This is one of the things your skin will be grateful to you for. And it will more than likely respond in a way to make you and your family proud.

It comes in two fragrances, so that you may be as choosy as you please. If attar of roses isn't your special passion, the balsam of pine is pretty nearly certain to be. And the other way around. Or if you have been using the one and want to give your nose a change, try the other. You'll like it.

Somebody told me the other day they would so love to use Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations but hesitated because such fine things must be costly. Wrong again! You'd be surprised to know how very inexpensive this distinguished line of aristocratic beauty preparations really is.

How I love tweed! And here comes Lenthéric with a perfume called "Tweed" and smelling just in off the heather itself.

It is a magnetic kind of tangy perfume, a mixture of the spicy, pungent breath of new cut wood, (and if you ever smelled that as a child it is one

Femi-nifties

**Beauty of the
Month for
June!**

of the things you will remember gayly at eighty), and the big outdoors, the rough feel of woollens, and crisp morning air.

Did you ever spill a sweet, chifony perfume on your tweed suit and rue the day? I did once and it taught me that there ought to be a perfume for sports clothes, for out-door living, for "green days in forests and blue days at sea."

There is! Lenthéric, with true perfumers genius, sensed this need and met it with "Tweed." What is more it looks the part in its smart and sturdy package.

Nonspi is out in a new shaker bottle that can do everything except run errands for you. It means that now you can employ your deodorant more easily than you powder your nose.

You unscrew the green cap and disclose a smooth, rounded surface in which are three tiny holes. Shake a little of the moisture out, and with this nice cool, round surface touch the arm-pits, spreading the liquid evenly. No need to touch it with the fingers. No need to waste half of it on a piece of cotton. Nothing to go to pieces on you. Just a safe, sanitary, convenient way of maintaining summer daintiness at all times.

If you want to apply Nonspi in a hurry, let it dry for from ten to fifteen minutes, then rinse the arm-pits out with cold water and dry them. This will give you protection for twenty-four hours.

About this time of the year your skin gets bored. It goes to sleep on you. It gets sluggish and looks pale and sleepy. *Wake it up!*

That is what Eunice Skelly's "Brown Magic" Mask does. It is an alarm clock for lazy skins that sleep along in the shade of neglect. It will make you over into a new woman, the new woman you ought to be. When you see the splendid lively color and gay transparency of your skin after using it, you are going to wonder how you ever got along without it.

Leave it on for fifteen minutes. In that time it has cleared and brightened your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth



New and popular! Lenthéric's "Tweed," the perfume of the moment.



Nonspi's new shaker bottle ends perspiration worries.



Wake up your skin with Eunice Skelly's "Brown Magic" Mask.

and smooth in a few finger-tips of your softening cream.

Funny thing about "Brown Magic" mask—it does such a splendid job that the women who use it want to keep the secret all to themselves! They don't even tell their best friends about it. I don't exactly blame them. But it makes my work heavier. Don't ever say I didn't tell you.

DOES your hair know its place and stay there? Not if I know hair! It gets out of place now and then and that carelessly sophisticated air we all want to emulate is lost on the winds.

However, Sta-Rite has made a new hairpin to end all hairpins! It is the most silent, unobtrusive hairpin you ever laid your eyes on. Now you see it and now you don't until you wonder really whether there is a hairpin in the hair or not. Only that knowing the wandering tendencies of hair, when you see it staying so firmly and beautifully in place you just know that something besides mother nature must be at work.

Really—these new pins are wonders. It is a simple trick, too, when you understand it. They are dull finish pins which blend right into the shadow of your hair and play possum, pretending not to be there at all. Because of that dull, slightly rough finish, too, they stay in place. Stay right in place! Which accounts for their descriptive and very accurate name, Blend-Rite.

Glamor Girl

Continued from page 28

apparently having got the point. "I'm coming."

"And Stella—listen," cried Betty into the phone. "Wear my fox scarf—and my new chiffon stockings—I've only had them on once—they're in the bottom drawer of the dresser—"

But Stella had hung up. She was already crossing the street to Harrison's Notion Shop whence, after a short sharp struggle with her mother over the taxi fare, she emerged triumphant, *sans* fox or chiffon stockings. Five minutes later she was speeding on her way to her business appointment with Mr. Morrison.

STELLA HARRISON had just turned sixteen. She was a slender child, fair-haired and delicate-skinned, with the same ice-gray eyes as her red-headed sister—the only difference being that her large, sensitive black pupils had a trick of dilating and contracting, which sometimes created the illusion of depth in her glance.

The taxi halted with a jerk and Stella stepped out, her hands moist—partly with nervousness, partly with having been clutched so tight about the taxi money. Over the old voile dress in which she had hurried off she wore a coat she had bought at a sale the year before—six seventy-five—to whose lapel she had pinned a limp artificial flower discarded by Betty.

Betty was waiting for her on the sidewalk. "You're a sight," she commented briefly, while her sister's trembling fingers counted two dollars and thirty cents—a veritable fortune—into the chauffeur's hand. Then she led the way through the front office, past a haughty information clerk whom she appeased with a pass for Stella and herself, and along a dark hall lined by many doors to the office of Mr. Morrison.

"Here you are," said Morrison, and stared at Stella for the space of perhaps three minutes. She met his gaze as long as she could, then dropped her eyes to her

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO.



Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Blondes why be blind?

DON'T shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky without using any special rinses. Used by millions of blondes.

To get a generous trial package of Blondex just send your name and address with 10¢ to cover cost of mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 156, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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QUICKLY RELIEVED AND RESTED

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed or feverish—use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm for immediate relief. Healing, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odor and quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it! 35¢ and 75¢—at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. For free booklet on Foot Care, write today to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. Sc., 261 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.



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feet. Her legs were good—she knew that—but her feet were a little too large because she was still growing. She knew that too, so she stood with her knee turned in a little, which threw the tender, delicate curve of her left hip into a line that no Delara could have aped.

"Hm," said Morrison dreamily. "So this is your sister. What's her name? Stella?" He addressed himself exclusively to Betty, while Stella, on the brink of tears, kept up her courage by repeating over and over to herself: "Ten dollars a day, ten dollars a day, ten dollars a day—"

"Can you use her, Mr. Morrison?" asked Betty fearfully.

"Can't tell yet," he muttered, a frown between his eyes.

"Do you like her?" At least he hadn't turned her down, thought Betty, growing bolder and therefore more personal. Stella raised her gold-fringed eyes and gazed hopefully at the old man.

He savored that glance, appraising its value as expert and connoisseur. "Hm," he said again, picking up the phone. "She's rather pretty." With a deep sigh of which he was completely unaware, he called Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart was shooting and couldn't be disturbed. He called Mr. Driscoll and a certain Mr. Mecklenburg and asked them to come at once to his office. The artificial flower on Stella's coat was quivering faintly, as a result of the suppressed trembling of her whole body. There was nothing she could do about it. She bit her lips and clenched her hands, but that only made it worse. Morrison, gifted with the most sensitive of feelers, drank in these subtle nuances as well.

"Like to smoke?" he asked.

Stella shook her head. Her voice had expired somewhere far down in her throat.

"Take your coat off," he ordered. "Hat, too." And Stella obeyed, exposing her old voile dress, her thin child's neck. Then she stood still, not venturing to look up at the two gentlemen who had entered and were eyeing her like an object exhibited for sale.

"Well," remarked Morrison, "there's your aroma." He was outwardly calm, but triumph soared in his voice. He'd made great discoveries in the past, but he wasn't through. His nose was as good as it had ever been.

"Not bad," said Driscoll.

"Something different for a change, anyway," murmured Mecklenburg.

With the soft, lithe, resilient movement of a young cat, Stella shifted her weight from the right hip to the left. The three

men took it in. Morrison felt himself engulfed in a sudden wave of warmth, of happiness, of affection for this sixteen-year-old colt who—when she was a star in the not too distant future—would have him to thank for her career.

"Can she walk?" asked Mecklenburg skeptically, as though she were a marionette.

Morrison touched Stella's shoulder with tobacco-stained fingers. "Walk, darling," he said gently. "Move around a little. Don't be frightened. We're all your friends here."

And Stella, docile and anxious to please, walked. She knew this was a crucial moment and she tried to walk as she'd seen the stars walk in the movies—Delara and Maya Gay and Leslie Stephens—but she only succeeded in walking like a little girl from Alhambra, her knees bent slightly forward, her glance fluttering upward because of the shabby shoes that covered her over-large adolescent feet.

Eighteen-year-old Betty's expert glance took note of the feet.

"She's not fixed up, you know, Mr. Driscoll. No powder even. Wait till you see her when she's dressed—"

"Jolie!" murmured Mecklenburg discreetly from behind the desk. "Charmante!"

But Betty had managed to pick up as much French about the studio as had Mr. Mecklenburg.

"Isn't she?" she interposed brightly. "What are you going to use her for, Mr. Morrison?"

But Morrison was at the phone again. Morrison was calling Mr. Stewart again, and as he waited for an answer his face had the delighted expectancy of a child's.

"I'm just curious to hear what Bill's going to say," he smiled. "Go find something, he tells me—go find something. Never thought the old man really would go out and—hello—Bill? Got time to take a look at something? Sure—surprise package—Merry Christmas. You said it—innocent apple-blossoms and aroma. No time today? Why don't you just take a look and see if it's worth a test? O.K. I'll bring her down. Ten minutes. Right! 'By."

Betty had caught the tremendous, the stupefying word, "test." So had Stella. They exchanged startled, incredulous glances. Test! This wasn't extra work! This was a miracle, a glimpse of paradise, a part, a career—the beginning of the most glorious dream ever dreamed in their wildest moments by all the Bettys and Stellas in the world. . . .

(To Be Continued)

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

sausages, lamb chops, liver, pork tenderloin and sweetbreads. These will be served from my largest silver tray—some sweet angel gave me a set of silver trays when we were married and I adore using them! The silver bread tray will have rye bread, pumpernickle, crumpets, and rolls. Another will have cheeses: camembert, gorgonzola, stilton and roquefort. There will be covered dishes of hot enchiladas, potatoes *au gratin*, string beans and beets.

"The *hors d'oeuvres* will be my chopped chicken livers, caviar, cheese, corn crisps, and my favorite hot one, mushrooms stuffed with sausage meat.

"Sometimes I serve little rounds of toast with chutney and American cheese on them, baked until the cheese melts, but that's not on the menu tonight.

"The green salad is my own special recipe and I always fix it myself," continued Sally, permitting me to peep into the kitchen where the deed had recently been done. "I use a big wooden bowl and have romaine lettuce lining the bowl; then inside, chopped chicory, endive, green peppers and lettuce and diced tomatoes, with this very special dressing:

½ cup chili sauce
½ cup sugar
½ cup cider vinegar
½ cup imported olive oil
Pepper, salt, cayenne pepper
1 small grated onion

I put in two cloves of garlic whole and pull them out after I've shaken the whole thing up in a mason jar."

Another of Sally's salads is a jellied salmon and cucumber, which is made like this:

Soak ¾ tablespoon gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water and stir into this two cans of flaked salmon. Make the following boiled dressing and stir into the above, then pour into loaf tin to set:

1 tablespoon sugar
½ tablespoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cupful milk
2 egg yolks
¼ cup vinegar
Dash of paprika.

White and red wines are served with Sally's Sunday night suppers. Her dessert that night was peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce and a Mocha cake.

This is Sally's recipe for Mocha cake:

Beat ½ cup butter to a cream, beat into it 1 cup sugar; when smooth add ½ cup strong black coffee and 2 cups flour sifted with 2½ level teaspoons baking powder; beat 3 minutes, add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and stiffly beaten whites 4 eggs. Pour into 2 buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven.

MOCHA FROSTING:

Beat ½ cup sweet unsalted butter to cream, add 2½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract; beat well, add 4 tablespoons cold, strong black coffee and work until smooth.

"I always serve two kinds of meat at my suppers," said Sally. "Chicken and ham, or roast beef and turkey, or some such combination. One of my favorite suppers is my Southern one of fried chicken and baked ham, with hot biscuits or corn bread.



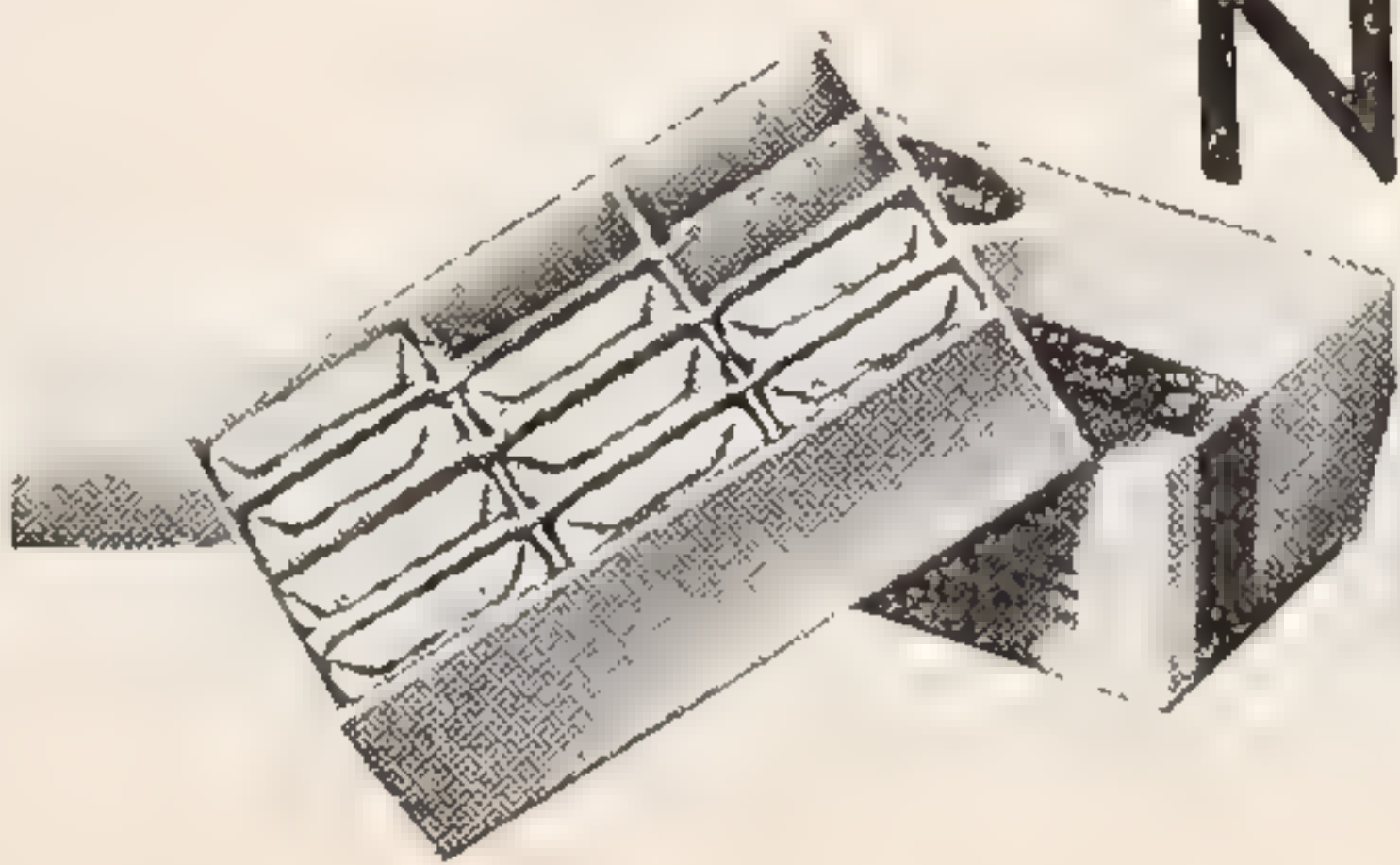
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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.



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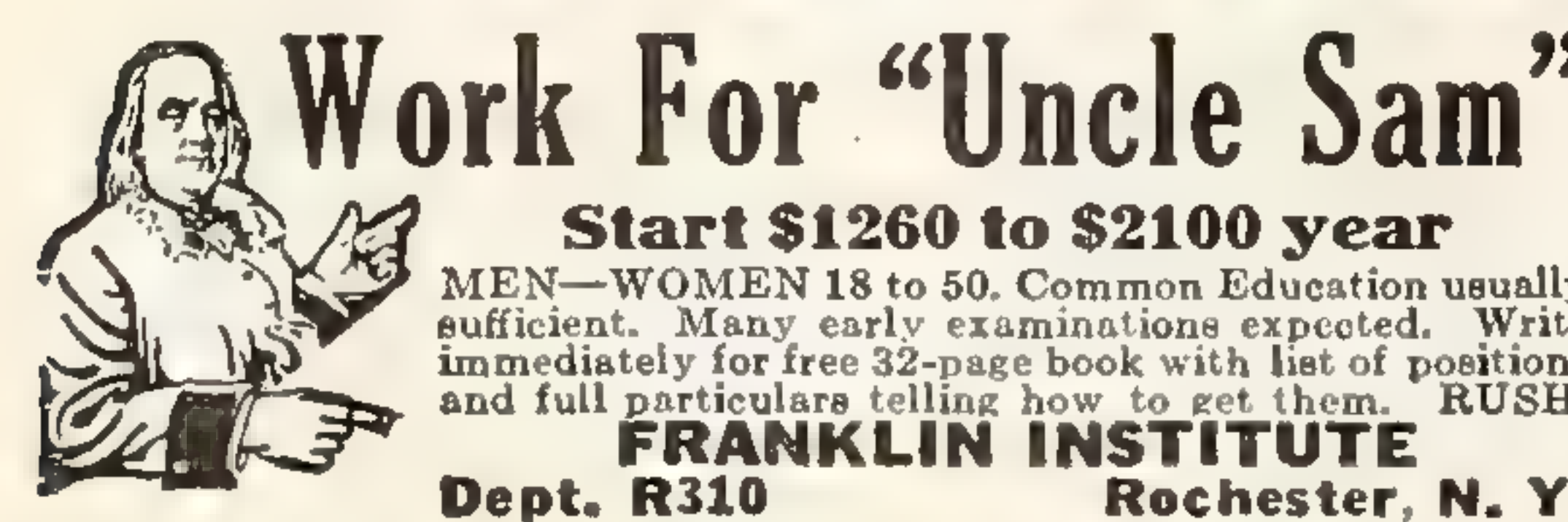
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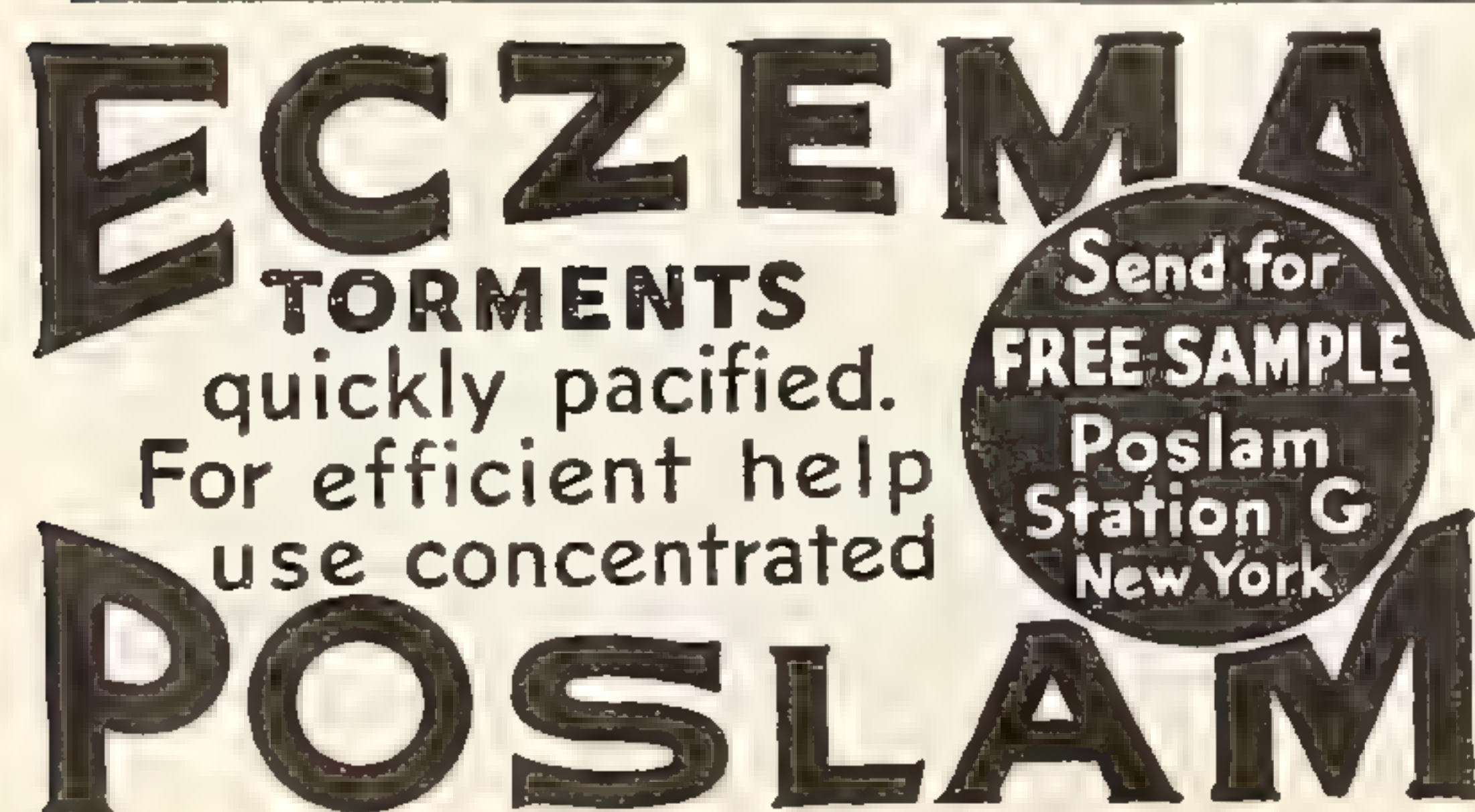
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The dining-room of the apartment opens from the living-room and continues its white walls and dull blue carpet. Here the table was set for the buffet supper, lace table-cloth, silver candleabra and covered dishes.

"See, this is the silver set Harry Joe gave me for my birthday!" cried Sally, leading me to the buffet at the side, "I use the champagne cups for flowers—don't you adore peach blossoms set in silver? I'm simply mad about silver! Especially old silver. Look, I want you to see this Georgian silver coffee pot my agent found for me in England—isn't it precious? And the creamer and sugar he found—they don't match exactly because they're not quite so old, but see the inscription!"

"To Ellen Sheehan from her sincere friends M. and E. T." read the tiny letters on the bottom of the sugar bowl.

"Makes you wonder what happened to Ellen and her sincere friends," mused Sally, putting them away again.

She inspected the good things in the covered dishes and we sampled one or two.

"I suppose most Californians know about enchiladas," said Sally, "but perhaps some of the girls in other states don't. This is the way I do it:

"Make a dozen very thin pancakes with white cornmeal, 6 inches across. Now make the Mexican sauce, *Chili Colorado*, which is used in a number of Mexican dishes. Remove the seeds and strings from ¼ pound of dry chili peppers and wash well in plenty of water; cover with cold water and boil ten minutes; drain and rub through a colander, add from time to time 2 cups hot water, pouring through the pepper until the pulp is the consistency of cream. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening in a pan and fry in it a clove of garlic; when

the garlic is light brown, remove it and stir in the chili pulp, a teaspoon of grated sweet chocolate, a teaspoon of sugar, teaspoon salt and a tablespoon vinegar. Let simmer five minutes and it will be ready for use.

"Have ready a cup of ripe olives chopped fine, 3 hard-boiled eggs chopped, ⅔ cup finely sliced young onions, and ⅔ cup of grated hard Mexican or Parmesan cheese. Heat ½ cup of shortening in a shallow pan; slip into the hot shortening one of the pancakes and heat through, remove heated pancake and pass into hot chili, then place on hot platter and sprinkle with chopped eggs, olives, cheese and onions, pour spoonful of sauce on and roll up. Place rolled tortillas in a shallow baking pan, sprinkle with rest of chopped ingredients and sauce and heat in a quick oven."

Young Master Brown made an entrance from the porch that opens off the sun-room, a bouncing lad of five and a half months, very proud of his two teeth which he exhibited without coaxing.

"This young fellow is starving," announced Cookie, his nurse. "I'd better rush his meal to him before he bites somebody with those teeth."

Sally and I escorted the heir to his own room, after he had given the covered dishes a suspicious inspection and been persuaded they contained no mush-and-milk. His room was done in palest pink. Two rows of pictures of Sally's friends holding their own small offspring in their arms marched across the wall. On holidays and birthdays, little Harry Joe sends the originals of these infant pictures jolly telegrams of congratulations or good wishes.

However, at the moment he wasn't feeling jolly, he was hungry! He broadcast demands for food until it arrived, which showed, Sally said, that he was going to grow up to be an executive like his daddy.

"I hear his daddy coming in now," she added. "It must be nearly time for the party. How I wish all Screenland's readers could be our guests in person!"

"Stars' Temperament? Smoke Screen!"

Says King Vidor

Continued from page 51

belittle actors and actresses when I say that most of them suffer from an inferiority complex, but they do. The strutting and pomposity that is usually connected with the actor is not due, as most people think, to a superiority complex. Quite the contrary, they take that means of bolstering themselves up when within their hearts they know they have not got what the general public thinks they have.

"After all, you know, most of us are still children at heart, and often in mind. You know how a kid shouts and brags and carries on when he is afraid, yet does not want anyone to know it. Grown-ups are just the same. Actors, especially, for actors have to be emotionally and nervously keyed up far beyond the point of the ordinary man in order to imagine they are the people they are representing in their rôles.

"Imagine, if you can, an actor who in reality is afraid of physical combat and hardship playing the rôle of a rough, tough fellow who goes about slapping everybody down. Don't you imagine that actor must be shaking away inside? I know he is! Every time he smacks the other man he takes delight in doing it, but is worrying about the blows that are coming his way. So, frequently that actor will start to storm and bluster about the story or the lines or the direction—anything, in order to bolster

up courage and make other people believe that in reality he is the rough fellow he is trying to portray. Some people call such a display 'temperament.' I call it a bluff to fool the other fellow.

"I remember some years ago making a picture with a very well-known female star. We were out on location. It was a terrifically hot day. The make-up melted off the players' faces time and again. The star took a look at her face in a mirror and saw it did not look quite as well as she thought it should. So she took time out for repairs. Then back to work. The heat kept on and at last the star couldn't seem to do her work as I wanted it. We shot the same scene over and over, and she was worse each time. Suddenly she went into a tirade about the story. It was all wrong. The writer was crazy. I was worse. How could an intelligent person do the things written in the story? Then she ended it all by fainting. Some of the boys carried her into a nearby shed and laid her on the ground. There was no floor. The star suddenly began to sniff. She sniffed again and then rose right out of that faint and started calling everybody names. You see, it was an old, uncleaned pig-pen in which we laid her. Needless to say she went right home. The next day she had apparently learned her part and we patched

it all up and she had no temperament. There was no need for it."

Vidor, who is ordinarily a very quiet chap, burst into long and almost hysterical laughter as he sat back in his chair and recalled this episode. He must have been thinking of other stars who have been called temperamental, and whom he has directed.

"What about Anna Sten?" I asked him. "She has been put down as being the last word in temperament."

"No," he replied, "Anna isn't temperamental any more than the others. When I started directing 'The Wedding Night' with her I was watching for the temperament. She first insisted upon having big flats placed around the set so no one could see her work. That wasn't temperament. I recognized at once that she, like myself and countless others, suffers from an inferiority complex. She is afraid she will not be able to do a scene right, and doesn't want anyone to see her fail. When she couldn't master



Irene Dunne and Walter Abel acting an emotional scene for the radio version of "Secrets."

a line she would declare the writer was wrong, the line was wrong. But I would tell her to go ahead with it. When she saw I meant it there was no further protest.

"You see, a player tries to blame everybody but himself or herself for what he or she cannot do. They will not admit they cannot do it. Instead, they will rant at the fellow who is not present. Most of them like to blame the author. If you are not cognizant of their difficulty you may be fooled and listen to what they have to say. It is only a storm created to make you forget their weakness, and to cover up their own inferiority complex.

"The way to handle these people is to first know what it is all about. Then do not listen to them. Be firm, even yell sometimes if you have to. But do not pay any attention to their protests that everyone is wrong but them. Just insist they do the action as told or speak the line as written. If they grow too loud, tell them they have the privilege of quitting if they do not like the way the play is written. They will not quit. They will realize that they must try to do the thing they actually feel, because of inferiority complex, they cannot do."

Vidor is a director of such high standing that his observations and comments must be more than seriously considered. Vidor is one of the few real geniuses in Hollywood's directorial ranks. That he towers among the greatest men of his profession was proven recently when the League of Nations awarded him a gold medal for the



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the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."

LATER



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Signed, C. M. L.



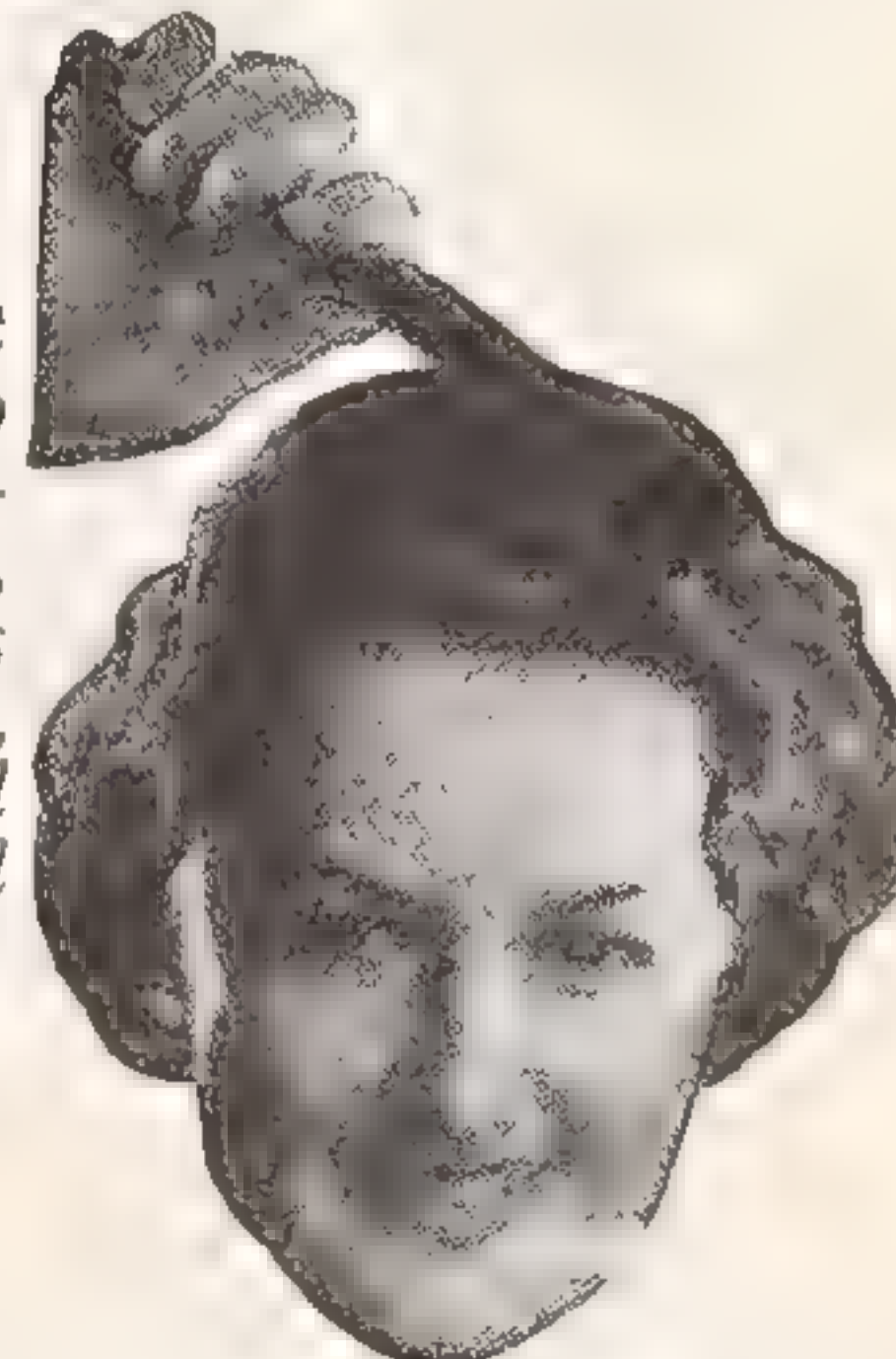
FIRST DAY

" . . . Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . ."

LATER

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Signed, M. E.



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making of "Our Daily Bread," which the League proclaimed as the finest film made during 1934.

Vidor is a deep student of human nature. He knows the souls of men and women. He has proven it by his work in the making of such films as "The Big Parade," "The Crowd," "The Champ," "Strangers Return," "Our Daily Bread" and now the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Wedding Night," with Anna Sten. They are all pictures that reach out and take hold of the heart of mankind. There is an understanding there that only a few men can give.

The film industry almost missed this man entirely, for he started out with the idea of being a fiction writer. When he finished school at Tome Institute in Maryland, he returned to his home in Galveston, Texas, and started to write short stories. After several mailmen had received broken arches carrying his stories back to him he decided that maybe he would make a better scenario writer. He wrote and shipped 51 scenarios. Exactly 51 were returned to him. He decided to try just one more. It was bought by a small film company in Texas which signed him to direct the picture. This was in 1918. He made the picture and was amazed when no big company offered him a job. He hadn't seen the balance sheets of the company he had made the film for.

Finally he went to New York and worked as an extra in pictures and did what odd jobs he could get in the studios. When he thought he was ready for big time he came to California and to his amazement was given a job as a director by the General Film Company.

Vidor knew his shortcomings. His own inferiority complex was working, so he decided to wipe it out. He quit directing and took a job as assistant cutter; then went through the various other departments. When he knew the work of these departments he went back to directing. He knew what he wanted and what he could reasonably ask for. He immediately became a success, and his success has grown through the years, even though at times it seemed as though he could do nothing finer. Yet he always comes up with a better film. He is a veteran among the old-timers, yet he is still in his thirties. Yes, this quiet-spoken man may rightly be called a genius of the camera, a master of psychology, a student of human emotions. And—I almost forgot—Vidor did finally become a writer of salable fiction. He sells it now to the magazines that once mailed it back!

The Long Arm of Coincidence

Continued from page 55

to the front office at Warner Brothers studio, and Cagney was leaving it. They met—both film stars, now, and on the same lot—and they took up their old friendship where they had left off. And it does seem strangely coincidental that two such tough-looking mugs should both have been chorus boys in the same show.

Clark Gable, just a poor young man working in a strange town, happened to decide one evening to dine in a restaurant he was not in the habit of frequenting, and, as luck would have it, he could find no unoccupied table. Making the best of things, he sat down with two men who turned out to be actors appearing in a stock company. Gable at the time was studying to be a doctor. But the three men began to talk over their dinner, and the actors asked him

Woman Saved From Asthma Torture

After suffering terribly from asthma for eleven years, Mrs. Sara E. Koontz, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., suddenly discovered a way to get blessed relief and comfort. She says:

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Gardenia Coiffure! Inspired by the film "Mississippi" and shown to advantage by Gail Patrick.

if he would like to see a performance that night from the wings. The visit was fatal. An incipient screen star was stricken with stage fever, and the medical profession lost a darn good doctor, just because Gable happened to dine in a strange restaurant.

I had good hunting at Universal. Three coincidences fell right into my lap. Boris Karloff, one of seven brothers, couldn't stand the musty smell of old books, (he was in civil service), and so he got himself a job as day laborer at \$2.50 a day. One morning he was walking along the street and he happened to glance down and see a theatrical paper lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up and read an ad that intrigued him. However, the job was one hundred miles away, and he had just four dollars in his pocket. But something told him to go to the railway station anyway, and there—whom did he see but a brother of his whom he hadn't laid eyes on for ten years! The brother loaned him \$50 to get to the job.

A coincidence like that is very cheering. And so is the one that started Paul Lukas to Hollywood. Lukas taught school, lived in a garret, "starved," and occasionally broke the monotony by playing bits in the National Theatre in Budapest.

One night an impresario asked him to go to Vienna and join his company. Lukas hesitated. The impresario insisted. Finally, after days of deliberation, Lukas went, and on the opening night Adolph Zukor and Walter Wanger made their one and only visit to this show, (this was in 1926), and Lukas was signed to go to Hollywood.

Because it happened that Irene Dunne's father died when the family finances had hit a new low, she is a film star now instead of a concert singer. Her father was a builder and operator of steam boats on the Ohio River, and it is her coincidence that she made her biggest hit in "Show Boat."

I bagged one reverse coincidence: If Pat O'Brien were not married today, it would be because years ago he was unlucky enough to send a letter, designed to end a lovers' quarrel, on an airplane that crashed and burned. In his letter he asked the girl to forgive him and to write if she wanted to see him again. For six, long, weary, unhappy months Pat waited in vain for her answer, until finally his letter, with the envelope burned almost completely away, came back to him, marked "Burned in plane crash." The address of Mrs. Pat-to-be was obliterated, but his return address had only been singed. He made a record sprint for a telephone. The girl had been waiting six months for him to call, just because that certain plane crashed.



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Laddie
RKO-Radio

Gene Stratton-Porter's novel about a heart-winning Indiana rural family, and as fine an example as you'd want of the sentimental style of screen pastime. John Beal is the young farmer who loves the daughter of the snobbish Englishman who buys an adjoining farm. It all comes out happily. Gloria Stuart is the girl, but the whole show is stolen by Virginia Weidler as *Little Sister*. You'll love every bit of it.



Living on Velvet
Warners

Results here are so unfortunate that you become a second-guesser and are sure the story never should have been filmed in the first place. It's particularly unfortunate as the film brings Kay Francis back after a too-long vacation only to disappoint the many admirers of a fine actress and pleasing personality. It's about a girl who marries a man to reform him. George Brent is the hero, and Warren William his pal.



Let's Live Tonight
Columbia

Visual glitter of richly atmospheric scenes at the French Riviera is about all you should expect from this, though it has Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey as the romantic pair who meet as strangers in Monte Carlo. One glorious, love-at-first-sight, evening, and they are parted—and there the story goes too. It's not bad, mind you, only the good beginning makes the weak ending seem very stuffy and flat.



Traveling Saleslady
Warners

Hugh Herbert literally walks off with the honors in this light and fluffy comedy. He kept a preview audience laughing from start to finish. Joan Blondell plays the daughter of Grant Mitchell, toothpaste king, who won't give her a job, so she takes Herbert, inventor of a "cocktail-flavored" toothpaste, to a rival company and cleans up. Joan, William Gargan, Glenda Farrell are fine. It's lots of fun.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 32-33

The Wedding Night
United-Artists



A rare and distinguished picture, offering such perfect direction and acting that this story of a Polish immigrant girl who falls in love with an American novelist, already married, becomes tremendously vital and real. It is the best thing Anna Sten has had to date, and her superlative performance is matched by Gary Cooper, Helen Vinson, and Ralph Bellamy in the other important rôles. Cinema at its best!

The Man Who Knew Too Much
Gaumont-British



Melodrama with a spectacular climax and a swift pace, once the story gets started, is this British film concerning a kidnapping by an international anarchist—a rôle played by Peter Lorre for the full value of its velvet-gloved horror. Leslie Banks is splendid as the father, Edna Best satisfactory as the mother, and Nova Pilbeam very good as the child victim. A little confusing at times, but gripping.

Hold 'Em Yale
Paramount



Another Damon Runyon story with the usual freak twists to keep the entertainment ball rolling. Patricia Ellis is the girl whose father tricks her into marrying the man of his choice. George Barbier as the father and Larry Crabbe as the swain are aided by four crooks, William Frawley, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer and Andy Devine. The ending, with Crabbe pulling a hero stunt in the football game is swell.

\$10 Raise
Fox



Some of the neatest comedy of the year, supplied by Edward Everett Horton as the pathetic clerk who hasn't nerve enough to ask for a raise. When a smart salesman tricks him into buying a lot which brings him a fortune, Horton proceeds to get even with everyone who had trampled him in the past. Horton scores a knockout performance and is supported by Karen Morley, Allan Dinehart, and others.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood
Universal



Fascinating murder mystery based on the unfinished novel by Charles Dickens, and as notable for the capital acting by Claude Rains, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, David Manners, and others in a notably fine cast, as for the brooding atmosphere which pervades the macabre story of a choir-singer torn between love and jealousy for his nephew and the latter's fiancée. The ending is highly dramatic.

While the Patient Slept
Warners



Murder mystery that fails to keep you mystified to any notable degree. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis and Allen Jenkins struggle hard but the story odds are against them. Two murders are committed, and the road to solution is long and at times dreary. The story falters and the dialogue is worn thin by the time the mystery is cleared up, unfortunately for a fine and sincere cast.

McFadden's Flats
Paramount



Elementry, my dear Watson—but thoroughly entertaining comedy of the popular and wholesome sort. Just what you'd expect from the title—the plain people whose daughter goes social, only to learn that there's gold in the hearts of the people in her tenement home district. Andy Clyde, Walter C. Kelly, Betty Furness, Dick Cromwell and Jane Darwell, all fine. Amusing, and at times a bit touching.

Helen Mack

WON'T TRUST TO LUCK —
Insists on LUX care
for Sweaters . . .



This vivid young Paramount star adores fluffy sweaters—wears them off the set whenever possible. Helen's hard work is earning her the "breaks" in pictures. Her latest is Paramount's new production, "Four Hours to Kill."



"I'm not superstitious about black cats or broken mirrors," says Helen Mack. "But I don't like rubbing nice things with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps. I play safe and stick to Lux."

"Lux is the swellest trouper I know," says Helen Mack. "When I was 13, I started on the road. Keeping my costumes looking fresh and new for one-night stands might have been a problem. But I'd learned to depend on Lux—used it for silks, woolens, stockings, lingerie—every last thing that was washable."

"So that was easy! And I'm still keen about Lux. It's a big economy, and keeps things grand-looking for ages. I like it especially for sweaters. They stay soft as a kitten's ear and keep the same smart fit they have when new."

WHY DON'T YOU try Helen Mack's way to Lux sweaters? First trace an outline of your sweater. Squeeze rich, cool Lux suds well through. Never rub. Rinse in cool water, then roll in a towel to press out moisture. Shape to pattern and pin with rustproof pins. Dry away from heat.

Lux won't shrink woolens as ordinary soaps with harmful alkali are apt to do. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to roughen and mat the fibres. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

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"Costumes represent a big investment to be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, Paramount wardrobe director. "That's why we specify that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials, keeps them new longer, and saves money!"



"People say I'm lucky—I hardly ever get runs. But that's due to Lux. It saves elasticity so the silk gives instead of breaking so easily under strain."



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SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

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